Colli

THE NATIONAL EKLY

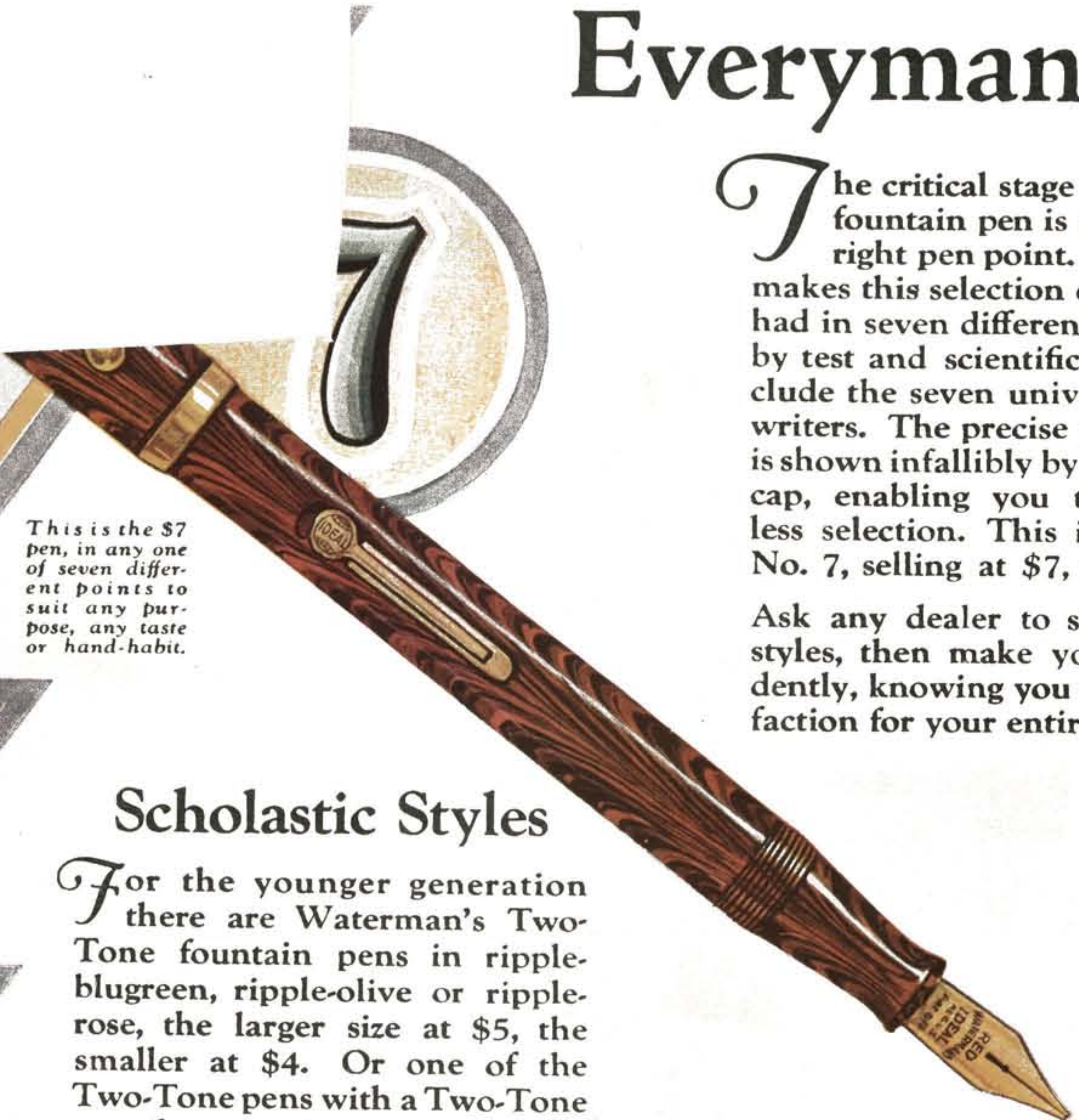
FREE PU
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

ZANE GREY

Russell Sambrook

Sept. 21, 1929

Everyman's Pen



This is the $7 pen, in any one of seven different points to suit any purpose, any taste or hand-habit.

The critical stage when purchasing a fountain pen is the selection of the right pen point. Waterman's No. 7 makes this selection easy. No. 7 may be had in seven different pen points known by test and scientific experiment to include the seven universal preferences of writers. The precise point you like best is shown infallibly by a color band on the cap, enabling you to make an errorless selection. This is why Waterman's No. 7, selling at $7, is Everyman's pen.

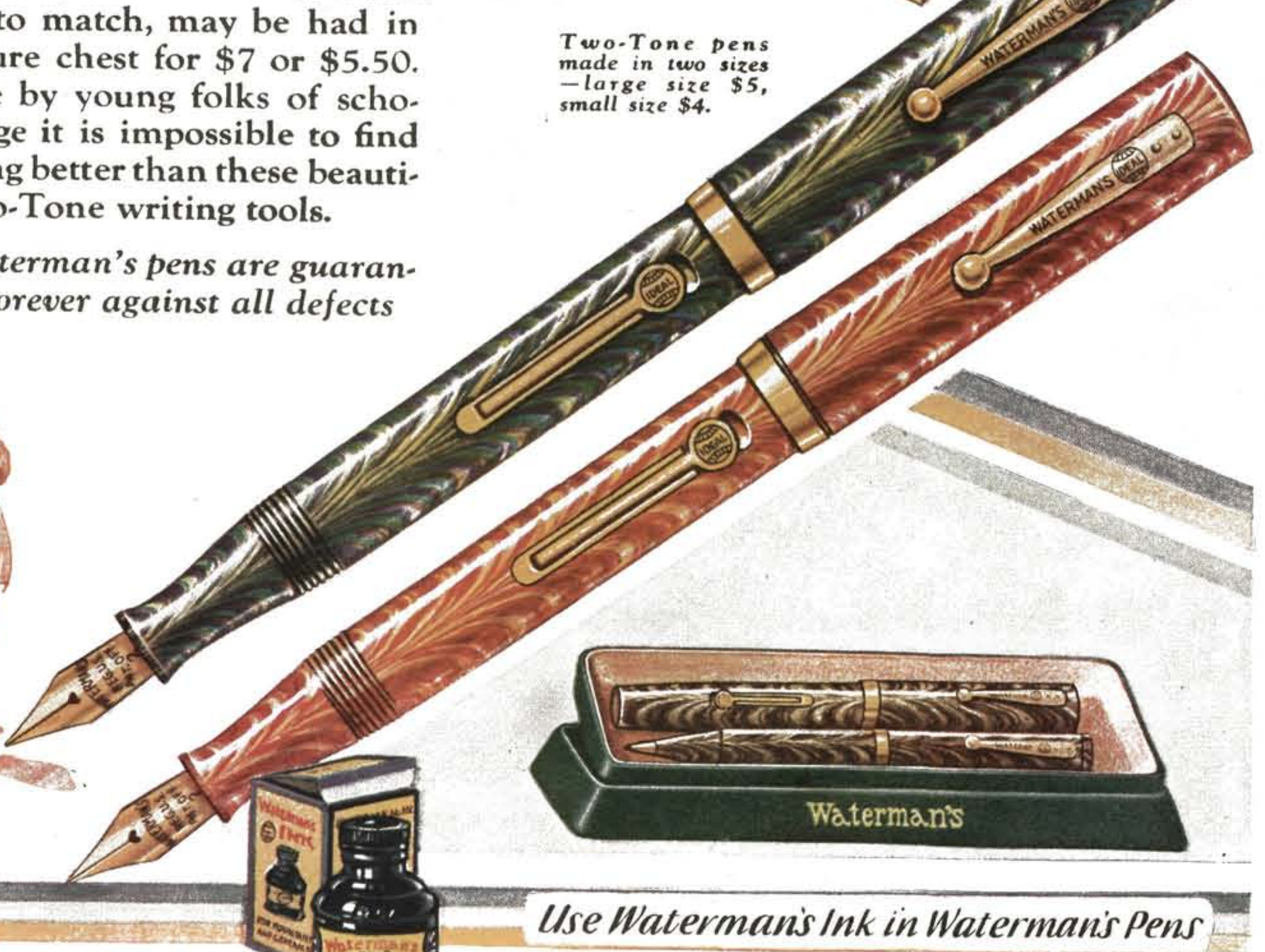
Ask any dealer to show you all seven styles, then make your selection confidently, knowing you will have pen satisfaction for your entire life.

Scholastic Styles

For the younger generation there are Waterman's Two-Tone fountain pens in ripple-blugreen, ripple-olive or ripple-rose, the larger size at $5, the smaller at $4. Or one of the Two-Tone pens with a Two-Tone pencil to match, may be had in a treasure chest for $7 or $5.50. For use by young folks of scholastic age it is impossible to find anything better than these beautiful Two-Tone writing tools.

All Waterman's pens are guaranteed forever against all defects

Two-Tone pens made in two sizes—large size $5, small size $4.

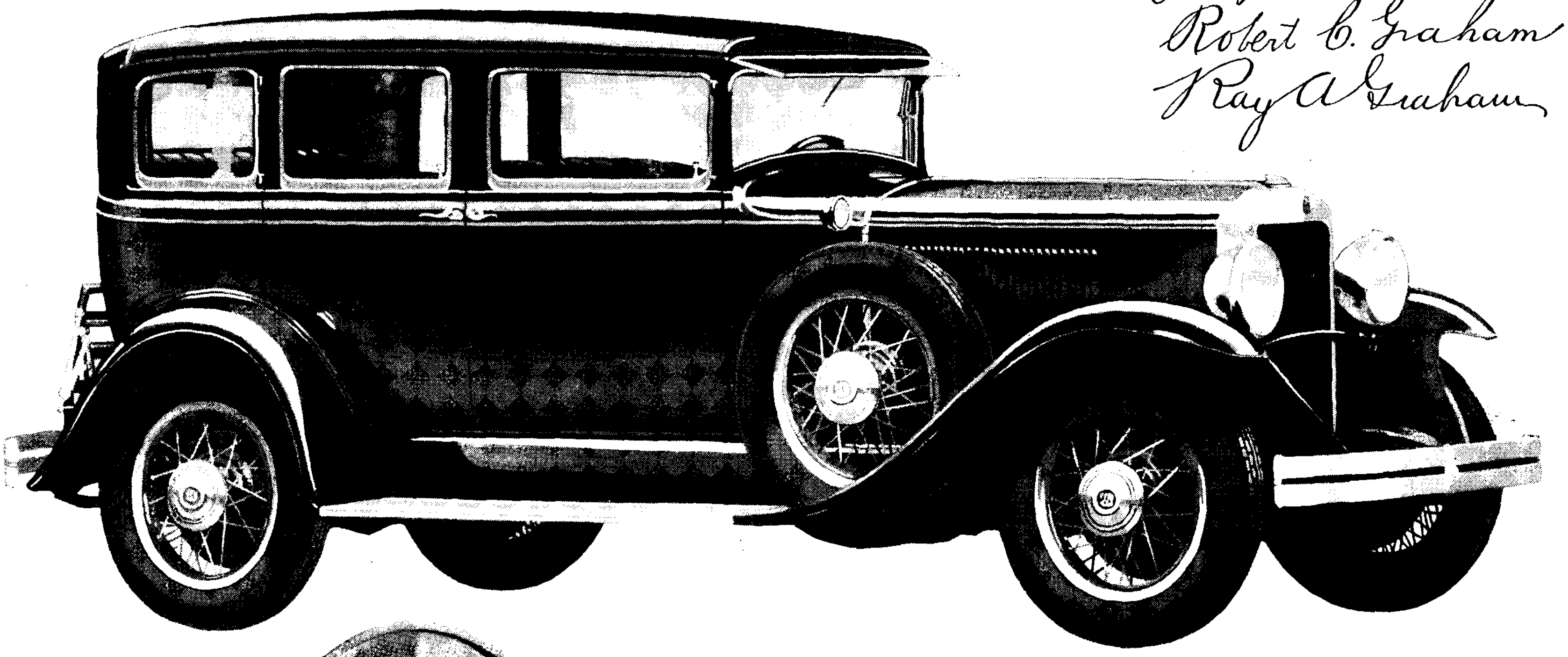


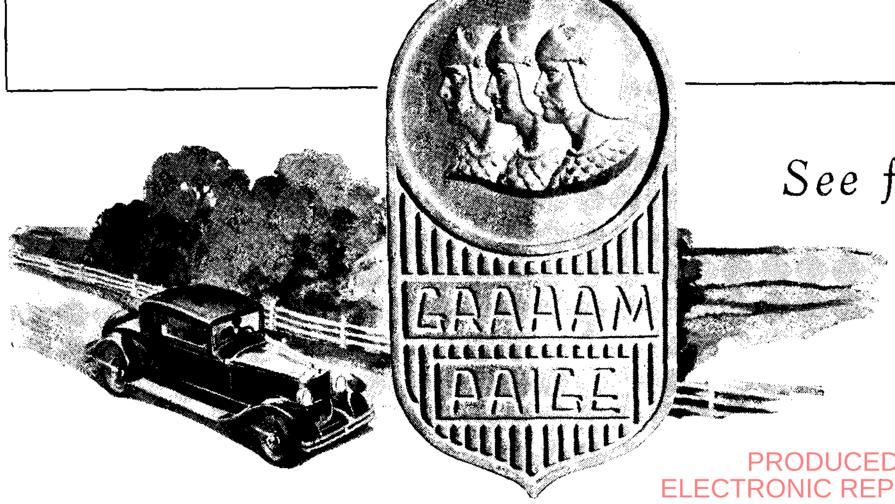
Use Waterman's Ink in Waterman's Pens

Waterman's

Since four-wheel advancement in design has, to our sincere belief, contributed so much to driving ease, enjoyment and safety as the Graham-Paige Four Speed Transmission ¶ Two Quiet High Speeds and *Standard* Gear Shift ¶

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A Graham



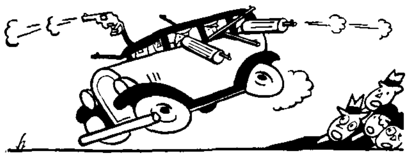


See for Yourself Why 50 Miles An Hour Seems Like 38

Your Graham-Paige dealer invites you to drive a car (specially equipped with a Tachometer) so that you may see the reasons for the better performance, longer life, and many other advantages of *four speeds forward.*

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

subject. It's exciting, of course, until the boss wants to quit. Then it rapidly becomes more so. Therefore, for that drowsy feeling we recommend "King Karney," by Richard Connell.



"WHEN the editor came to me and asked me to write the only real true story about my life I told him I couldn't because I was still in school and an amachure and couldn't write for money. So he said:

"'All right, kid, I wouldn't have you incriminate yourself for anything. So I'll just bet you a thousand bucks you can't jump over a suitcase.'

"So I jumped over a suitcase and got the thousand bucks, which is little enough to pay for my sensational life story. I just mention this little thing in here to prove that I'm an honest amachure, as there has been some dirt going round that I wasn't.

"The editor told me to put some lady interest in it to jazz it up a little, but he don't know the half of it. It was lady interest that sent me to college in the first place and which really made me so great."

That's the introduction to "Pig Iron Dugan," football player, college man, a lover with a line and no self-hater. There's an exulting sob at the end just to even things up. Author: Francis Wallace.

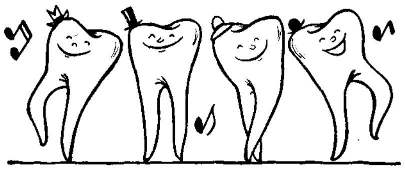
—

"PISTOLS for two and coffee for one—" which is an ancient and very pleasant way of announcing a duel. Substitute shotguns at four paces for pistols, add a beautiful American girl (daughter of a senator, no less), a Bulgarian count who makes a great deal of noise with his food, a blond young man named William and you have the basic ingredients of B. L. Jacot's short story "And Coffee for One."

It's all in the way they are put together.

—

THE latest news about your teeth will be found in an article by Dr. Ruth F. Wadsworth. For reasons you will have to discover for yourself it is called "Get a Mouthful of This."



THE recent articles by John T. Flynn on the growth of the chain stores have caused thousands of independent grocers to go about muttering uncomplimentary things about the author. Now here's another, "Chain Likening," which shows how the progressive independent is catching up with the world. If you buy groceries, and many of us do, you'll like it.

—

SO MUCH more to say and so little space! Ring Lardner takes a few genial cracks at football in "Any Ice Today, Lady?" Zane Grey's new serial moves ahead briskly; "The Prince's Darling" acts up according to her lights; Grantland Rice's sport page and—there's the press gong!

THIS WEEK

September 21, 1929

Cover—Russell Sambrook

Page 7—Zane Grey
THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD: No comment necessary.

Page 10—William G. Shepherd
WHO LAUGHS LAST: Boies Penrose's dry humor.

Page 12—Paul Deresco Augsburg
CAFETERIA GIRL: Today's Special: Love à la Mode.

Page 14—Grantland Rice
GOLF POISON: And there's no antidote.

Page 15—B. D. Mann
HIS OWN COIN: A short short story.

Page 16—George R. Preedy
THE PRINCE'S DARLING: Madelon does not accept defeat.

Page 18—John B. Kennedy
MASTERING THE MIKE: Standing by with celebrities.

Page 20—Robert E. Locher
SOMETHING BRIGHT: Have you a little light machine in your home?

Page 22—Fred MacIsaac
ICE-COLD KISSES: You never know until you ask 'em.

Page 26—Ferrin L. Fraser
YOU CAN'T CONVICT A PRETTY WOMAN: What never gets into the newspapers.

Page 30—Fitzhugh Green
HOLD THAT BOAT TRAIN! And they did, fortunately.

Page 32—A. A. Proctor
QUITTING TIME: It depends upon who's quitting.

Page 34—Kathleen Norris
APRIL ESCAPADE: Conclusion—alas.

Page 40—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Or would you?

Page 43—Jack Binns
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR.

Page 48—Namecographs

Page 53—Edwin E. Slosson
CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD.

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

"I WAS the guest of a small country-town hotel when I read of the death of H. C. Witwer," writes Mr. Webb O. Jones of Peabody, Kan. "I don't think I'm alone by several hundred thousand when I say part of the joy has gone out of my life.

"Many things can and do happen in this world to make our paths seem rather hard, but a lively story from the pen of this gifted man always had a tendency to lighten the way.

"I buy many magazines. From some I get a smile, from others a chuckle; but with H. C. Witwer we laughed out loud. When the world loses a man who makes you laugh, it is a serious loss. They are so few. . . . God surely put WIT in Witwer."

—

WE WHO knew Witwer well appreciate the sharp truth of Mr. Jones' letter. He worked hard, played hard. And working or playing, the same drollery marked him.

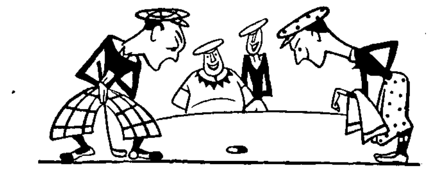
For example, a day or so before the Dempsey-Willard fight ten years ago, Ring Lardner and Rube Goldberg met at golf on the Inverness course at Toledo. Tammany Young caddied for Mr. Goldberg and Harry Witwer served Mr. Lardner.

Having a feeling that almost anything he might fetch with him would come in handy, Witwer appeared with a water bucket, a sponge, a large gong, a whisk broom, a book of gospel hymns, a compass, and a towel.

The start of the match was dismal. Exhort Mr. Lardner as he would, Witwer could not prevent the game from going swiftly from bad to worse. At the twelfth hole, Mr. Lardner putted four times from distances up to two feet.

As Mr. Lardner was about to try a fifth six-inch putt, Mr. Witwer rang the gong smartly and threw in the towel. Mr. Lardner looked grateful and, after submitting to a dusting off with his caddy's whisk broom, joined Mr. Witwer in "Brighten the Corner."

Mr. Goldberg accepted the surrender gracefully with a neat speech in which he attributed his victory to clean living.



WE REPLY to Mr. Toyo Wu Fang, who sends us no address with this letter:

"Some weeks ago this humble person dispatched a story to you. He wonders if you were happy to read it. It was a new style story.

"I did not sign my name. My esteemable male parent would strongly object to my hopes of living by this typewriter.

"I have the ability to write you many such word pictures. I would expect to be paid American dollars . . . not many . . . for them. I would like to leave the amount to you. I would also like to remain just Toyo Wu Fang until Chinese New Year's Day, and then I would call and take my wage.

"I read your highly paper every week. A small notice in your columns as to your feelings would reach my eye. You might print just one word: Yes or No. Then I would know your feelings.

"This lowly person awaits your pleasure.
(Signed) "TOYO WU FANG."

—

The word for M. Toyo's eye is: *NO!*

Volume 84, Number 12. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

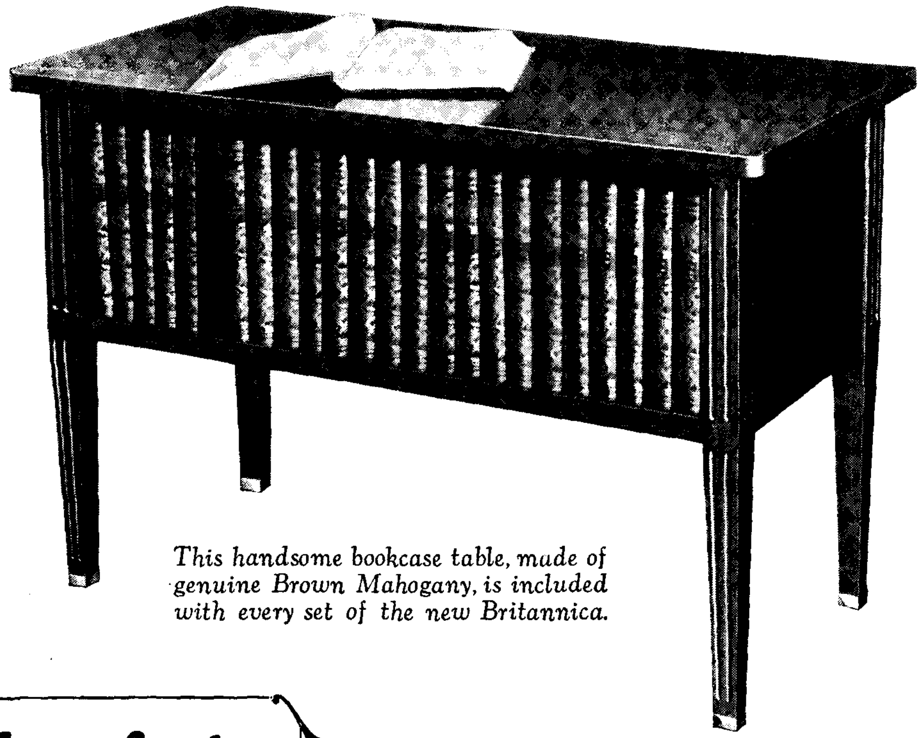
Now First Published!

A Completely New

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

NEW in plan and purpose—entirely recast from cover to cover—the *new* Fourteenth Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is ready. This is the superb "humanized" Britannica which has captured the attention of the whole civilized world.

Three years of intensive effort—the co-operation of 3,500 of the world's foremost authorities—the expenditure of more than $2,000,000 before a single volume was printed—these are merely a few high lights in the preparation of the *new* Fourteenth Edition.



This handsome bookcase table, made of genuine Brown Mahogany, is included with every set of the new Britannica.

The Last Word in Encyclopaedia Perfection

This *new* Britannica immediately takes its place as the one pre-eminent American work of reference—the last word in encyclopaedia perfection.

Note these facts

Cost More Than $2,000,000

Greatest Knowledge Book Ever Produced

Over 15,000 Superb Illustrations

Written by 3,500 of the World's Most Eminent Authorities

Remember—this is a new book. Only a small amount of text—material which could not be improved in any way—has been retained from previous editions.

Never has there been assembled together in one enterprise such a wealth of learning as is represented by the 3,500 builders of this great temple of knowledge. *All* the universities, *all* the learned professions, *all* the great industries, *all* the pastimes have contributed to the mighty sum.

Knowledge for All

It is a law library for the lawyer, a medical digest for the doctor, a universal history for the historian, a commercial university for the business man—and a compendium of all the arts and sciences for the average reader.

Here is "the cosmos between covers." The whole whirling universe is brought within your grasp, obedient to your hand.

Nothing is too profound to baffle it, and nothing too familiar to escape its informing touch. And on every subject it speaks with the same finality and authority.

All the World's Treasures of Art and Illustration

Among the many new features that will astonish and delight everyone who turns these pages is the wealth and beauty of the illustrations. This feature alone marks a tremendous advance. All the world's treasures of art and photography have been laid under tribute to adorn and illuminate the text.

"The most exciting book of 1929," asserts a leading critic, and the whole world is echoing that verdict.

This is a Britannica year! Here is your opportunity to join the thousands who will buy this new edition, now, while it is new—fresh from the presses. You owe it to yourself to learn further details regarding this magnificent series of volumes.

Extremely Low Prices

And due to the economies of mass production, the price is extremely low—the lowest in fact at which a completely new edition has been offered for two generations! Easy payments, if desired—a deposit of only $5 brings the complete set with bookcase table to your home.

Send for FREE Booklet

We have just prepared a handsome new 56-page booklet containing numerous color plates, maps, etc., from the new edition and giving full information about it, together with full details of bindings, the present low prices and easy payment plan. We want you to have a copy free and without the slightest obligation.

The demand is great, you should act promptly if you are interested in owning a set of the first printing on the present favorable terms. Just fill in the handy coupon and mail today.

MAIL This Coupon TODAY

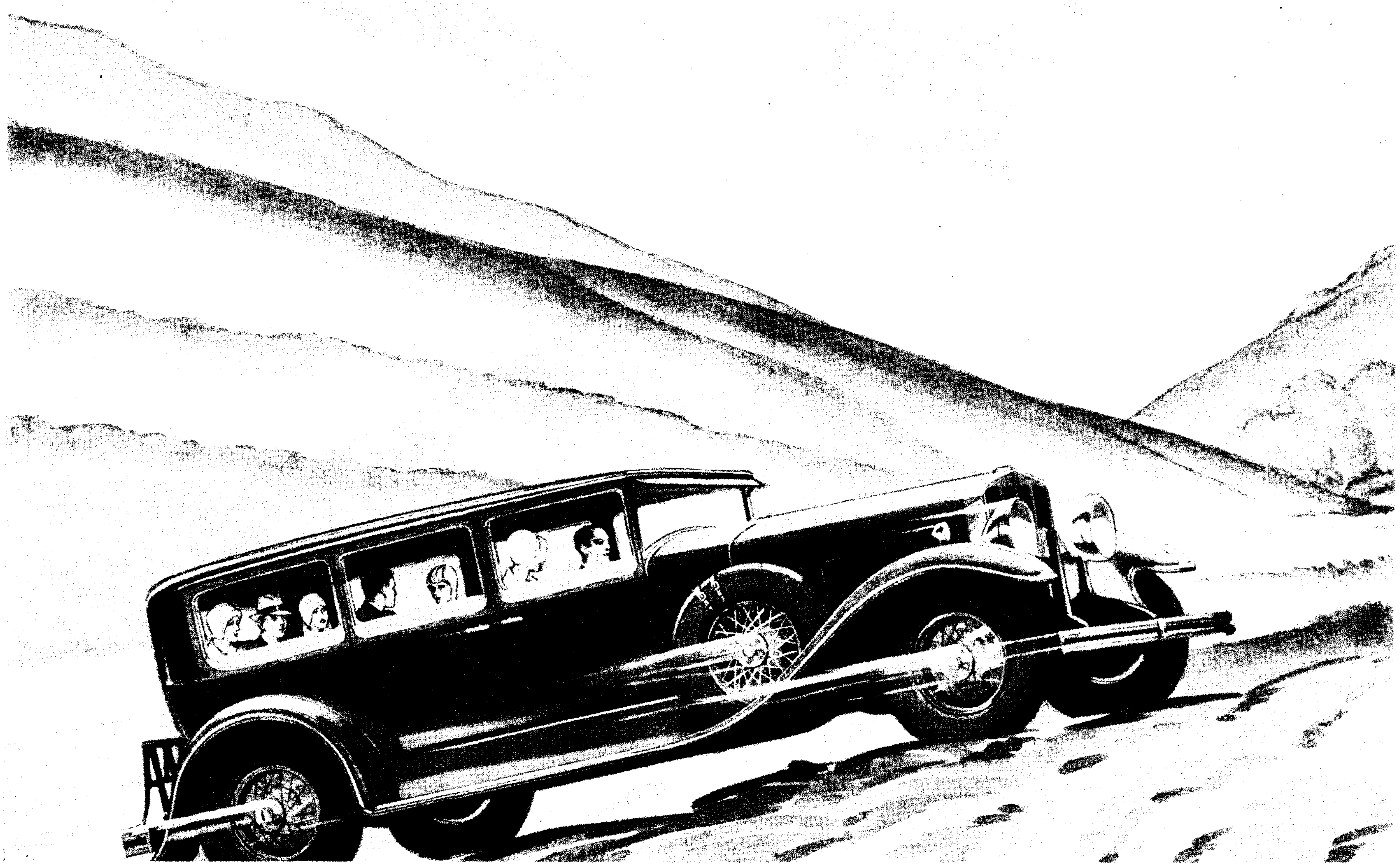
ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc. Col 9—A1
342 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me by return mail, without any obligation on my part, your 56-page illustrated booklet describing the *new* Fourteenth Edition of the Britannica together with full information concerning bindings, low price offer and easy terms of payment.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________



AIR-COOLED POWER—

THE POWER OF THE SKIES—NOW 40% GREATER

STEP on the starter . . . slip into second . . . a slight pressure on the accelerator and you're off on a new motoring experience—driving a Franklin with 40% more air-cooled power—the type of power used in 80 per cent of all airplanes.

Stay in second . . . give it the gun . . . watch the dial climb up . . . 30—40—50, while you flash past other cars. Notice how quiet the gears are —it sounds as if you were in high.

Then shift into high—no possible clashing—no waiting—just a click. When you find an open stretch, try this new air-cooled power. See for yourself how the Franklin shoots from 45 to 60 —and on to the higher speeds. Power to pass in a pinch! Power that never lets up.

Start a bad hill slowly and test the pulling ability and acceleration of this wonderful motor.

All the time you will feel a new riding ease—an effortless sense of control—the airplane feel of the air-cooled Franklin.

Drive the air-cooled Franklin. Experience the power, speed and stamina which have enabled it to break all major road records—which have made it the undisputed road champion.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

The One-Thirty $2230 ▾ *The One-Thirty-Five* $2485 ▾ *The One-Thirty-Seven* $2775 ▾ *Sedan Prices f. o. b. Factory*

FRANKLIN

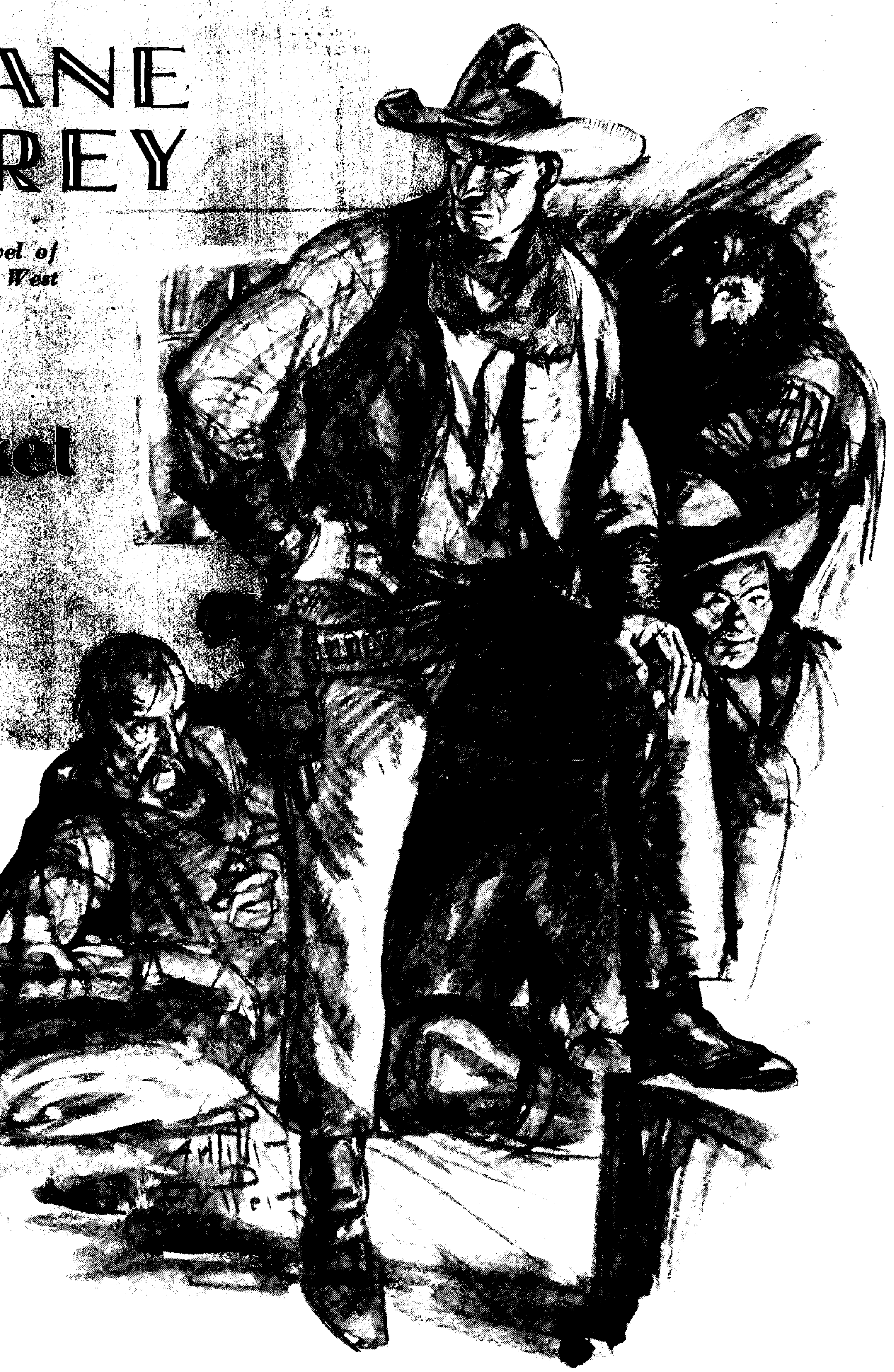
Collier's

The National Weekly for September 21, 1929

ZANE GREY

Begins another stirring novel of love and adventure in the West

The Yellowjacket Feud



Jed Stone, leader of the outfit, stood to one side of the fire, a fine, lithe figure

IT WAS a rainy November night on the Cottonwood. The wind complained in the pines outside the cabin and whispered under the eaves. A fine, cold mist blew in the open chinks between the logs, but the ruddy cedar fire in the huge stone fireplace gave the interior of the cabin a comfortable aspect and shone brightly upon the inmates scattered around. A coffeepot steamed on some coals, browned biscuits showed in an open iron oven, and thick slices of beef mingled a savory odor with the smoke. The men, however, were busy on pipes and cigarettes, evidently having finished supper.

"Reckon this storm looks like an early winter," remarked Jed Stone, leader of the outfit. He stood to one side of the fire, a fine, lithe figure of a man, still a cowboy, despite his forty years and more of hard Arizona life. His profile, sharp in the fire glow, was strong and clean, in no way hinting of the evil repute that had long recorded him an outlaw. When he turned to pick up a burning ember for his pipe the bright blaze shone on light, rather scant hair, on light eyes, and a striking face devoid of beard.

"Wal, early or late, I never seen no bad weather down hyar," replied a man back in the shadow.

"HUH. Much you know about the Mogollons. I've seen a hell of a winter right here," spoke up another, in a deep chesty voice, "an' I'll be trackin' somethin' besides hoofs in a couple of days." This from the hunter Anderson, known to his comrades as Tracks, who had lived longer than any of the others in this wild section, seemed to strengthen Stone's intimation. Anderson was a serious man, long matured, as showed in the white in his black beard. He had big deep eyes which reflected the firelight.

"I'll bet we don't get holed up yet a while," interposed Carr, the gambler of the outfit. He was a gray-faced, gray-haired man of fifty. They called him Stoneface.

"What do you say, Pecos?" inquired the leader, of a long-limbed, sandy-mustached Texan who sat propped against the wall, directly opposite the fire.

"Me? . . . Shore I don't think nothin' aboot it," drawled Pecos.

"We might winter down in the Sierra Ancas," said Stone, reflectively.

"Boss, somethin's been eatin' you ever since we had thet fight over Traft's drift fence," spoke up Croak Malloy, from his seat against some packs. His voice had a peculiar croaking quality, but that was certainly not wholly the reason for his significant nickname. He was the deadliest of this notorious outfit, so long a thorn in the flesh of the cattlemen whose stock ranged the Mogollons.

"I ain't denyin' it," replied Stone.

"An' why for?" complained the croaker, his crooked evil face shining in the red light. "We got off without a couple of scratches, an' we crippled them two Diamond riders. Didn't we lay low the last nine miles of thet fence?"

"Croak, I happen to know old Jim Traft. I rode for him twenty years ago," answered Stone seriously.

"Jed, as I see it, this drift fence of Traft's has split the range, an' there'll be hell to pay," snapped the other.

"Do you reckon it means another Pleasant Valley war? That was only seven years ago—thereabouts, an' the bad blood still rankles."

CROAK MALLOY'S reply was rendered indistinguishable by hot arguments of Carr and Anderson. But the little rider's appearance seemed silently convincing. He was a small misshapen man of uncertain age, with pale eyes of fire set unevenly in a crooked face, and he looked the deadliness by which he had long been known to the range.

Just then the sodden beats of hoofs sounded outside.

"Ha, that will be Madden an' Sonora," said Stone, with satisfaction, and he strode to the door to call out. The answer was reassuring. He returned to the fire, and held his palms to the heat.

Presently a man entered the cabin, carrying a heavy pack, which he deposited against the wall, then approached the fire, to remove dripping sombrero and coat. This action disclosed the swarthy face and beady bright eyes of the Mexican whom Stone had called Sonora.

"Glad you're back, Sonora," said the leader, heartily. "How about things?"

"No good," replied Sonora, and when he shook his head, drops of rain water sputtered in the fire.

THE other rider came in, breathing heavily under another pack. He appeared to be a nondescript sort of man. Water ran off him in little streams. He hung his coat on a peg in the chimney, but did not remove his battered black sombrero from which the raindrops dripped.

"Wal, boss, me an' Sonora got here," he said cheerfully.

"So I see," returned Stone, quietly.

"Bad up on top. Snowin' hard, but reckon it won't last long. Too wet."

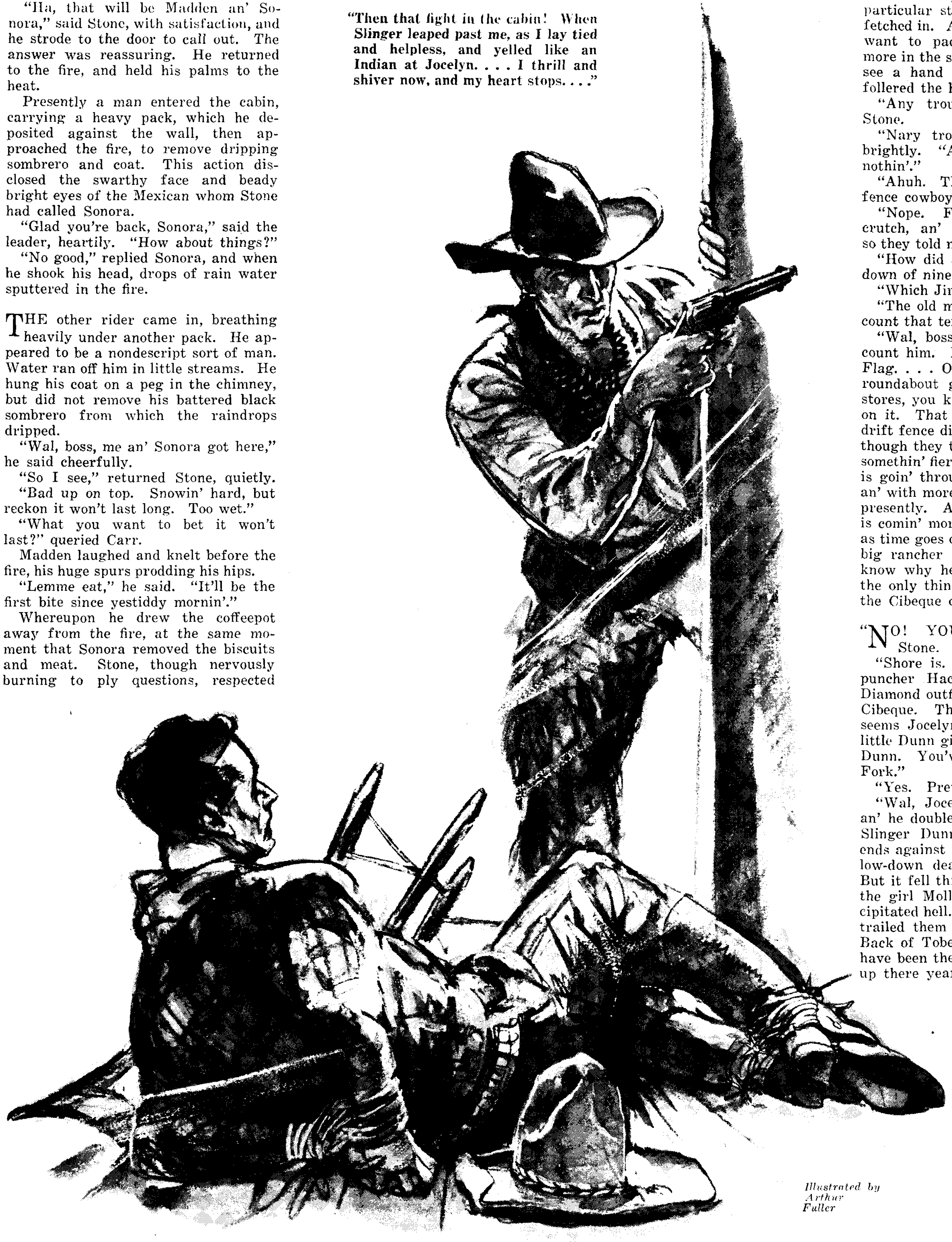
"What you want to bet it won't last?" queried Carr.

Madden laughed and knelt before the fire, his huge spurs prodding his hips.

"Lemme eat," he said. "It'll be the first bite since yestiddy mornin'."

Whereupon he drew the coffeepot away from the fire, at the same moment that Sonora removed the biscuits and meat. Stone, though nervously burning to ply questions, respected their hunger, which appeared to be of a ravenous nature. He paced the cabin floor, out of the shadow into the light, and back again, ponderingly, as one who had weighty thoughts. The firelight struck glints from the bone-handled gun which swung in a belt-sheath below his hip. The other men of the gang smoked in silence.

"Then that fight in the cabin! When Slinger leaped past me, as I lay tied and helpless, and yelled like an Indian at Jocelyn. . . . I thrill and shiver now, and my heart stops. . . ."



Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

The youngest of the group, a cowboy in garb and gait, rose to put more wood on the fire. He had a weak handsome face, with viciousness written all over it, yet strangely out of place among these hardened visages. No one need have been told why he was there.

The returned members of the outfit did not desist from appeasing their appetites until all the drink, bread and beef were gone.

"Cleaned the platter," ejaculated Madden. "Gosh, there's nothin' like a hunk of juicy salty meat when you're starved. . . . Now, boss, shoot."

Stone kicked a box nearer the fire and sat down upon it. Then from a shadowed corner limped a stalwart man, scarred of face and evil of eye, with a sheriff's badge glittering like a star on the front of his vest. Some of the others edged closer. All except Croak Malloy evinced keen eagerness. Nothing mattered to this little outlaw.

"Maddy, did you fetch all the supplies?" asked Stone.

"Yep. An' kept them dry, too—There's four more packs out in the shed. The tobacco, whisky, shells—all that particular stuff is in the pack Sonora fetched in. An' I'm here to state I don't want to pack down Cottonwood any more in the snow an' rain. We couldn't see a hand before our eyes, an' just follered the horses."

"Any trouble at Flag?" went on Stone.

"Nary trouble," answered Madden, brightly. "All our worryin' was for nothin'."

"Ahuh. Then neither of those drift-fence cowboys we shot up, died?"

"Nope. Frost was around with a crutch, an' Hump Stevens will live, so they told me."

"How did Jim Traft take the layin' down of nine miles of his drift fence?"

"Which Jim Traft do you mean?"

"The old man, you fool. Who'd ever count that tenderfoot of a nephew?"

"Wal, boss, I reckon you'll have to count him. For he's shore countin' in Flag. . . . Of course I could only get roundabout gossip in the saloons an' stores, you know. But we can gamble on it. That nine-mile drop of Traft's drift fence didn't make him bat an eye, though they told me it riled young Jim somethin' fierce. Jed, the old cattle king, is goin' through with that drift fence, an' with more'n that, which I'll tell you presently. As I got it the drift fence is comin' more to favor with cattlemen as time goes on. Bambridge is the only big rancher against it, an' shore you know why he is. But the fence ain't the only thing talked about. . . . Boss, the Cibeque outfit is busted."

"NO! YOU don't say!" ejaculated Stone.

"Shore is. Most owin' to that cowpuncher Hack Jocelyn who left the Diamond outfit an' throwed in with the Cibeque. That split the Cibeque. It seems Jocelyn lost his head over that little Dunn girl, Molly, sister to Slinger Dunn. You've seen her, Jed, at West Fork."

"Yes. Prettiest kid in the country."

"Wal, Jocelyn was after her hard, an' he double-crossed the Haverlys an' Slinger Dunn by tryin' to play both ends against the middle. He hatched a low-down deal if I ever knowed one. But it fell through. He got away with the girl Molly, however, an' thet precipitated hell. Slinger quit the Cibeque, trailed them to a cabin in the woods. Back of Tobe's well somewhere. Must have been the very cabin Anderson put up there years ago. Wal, Jocelyn an' the rest of the Cibeque had kidnaped young Jim Traft for ransom. But Jocelyn meant to collect the ransom an' then murder the boy.

"The Haverlys wasn't in on this, so the story goes. Anyway things worked to a hot pitch at this cabin. Jocelyn had a drink too many, they say, an' wanted to drag the little girl Molly off'n the woods. An' she, like what you'd expect of Slinger Dunn's sister, raised hell. Jocelyn tried to shoot young Jim. An' she fought him—bit him like a wildcat. Wal, Slinger bobbed up, Injun as he is, an' killed Jocelyn. Then he had it out with the Haverlys, killin' both of them. He was terrible shot up himself. They fetched him to Flag. But he'll live."

"I'm dod-blasted glad, though there ain't any love lost between me an' Slinger," said Stone, forcibly. "No wonder Flag wasn't excited over our little brush with Stevens an' Frost."

"Wal, thet's all of thet news," went on Madden, importantly. "Some more will interest you-all. Bambridge lost his case against Traft. He had no case at all, accordin' to the court. It seems Traft got this Yellowjacket ranch an' range from Blodgett, years ago. Bambridge didn't even know the deeds were on record in Flag. He was hoppin' mad, they said, an' he an' Traft had it hot an' heavy after the court proceedin's. Traft jest about accused Bambridge of shady cattle deals down here. Bambridge threw a gun, but somebody knocked it out of his hand. Wal, thet riled the old cattle king. What do you think he said, boss? I got it from a fellar I know, who was in the court room."

"MADDY, I'll bet it was a heap," replied Stone, wagging his head.

"Heap! Reckon you hit it. Traft swore he'd run Bambridge off the Arizona ranges. What's more he made a present of this Yellowjacket Ranch, which Bambridge an' you reckoned you *owned* yourselves, to his nephew, young Jim, an'—but guess who?"

"I'm not guessin'. Out with it," rejoined Stone, hardily.

"No one less than Slinger Dunn," announced Madden, with the triumphant tone of the sensation lover.

"What?" bellowed Stone.

"I told you, boss. Old Traft gave this ranch an' range to young Jim an' Slinger—half an' half. Providin' thet Slinger throwed in with the Diamond Outfit, an' helped them clean up Yellowjacket."

"Haw! Haw!" croaked Malloy, with vicious humor.

"Slinger Dunn an' the Diamond!" exclaimed Stone, incredulously. Evidently it was a most astounding circumstance, and one fraught with bewildering possibilities.

"Thet's it, boss, an' they're ridin' down here after Thanksgivin'," ended Madden.

Stone leaned back in the shadows, his dim profile bent toward the fire.

"What do you make of it, boss?" finally queried Anderson.

Stone vouchsafed no reply.

"Humph," grunted the hunter. "Wal, Frank, you're the green hand in this outfit. What you make of Maddy's news?"

The cowboy stirred and sat up. "I reckon it can't be done," he replied.

"What can't?"

"Cleanin' up Yellowjacket."

The hunter stroked his black beard thoughtfully.

"Whar you from, Frank?"

"Born in Arizony."

"An' you say thet? Wal. . . . Reckon it ain't no wonder you ended up with the Hash Knife Outfit," said Anderson, reflectively. Then he turned his attention to the Mexican, who sat nearest. "Sonora, you been herdin' sheep for years on this range?"

"Si, señor."

"You've seen a heap of men shot?"

"Many men, señor."

"Did you talk to sheep herders in Flag?"

"Si. All say mucha malo. Old Traft bad medicine. If he start job he do job."

WHEREUPON Tracks Anderson, warming as to a trail, set upon the long-limbed, sandy-mustached Texan. "Pecos, what was you when you rode thet river you're named fer?"

"Me? Much the same as I am now," drawled the rustler, with an easy laugh. "Only I wasn't ridin' in such good safe company."

"Safe, huh? Wal, thet's a compliment to Jed an' the Hash Knife. But is it sense? . . . To my way of thinkin' this —— drift fence has spelled a change fer Arizony ranges. There's a mind behind thet idee. It's big. It throws the sunlight on trails thet have been dim."

Croak Malloy did not wait to be interrogated.

"If you ask me I'll tell you Maddy's talk is jest town talk," he croaked. "I've heard the same fer ten years. An' Yellowjacket is wilder today than it ever was. There's more cattle runnin' than then. More rustlers in the woods. More crooked ranchers. An' one like Bambridge wasn't ever heard of when I first rode into the Tonto. . . . An' what's a bunch of slick-ridin' cowboys to us? I'll kill this young Traft an' Sonora can do fer Slinger Dunn. Thet'll be the last of the Diamond."

"Very pretty, Croak. It might be done, easy enough, if we take the first step. I ain't aimin' to class thet wild Diamond Outfit with the Hash Knife. It ain't no fair fight. Boys agin men. An' this is shore allowin' fer Slinger Dunn an' thet Prentis fellar."

"Tracks," spoke up Pecos, dryly, "you're plumb forgettin' there's a Texan in the Diamond—Lonestar Holliday—an' you can bet the Texas I come from wouldn't be ashamed of him."

"HUMPH. Lang, you swear you come honest by thet sheriff badge," went on the hunter, in a grim humor. "Let's hear from you."

"There ain't no law but might in the Mogollons, an' never will be in our day," replied the ex-sheriff.

"Kirreck," snapped Anderson. "Thet's what I'm drivin' at. *Our* day may be damn' good an' short."

"Aw, hell! Tracks, you need some licker," croaked Malloy. "Let's open the pack an' have some."

"No," came from Stone with sharp suddenness, showing how intent he was on the colloquy.

"Wal, it narrows down to Stoneface," continued Anderson, imperturbably. "But seein' he's a gambler you can't ever get the straight from him."

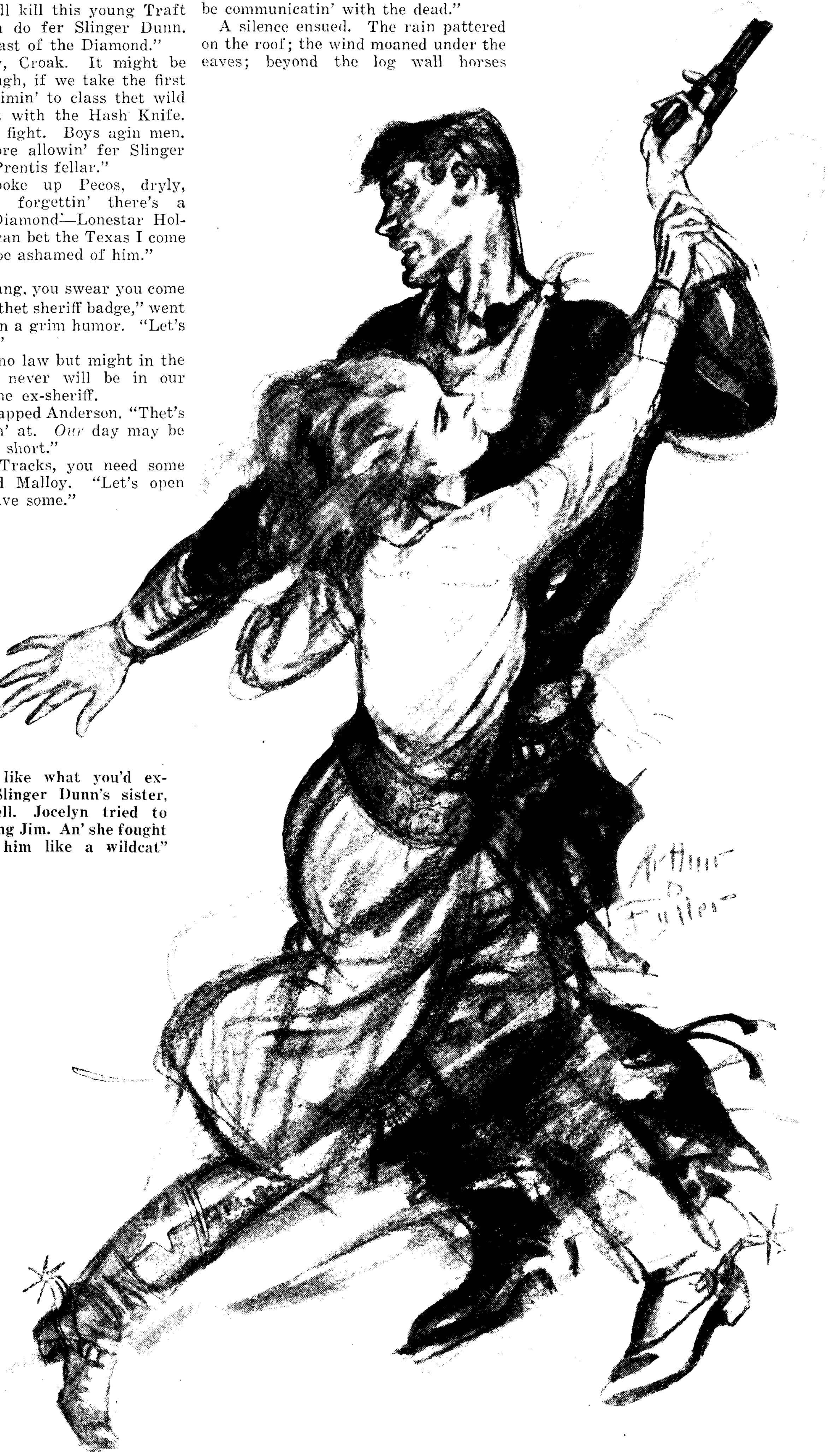
"Tracks, I'll bet you them gold wheels you'll be hibernatin' fer keeps when spring comes," said Carr, clinking gold coins in his palms.

"Quien sabe? But I won't bet you, Stoneface. You get hunches from the air, an' Gawd only knows—you might be communicatin' with the dead."

A silence ensued. The rain pattered on the roof; the wind moaned under the eaves; beyond the log wall horses munched their feed; the fire sputtered. And presently Jed Stone broke the silence.

"Men, I rode on the first Hash Knife Outfit, twenty years ago," he began, "an' Arizona never had a finer bunch of riders. Since then I've rode in all the outfits. Some had good men an' bad men at the same time. That Texas outfit in the early eighties gave the Hash Knife its bad name. Daggs, Colter, an' the

(*Continued on page 48*)



"An' she, like what you'd expect of Slinger Dunn's sister, raised hell. Jocelyn tried to shoot young Jim. An' she fought him—bit him like a wildcat"

Who Laughs Last

By William G. Shepherd

Here's the inside story of the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Not an outburst of idealism—but the pressure of more important war measures and the cunning humor of a political boss, Boies Penrose—gave the Drys their chance. They had tried for forty years to break into the Constitution. Wayne B. Wheeler framed the 105-word holeproof amendment that Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas got passed because the Senate was in a hurry and most senators didn't think it would ever become a law anyway

© Wide World

Above: Senator Boies Penrose who bargained with Senator Sheppard over the dry law

Underwood & Underwood

Right: The late Wayne B. Wheeler controlled six Congresses and dictated to two Presidents

LATE one excessively hot June afternoon, back in 1917, a huge hulk of a man arose from his chair on the floor of the United States Senate, lumbered his way over to a seat which was occupied by a small, mild-mannered but harassed-looking individual, bent over him and began to speak in low, growling tones.

Sitting in the gallery you wouldn't have noticed the incident. Senators, even in the most important moments, are always moving about the floor visiting each other, chatting, cracking jokes and telling funny stories. The clerk was droning off the details of a long appropriation bill. A tall, fat senator and a lean, short one talking together couldn't have much significance.

But it was a tremendous moment in American history.

The small man in the seat was Morris Sheppard, senator from Democratic Texas. The other was Boies Penrose, senator from Republican Pennsylvania, and Republican "boss" not only in the Senate but in the national organization of the Republican party itself, a selector of Presidents.

Sitting in the gallery, you might perhaps have heard the rumble of Penrose's gruff voice. And you might have seen the gentle-mannered Sheppard nod his head in approval and say mildly, "All right, I agree."

In that moment of side talk between two senators the Eighteenth Amendment was born. Whatever was done afterward, publicly, to put the amendment on the books, and into operation, was only a formal ratification of what these two men decided in a hasty talk that hot June day.

A Dry Goat

Big Boies Penrose has gone now. The chances are that even if he were alive, he wouldn't tell you what he said to Morris Sheppard that day. It was his way to work quietly, for good or bad. He never did tell about things like that. But Senator Morris Sheppard, father of this Eighteenth Amendment, is still alive and the other day he told me of that hurried talk.

To get the full spirit of the incident we must realize what was going on in the Senate, in America, and in all the rest of the world.

The United States, three months in the war, was trying to get started. With all the world looking on, we were all in the midst of that nightmare period—and who that lived through it can ever forget it?—when, like a man trying to run on slick ice, we seemed to ourselves and to the rest of humanity to be unable to get headway.

Sheppard was a Democrat, at the opposite pole of political philosophy from Penrose. During a year when Texas had voted down a state-wide prohibition law this persuasive and eloquent resident of Amarillo, son of a Texas judge, as religious as Penrose was otherwise, had gone forth among his fellows in Texas and had made speeches for "state-wide, nation-wide, world-wide prohibition." Changeable Texas voters, after killing their own proposed state prohibition law, had sent him to Washington.

That had made Sheppard a bright and shining light among those who hoped to kill the liquor traffic. They had loaded upon him the job of trying to get an anti-liquor law buried away in the heart of the Constitution.

They wanted him to make this law as visible but as unreachable and as unchangeable as a glass flower molded into the heart of a block of glass.

Washington was being bombarded by the Drys. Years before, an army of them had marched up to the Capitol and had placed in Sheppard's hands the exact copy of a prohibition amendment which he had failed to bring to a vote. Now, with the war storm on us, they had come again, shouting, "We can't win the war unless we go dry!" and they were threatening, through their dry friends in the House and Senate, to block all legislation unless the anti-liquor amendment was considered.

The amendment was in the hands of a Republican-controlled committee. Boies Penrose could tell this committee to keep it in a pigeonhole and shut up about it. Or he could tell it to report it on the floor and let the Senate vote on it. Amid all the clamor the latter method, for certain subtle reasons, seemed to Penrose to be the best.

Here, in about so many words, as Senator Sheppard remembers them, is what the always-growling Penrose, with lips half closed, and speaking out of the side of his mouth, said to the senator from Texas:

"I'll let that joint resolution of yours come onto the floor from the committee if you'll agree to one change in it."

"What's the change?" asked Morris Sheppard.

"You'll have to fix that amendment of yours so that it won't go into effect unless two thirds of the states have ratified it within six years."

Sheppard knew that the Eighteenth Amendment hung on his answer.

"What could I do?" he said to me. "Washington was full of Drys who were depending on me to put the law through. I had to think fast, while Penrose waited.

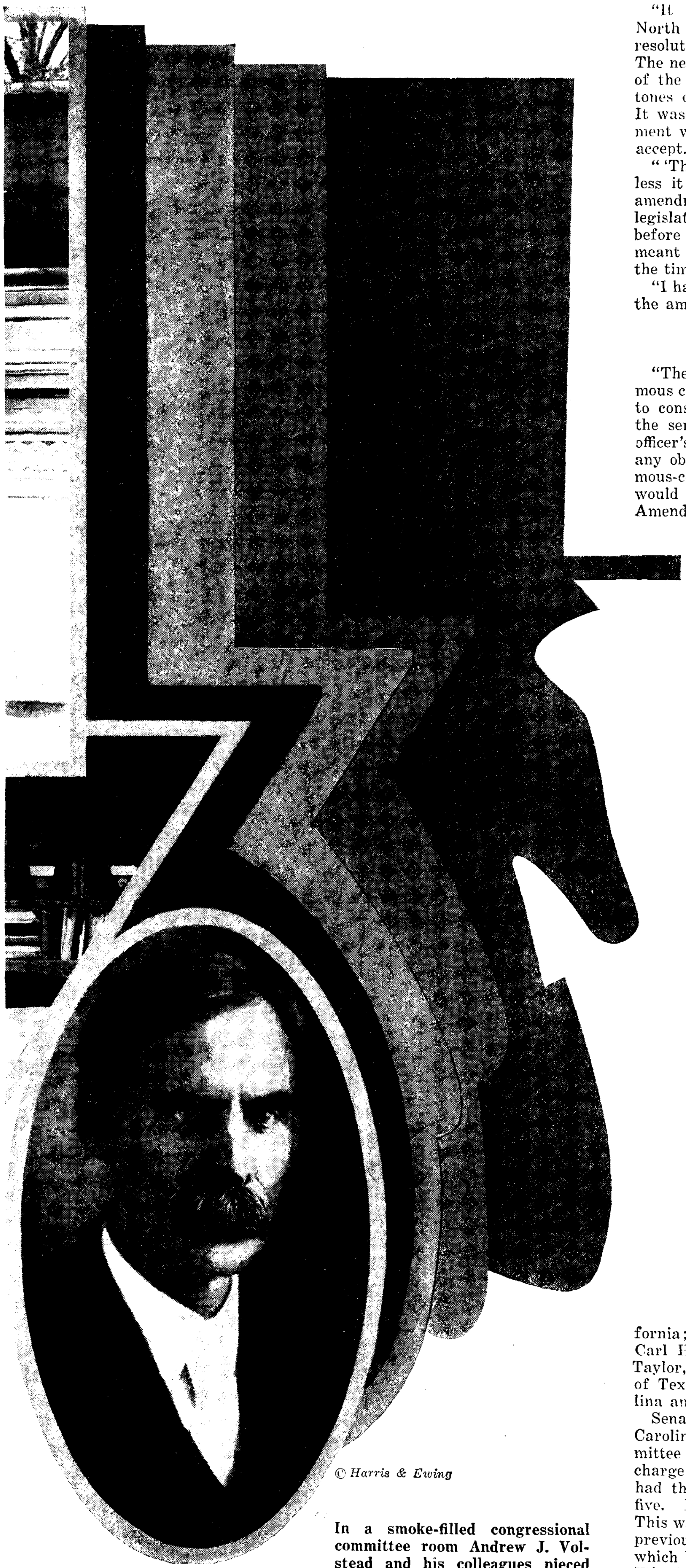
"The idea of a prohibition amendment wasn't new in Washington. It had been tried for forty years. Senators and congressmen had been trying to get prohibition amendments into the Constitution for decades but had never been able to bring them to a vote on the floor. Other senators and congressmen had stopped them.

"I knew that Penrose was trying to play a trick on me. He thought that six years were too short for thirty-two different state senates and thirty-two state legislatures with their five or six thousand different members to meet and act. Why, there are proposed amendments to the Constitution still dangling in space after a century waiting for a sufficient number of states to ratify them. Half a dozen years seemed an awfully short time to me. It did to everybody.

"But I had to take a chance. It was the first time in American history we had ever had a chance to get a dry amendment onto the floor for a vote. I wanted my resolution to go through. I knew the thing would never get onto the floor for a vote, if I didn't say 'yes.' So I decided in a hurry, made the compromise, and agreed.

Setting the Date

"That night, at a certain hotel in Washington, there was a great jubilation of Wets. They had heard of the promise I had made to Penrose and they were sure that the prohibitionists were whipped. To speak the truth I was heartsick myself that night, and so were my friends. Some of them accused me of turning traitor. 'You'll never get enough states to ratify it within a mere half-dozen years,' they said. 'Why, the war may last that long and the state legislatures will all be tied up with war measures and war excitement.'



© Harris & Ewing

In a smoke-filled congressional committee room Andrew J. Volstead and his colleagues pieced together the new law designed to dry up a nation

"It was Senator Lee Overman, of North Carolina, who reported out my resolution. Penrose had kept his word. The next thing I heard after the report of the committee was the heavy, slow tones of Senator Warren G. Harding. It was his task to present the amendment which I had promised Penrose to accept. Harding's amendment read:

" 'This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the legislatures of the several states on or before the first day of July, 1923.' That meant approximately six years from the time of the reading.

"I had to keep my word, so I accepted the amendment.

One in a Dozen

"The next thing was to get the unanimous consent of the Senate to fix a date to consider the bill. I well remember the senator who was in the presiding officer's chair that day, saying, 'Is there any objection to entering into a unanimous-consent agreement?' One protest would have finished the Eighteenth Amendment right there and then.

"There was a pause. Back against the wall I saw a certain senator take a step forward and start to raise his hand. If he had merely said, 'I object,' the whole venture would have been lost. Something made him change his mind. I haven't asked him to this day what it was. As I watched him I saw an expression of purpose pass from his face. I saw his muscles relax, and his hand drop.

"The next thing I heard was the chair saying, 'There being no objection, it is so ordered.' And then I knew that, after almost half a century of effort, a prohibition amendment would be debated on the floor of Congress."

Senator Sheppard has always considered it lucky that it was his amendment to the Constitution that was accepted. Eleven other proposed prohibition amendments to the Constitution were at that moment hammering at the door of the Congress. Here are the senators beside Sheppard who had eighteenth amendments to propose:

W. H. Thompson of Kansas; John F. Shafroth of Colorado; Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire and Wesley L. Jones of Washington.

In the House of Representatives seven congressmen were trying to bury each his own prohibition law in the Constitution. They were:

Charles L. Randall, of California; Edward Keating, of Colorado; Carl Hayden, of Arizona; Edward T. Taylor, of Colorado; Thomas L. Blanton, of Texas; E. Y. Webb of North Carolina and Addison T. Smith of Idaho.

Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina was the chairman of the committee that had these proposed bills in charge in the Senate. His committee had the pick of the Senate's batch of five. It picked Senator Sheppard's. This was because Senator Sheppard had previously laid before the Congress bills which had been prepared by Wayne B. Wheeler, Bishop Cannon, and other Drys, and had been their spokesman in the law-making bodies where their voices could not be raised.

"This committee," Senator Overman tells you, "reported Senator Sheppard's resolution in preference to others of similar purpose, because Senator Sheppard had been most prominently identified with the movement for a Federal prohibition amendment and his resolution seemed to be most desired by the prohibition forces of the country."

Many senators who were puzzled about how to vote came from districts that were not dry.

"You're not voting for prohibition," was the chief argument of the Drys on the Senate floor. "You are merely voting to give the various states a chance to say whether or not they want the nation to be dry. You can't keep away from them the right of appeal." So the Senate passed the bill—as finally passed, seven years was made the limit for ratification—and went on to its war work.

I sat for several hours, one day about ten years ago, with Andrew J. Volstead and heard him tell the story of how the Volstead Act had been pieced together in a smoke-filled congressional committee room. At every turn, it was a wartime story; and the makers of the act had been helplessly swayed by after-war conditions. They had walked on eggs as they made it. For instance:

"We couldn't provide in the new law that prohibition officials should be put under the civil service," explained Volstead, "because men were all wearing silk shirts and getting such high wages that we knew only lower-class men would ask for low-waged prohibition jobs. We didn't want to blanket a force of such men under civil service protection, so that they couldn't be easily removed."

A Hidden Trick

Of course Volstead and his fellow committeemen were right. It was under just such crews of enforcement agents that prohibition started off. How many thousands of prohibition officials have been "easily removed" since Volstead told us the story of his prohibition law that day, no one has ever told. Many of them escaped jail because of a desire on the part of officials to avoid scandal.

Eight years later, prohibition officials were put under the Civil Service Act because it was possible to alter the creaking and uncertain Volstead Act. Volstead and his associates made the law so that it could easily be altered.

But Morris Sheppard's simple resolution, which later became the Eighteenth Amendment, was made never to be altered. Thousands of changes may easily be made by Congress itself in the Volstead *(Continued on page 66)*

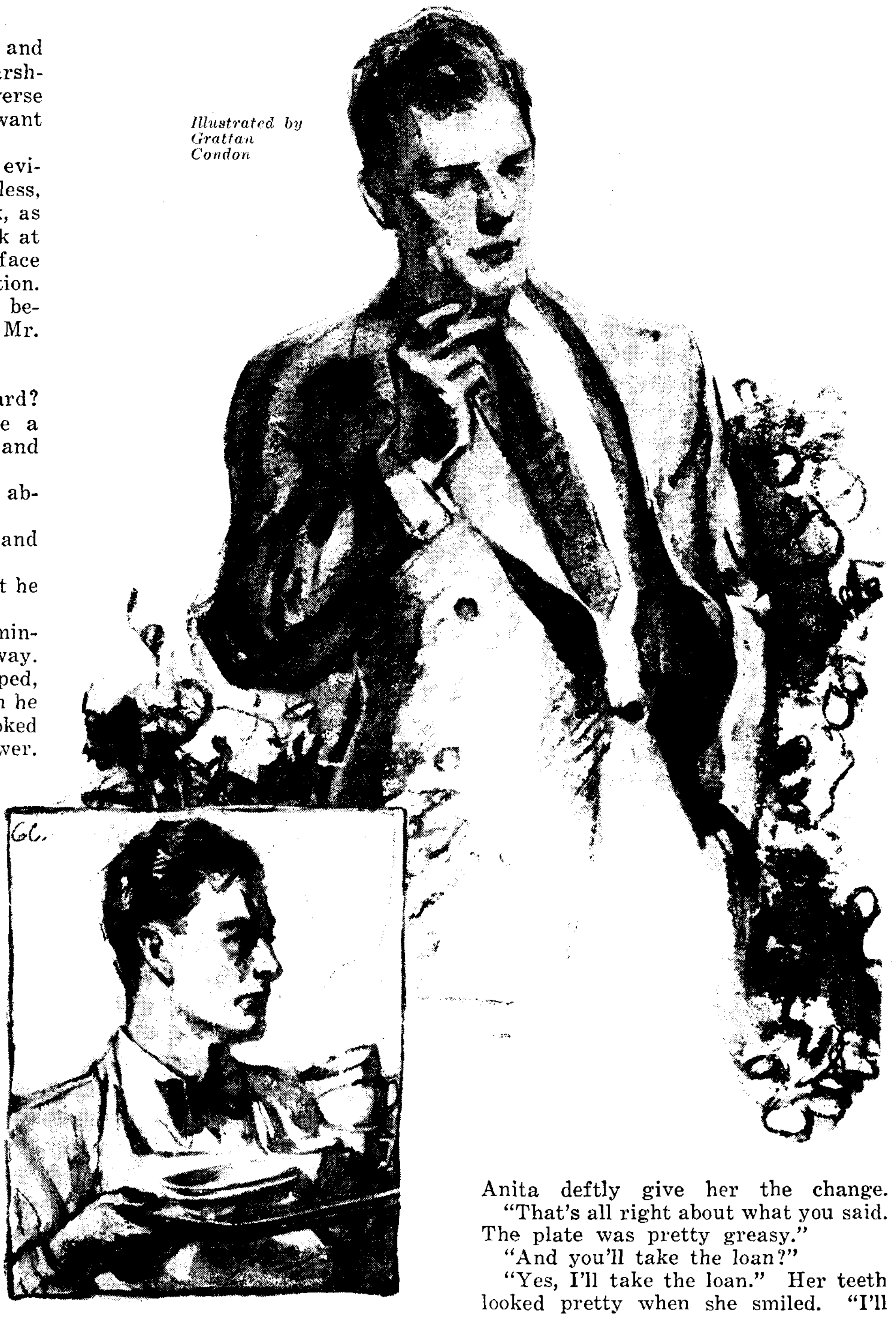
© Harris & Ewing

The Anti-Saloon League amendment was presented by Senator Sheppard

Cafeteria Girl

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

When you consider all the miracles that money has wrought, it's astonishing how little love and happiness it will buy



"Looks great on you, 'Nita. I knew it would. Just goes with your eyes and hair"

Illustrated by Grattan Condon

FROM behind the cashier's counter, strategically placed to command the comings and goings of those who eat, Anita saw the young man as he passed by the check machine and started towards the array of food.

"Check!" she called to him wearily. The young man looked around. "Get your check."

The young man went through the usual banal procedure. He looked at the machine, tentatively plucked a check therefrom, was vaguely surprised when it made a sharp metallic sound and yielded up another, then turned to smile apologetically at Anita. She sat there, impassive, yet rather haughty, like a pagan goddess cast in bronze, seeming unaware of his presence. Till the moment when he should stand before her and pay for his victuals, she need take no more notice of him.

But the patrons were few, and just sitting there was boresome. Presently she found herself watching the young man.

He ate avidly, yet not with the animal-like greed which, often enough, she had observed at these same tables.

Presently he finished his meal and looked rather dubiously about him. As he approached the cashier's desk he seemed to be very embarrassed. An indifferent sphinx, she awaited him.

"I'm sorry; I . . . haven't any money to pay this."

The sphinx became a human.

"You haven't any money! What did you come in here for if you haven't any money?"

"I was hungry."

"Humph! This isn't any charity." Anita's eyes flashed over the room. "Mr. Stolp!" she called out sharply.

The manager came and added his lofty scorn. Both he and the girl seemed to find a special satisfaction in having such a well-dressed fellow delivered into their hands. A taxi driver, paying for his three o'clock pie and coffee, lingered to grin and to listen.

"YOU don't expect me to starve to death with all this food around! I hadn't had a bite to eat since yesterday noon."

"What am I supposed to do—break down and weep?" Mr. Stolp glanced severely at the young man's check. "A dollar-ten. That's two hours and twelve minutes. Come with me. I'll get you an apron."

It was an amusing diversion for a dull afternoon. He looked so funny, with his refined, intelligent features, his well-kept hands, going about with a bus boy's pan to gather up the dishes. He seemed to wince when his eyes met another's; he would flush and try to lose himself in attendance to his duty.

A good-looking fellow, Anita decided. She wondered what had happened. He might have been robbed or—even more likely—fleeced by some gentler method.

Now he was at a near-by table, wiping away the coffee stains, replacing the sugar and ketchup. A dirty dish slipped from his hands and was shattered on the floor.

"Clumsy fool!" Anita snapped and was instantly astonished at the harshness of her language. Some perverse imp inside her seemed to make her want to hurt him.

And she had hurt him: that was evident. He threw her such a helpless, embarrassed, appealing sort of look, as much as to say, "You wouldn't kick at a fellow when he's down!" His face was red and damp with perspiration. He had got down on his knees and begun to pick up the pieces, when Mr. Stolp appeared.

"DO YOU *have* to be so awkward? Don't crawl on the floor like a baby! Go back and get a brush and pan! And hurry up about it!"

Anita sniggered. The young man abruptly changed his manner.

"You talk to me again like that and I'll crack you one on the jaw!"

The manager withdrew a step, but he appeared to ignore the threat.

"That plate will cost you twelve minutes more," he said and walked away.

Anita's pulse had suddenly stopped, then raced at a faster tempo. When he returned with the dustpan she looked away, as if busy about her cash drawer. Long after the broken plate was gone, she still wondered at what had happened. Again and again she repeated the words, "You talk to me again like that. . . ." He had not raised his voice a bit, but oh, how he had looked! ". . . I'll crack you one on the jaw!" To Mr. Stolp, the manager! Just like a moment in some play. The memory of it thrilled her.

The afternoon advanced towards early evening. Anita made change, dispensed cigarettes and matches and chewing gum, kept a dutiful eye on the check machine, ignored the crudely flirtatious, and all the time she was thinking about the strange young man who had threatened to hit Mr. Stolp.

Her feeling towards him changed. Now that she considered the matter, it seemed to Anita a pitiful thing that any man should be so famished he must get a meal like that. She wondered exactly how it would feel to be broke, unable to find a job, with hunger growing inside one. Often she glanced at the clock.

At last the young man emerged from the kitchen, wearing his hat and coat. Out of the corner of her eye Anita saw the manager enter his office. Her heart was in an unwonted flutter as the young man approached her counter. Now she would have to catch his eye.

But he was passing without a glance, as if he did not see her.

"Oh, say! Just a minute."

She held out a small fist, fingers down, and dropped something into his hand. He started as he saw the corner of a two-dollar bill, tightly wadded.

"No, thank you. I'll get along without."

"But it's just a loan," she pleaded. "You can pay me back when you have a job."

"Thank you. I'd rather not."

"It's my money—not the company's. Oh, please. I'd feel much better."

He had been very stiffly polite and distant, but now her words seemed to change him. He looked at Anita, at her earnest brown eyes, at her dark hair brushed back to reveal her ears, at her red little mouth and cheeks so slightly rouged. The hauteur, the disdain, were gone from her face, and she was just a pretty girl who had been like a pagan goddess in bronze, impassive yet faintly derisive.

"I'm sorry about calling you clumsy. You really weren't. Lots of plates are smashed like that every day."

And now the young man was smiling. An elderly woman paused to pay her check, and he stood aside as he watched Anita deftly give her the change.

"That's all right about what you said. The plate was pretty greasy."

"And you'll take the loan?"

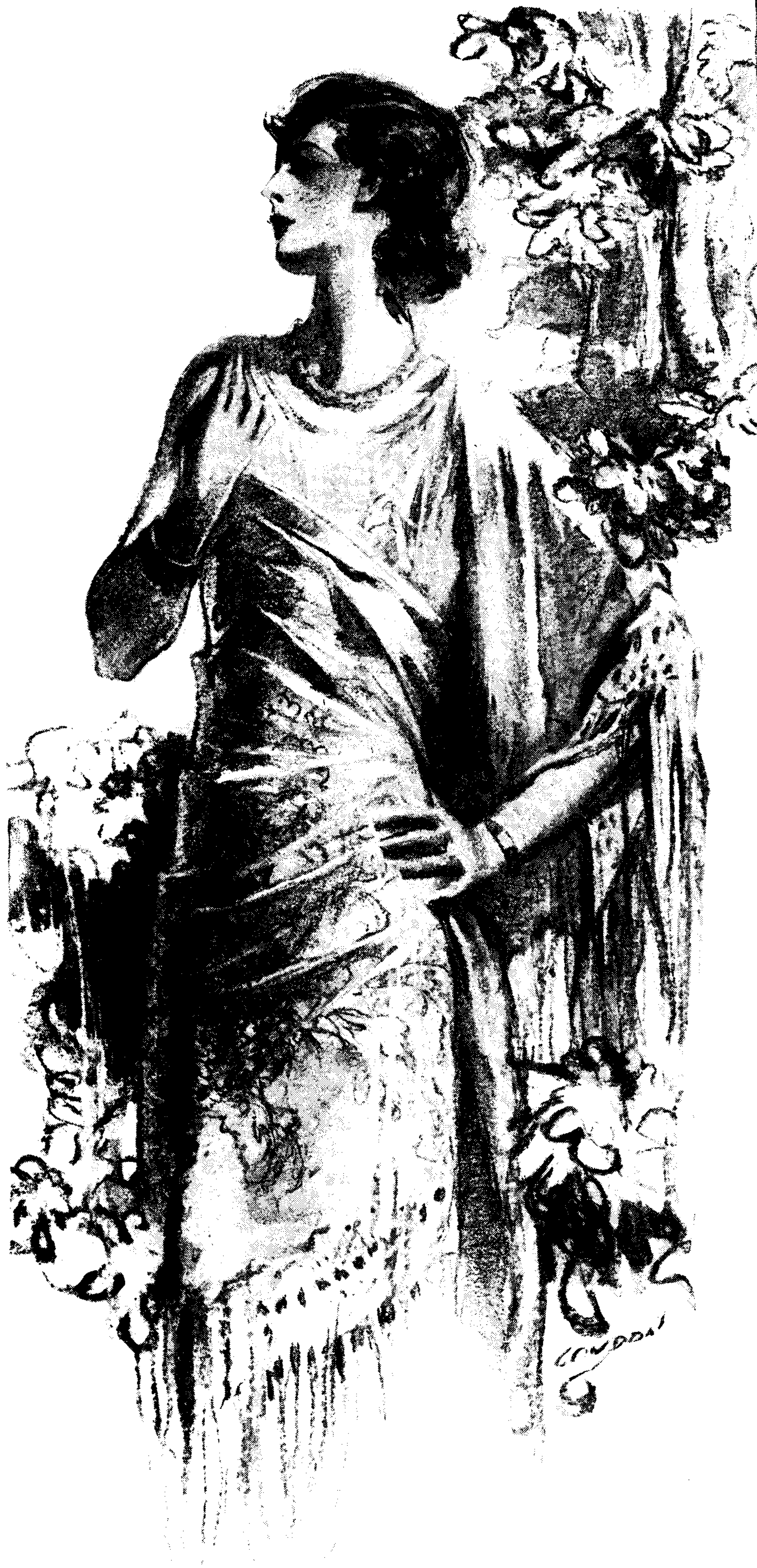
"Yes, I'll take the loan." Her teeth looked pretty when she smiled. "I'll pay you back as soon as— But, tell me, what's your name?"

The old wariness, bred of her years in a city of complex motives, now bade her evade the question.

"I'm Madam X," she told him, "and I think you are Mr. Y. Good luck with the job, Mr. Y. Check! Get your check there, mister."

OUT of this encounter there came a bitter disappointment. The cafeteria where Anita worked was in Eighth Avenue, not far from Columbus Circle. To it came a varied assortment of patrons. She knew the many faces of men and the many traits they stand for. She thought she had known the young man's face—but a month had passed since he went away, and her disappointment was bitter.

So sure had she been of Mr. Y that had Mr. Stolp, for instance, walked up and said in his cynical way, "There's



two dollars you'll never see again," she would have bet a full week's pay and given odds upon it. And the young man had not returned.

Nor was that all the reason why Anita felt disappointed. The young man had a pleasant face and he'd made her heart beat faster!

Now the month was April. Sitting behind the cashier's counter, she was thinking of all the places she would like to see, when Mr. Stolp stopped in front of her.

"Well," he said, "it's a great day for a spin out the Boston Post Road, with iced drinks and dancing at some ritzy roadhouse looking out on the Sound."

Anita regarded him coldly.

"What's the matter with getting aboard the good old yacht and running over to see the King of Spain?"

"Good idea." Mr. Stolp straightened a package of chewing gum in its carton on the counter. "Don't ever get married, Neets, unless you land a rich guy." She had heard this advice from him often enough, with plenty of drab domestic facts to lend his counsel weight. "There's lots of good money running loose for a good-looking kid like you. Lord, I wish I'd married a rich one."

"I guess you're right, all right."

A peculiar look came over Mr. Stolp's face. Anita followed the direction of Mr. Stolp's stare and her heart stopped dead in her bosom. The manager turned and walked away snapping his fingers.

"Oh, hello," she managed to whisper.

He might have been an apparition, if apparitions can look so healthy. His face was tanned and his eyes were smiling. He seemed sort of proud and reckless.

"Guess you'd given me up for a piker, eh?"

"Of course not," she promptly lied.

"I've been clear to London and back again. I got a job on a ship. I'm a sailor!"

Anita's eyes were large and eager.

"Clear to London! Oh, tell me about it."

"I will, but . . . before I forget it, let me pay you back what you loaned me. Say, that was mighty decent of you. Believe me, I'll never forget it."

"OH, SHUCKS!" she said with a careless shrug. "But I'm glad you found a job. Now tell me *everything* you saw."

"Not here! Suppose when you're through for the day . . ."

At seven, when she was through for the day, Anita met him outside the cafeteria. They passed through a segment of Columbus Circle and entered Central Park. He took her arm as they walked along; somehow, the touch of his hand on her arm seemed different from that of any man whom she had ever known.

And the strange, wonderful things he told her of far-off England!

Twilight had passed, but southward the sky was alight with a hundred flashing signs. The air felt soft with the softness of spring, and the sweetness of spring was in it. Here the city's noise seemed subdued, removed; the grass had a pleasant fragrance.

"Where is your home?" Anita wondered.

He hesitated.

"Philadelphia."

"What sort of work did you do there?"

"Tiresome work."

"What?"

"I was in a broker's office. Stocks and bonds—that sort of stuff. That's no way to live; it's like going to seed."

"But it pays awfully well, doesn't it, stocks and bonds?"

"Oh, yes. But money's not everything, I can tell you."

She felt his hand touch her shoulder; his elbow was on the bench-back. He said something sharply, she glanced at him, and suddenly his arms were tight about her, his lips were pressed to hers.

"Cut that out!" gasped Anita. She had her own ideas on matters like this. They were founded on years of experience and observation—a pretty girl's experience and observation in the crowded life of New York. Besides, he had not even bothered to tell her his name!

The young man seemed abashed by the way that she had spoken. For a time he said nothing, but sat there embarrassed and shamefaced, like a dog rebuked by its master. Presently he spoke:

"It gets lonesome at sea, sometimes. It would be sort of pleasant at sea to remember you kissing me. I didn't realize I was so . . . objectionable."

"I didn't say you were . . . objectionable."

THE young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it's not a question that can be argued about. I'm sorry I butted in like that."

Again there was silence—a troubled, puzzled silence for Anita. Never before had she met such a man. He made her feel, somehow or other, as if she had been a heartless wretch not to give him the kiss that he wanted. She did not know what to do or say. If he would only try it again—why, then she would feel much better!

"It's getting late. I think I ought to start home."

Home was in West Fifty-seventh Street, over beyond the "L" tracks, where the pavement yields to a gentle slope toward the steamship docks on the Hudson.

They talked, between long gaps of silence, of inconsequential things. He had told her his ship would sail in a day to unload the rest of its cargo on the docks at Wilmington. The thought of his going out of her life distressed her more and more.

And now they were at the entrance of Anita's particular burrow. They had stopped in the shadows of a shabby vestibule. The young man had his cap off. He was politely saying good-by to her. She would never see him again.

"I hope you have a very pleasant voyage . . . and not too lonesome."

Her arm stole up about his neck and to his surprise she had kissed him.

"Good-by," she said breathlessly. "Come tell me about your trip when you get back—won't you?"

"You bet I will." All the sense of restraint had gone away and his voice was suddenly eager. "And I'll write you from the other side. Gee, 'Nita, but you are lovely!"

A LETTER came to her at the cafeteria. It had been signed "Robert Banning," and that was the first that she knew his name. He told her he had only a few minutes to write, as the pilot would take the mail off when he left them at the sea-gate. The color rushed to Anita's cheeks and her brown eyes shone with pleasure. The sheer romance of it thrilled her—of a letter for her which came over the side, borne by a sea dog wrapped in his storm coat, with dark waves slapping at his feet and channel bells all chiming.

It was exciting to have a friend at sea. She got a stack of travel booklets and studied over the maps. Now countries meant something more than mere names; her horizon had suddenly widened. She watched the marine news day by day; she knew when his ship was due in port; she knew to a day when he would appear, so tanned and healthy to look at, with the air of far places about him.

"I brought you a little present," he said. "I got it in Le Havre."

"Le Havre!" she exclaimed, delighted, and to herself she added, "At the mouth of the Seine, in France, on the English Channel."

"Guess what the shop woman said."

"I couldn't."

"If I was getting it for a pretty girl, she'd cut five francs from the price."

"And what did you tell her?" Anita demanded, her (*Continued on page 67*)

"... Causing him to relate to his family after the round. Sombre stories of tragedy and calamity."

"...Hagen with a smile ... stepped up to keep his smooth, even stroking under control-"

Illustrated by Curris Jenkins, Jr.

"Thousands of golfers have fine swings when a cigar stump is the target-"

"In coming to the first tee one should relax as much as possible."

"This one doesn't count..."

"...His hands and wrists had become locked..."

"This ghost of despair finds the stalking easy as the player stands by his ball..!"

By Grantland Rice

Here's a disease every golfer is fighting, from Bobby Jones to the duffer who has yet to break 125. Despite the many and queer remedies used it's still incurable

Golf Poison

IF ANYONE made an individual inspection of the four million or so golfers now playing in this broad, after a fashion, nation he would see something like four million different swings. But at one time or another he would come across one standard, universal fault that afflicts the high and low alike, a fault that is responsible for more golf misery than all others lumped together. This widespread golf poison is tension, the boll weevil of golf, the insect that eats into one's nerves, brain and heart.

Other games carry high tension. In certain respects they have an even higher tension than has golf. But for the greater part they are games of action and swift movement where tension is much more easily controlled or eliminated. In golf this ghost of despair finds the stalking easy as the player stands by his ball with time enough to let his imagination cover all the dire things that can happen.

I recall years ago watching Christy Mathewson in a vital ball game cut the corner of the plate with a free, easy pitching motion as if nothing stood at stake, with the tying run on third. And two or three days later the same star athlete nervously jabbing at a three-foot putt, and missing it, with a golf match hanging in the balance on the last green. He could control tension in a world series, but not in a game of golf.

Bobby Jones was breezing along to an easy victory in the last Open championship until he wasted two strokes in a bunker down the stretch and, from that point on, even Jones found his nervous system tied into bowknots as he had a six-stroke lead cut away in six holes.

Tension is a deadly golf poison for the simple reason that when it breaks out it can't be controlled. Unless it is softened or eliminated it takes charge of the swing. It is the direct cause of fast back swinging, fast downward hitting, head-lifting, body-lurching, wrist-locking, jabbing, fluffing and most of the other faults that so often turn the heart and soul of the golfer into twin bowls of shredded wheat, causing him to relate at length somber stories of tragedy and calamity to his family after the round.

Golf would be a fairly easy game to play if it were not for the curse of tension, tying up both nerve and muscular system as it prevents their proper functioning under stress. Thousands upon thousands of golfers have fine swings when a dandelion or a cigar stump is the target. But it is entirely different when the target is a golf ball.

Thousands or millions of golfers make up their minds to look at the ball or to keep their heads anchored, only to have their heads pop up just before the ball is struck. As long as the poison of tension is in their systems they must obey its command.

Odd Phenomena

Some of its manifestations are beyond belief. A certain young golfer recently began missing short putts. A few days later he wrote in that on short putts his hands and wrists had become locked where he could no longer even hit at the ball. He could take the blade of the putter back, but he couldn't swing it forward.

Tension had shut off his motor power. His hand and wrist battery had gone dead. It may sound incredible that a normal person could not take up a putter and swing it back and forth. Yet with a putt to make this is exactly what happened.

Tension is caused largely by over-anxiety, by overeagerness, by fear of failure. It can also develop through a desire to hit the ball too hard, a common reason. It is a product of the brain or mind and extends its poison into the nerves and muscles. The first two signs are a rigid body and too tight a grip upon the shaft of the club.

If you watch the average golfer drive from the first tee you will see his entire body get stiff and his hands suddenly tighten their grip. This means that he will almost surely hurry or shorten the back swing and that his body will get in the way. It means that all elasticity and feel have been taken from the hands and wrists that are directly in control of the club head. Too tight a grip means wooden hands and stiff wrists. It means usually that the body will lurch in ahead of the swing and that at the fatal moment the head will pop up.

"Your head came up," advises a friend, or enemy, as you miss some shot. Quite true. But the trouble started before that. The head-lifting act was the result of overtension. It was the effect of the poison, not the poison itself.

"You didn't finish your back swing"—"You hit too quickly"—"You lurched in with your body"—are among the daily dirges chanted over a thousand courses. Once again, these are results, not causes. They are all products of tension.

How can this poison be eliminated? It can't entirely. It can only be relieved. Of all the great golfers Walter Hagen has less tension in his system than any of the others. In the recent British Open when a high wind blew a gale across Muirfield it was the general feeling that Hagen would win because in a high wind tension is always increased. One is more inclined to tighten up and steer the ball away from traps and trouble. And on the wind-swept greens a much lighter, surer touch is needed to get the ball into the cup.

When the wind was howling Hagen kept on hitting the ball about the same way. He was probably under less tension than usual because he knew the others were under more.

He is a marvel in this respect. Upsetting incidents hit him and bound away. In one big tournament he had a putt of fourteen feet to win. A big police dog dashed on the green as he was addressing the putt. Hagen stepped away with a smile, waited until the crowd had chased the dog away—and then without any further delay stepped up to keep his even stroking motion under control.

Yet even Hagen isn't immune. In his desperate effort to win the U. S. Open after a lapse of ten years he can't keep the poison out. He is too keen to win and his normal carefree manner and method are missing. In one championship, with a shot to one of the final greens where he still had a chance, I saw his body stiffen and his head fly up just before he hit the ball, which in turn flew far and wide into water, killing his final hope.

Macdonald Smith has been good enough to win half a dozen Open titles since he tied for the top in 1909 when he was only nineteen or twenty years of age. But in recent years his overeagerness or his anxiety has added too many strokes to his standard game, although no golfer has a finer swing and few have as cool a head or as stout a heart. Leo Diegel has turned in more phenomenal tournament scores than any golfer yet known to the game. But again the tension of the Open has blocked his way, year after year.

If this golf poison can't be entirely eliminated or cured, how can it be softened or at least partly controlled?

Since it starts in the mind, any cure must also start from the mind. In coming to the first tee one should relax as much as possible. He should make a habit of taking a few practice swings with a light grip and a smooth, easy, unhurried movement. He should get as comfortable as possible in addressing the ball and think only in terms of smoothness.

It is too late then to think of the fundamentals. He should discard any thought of extra-hard hitting or conscious effort. His hands are there to swing the club head and he should give them a chance with a lighter grip and more flexible wrists. But he must also make a habit of this method, round after round.

The average golfer usually thinks of something one day and forgets it by the next. This matter of curing his golf poison is something he can't afford to forget. He must work up the habit of thinking only in terms of ease and smoothness. I know one golfer who, in playing, keeps saying to himself, "The ball has no mass. I'll just swing through it."

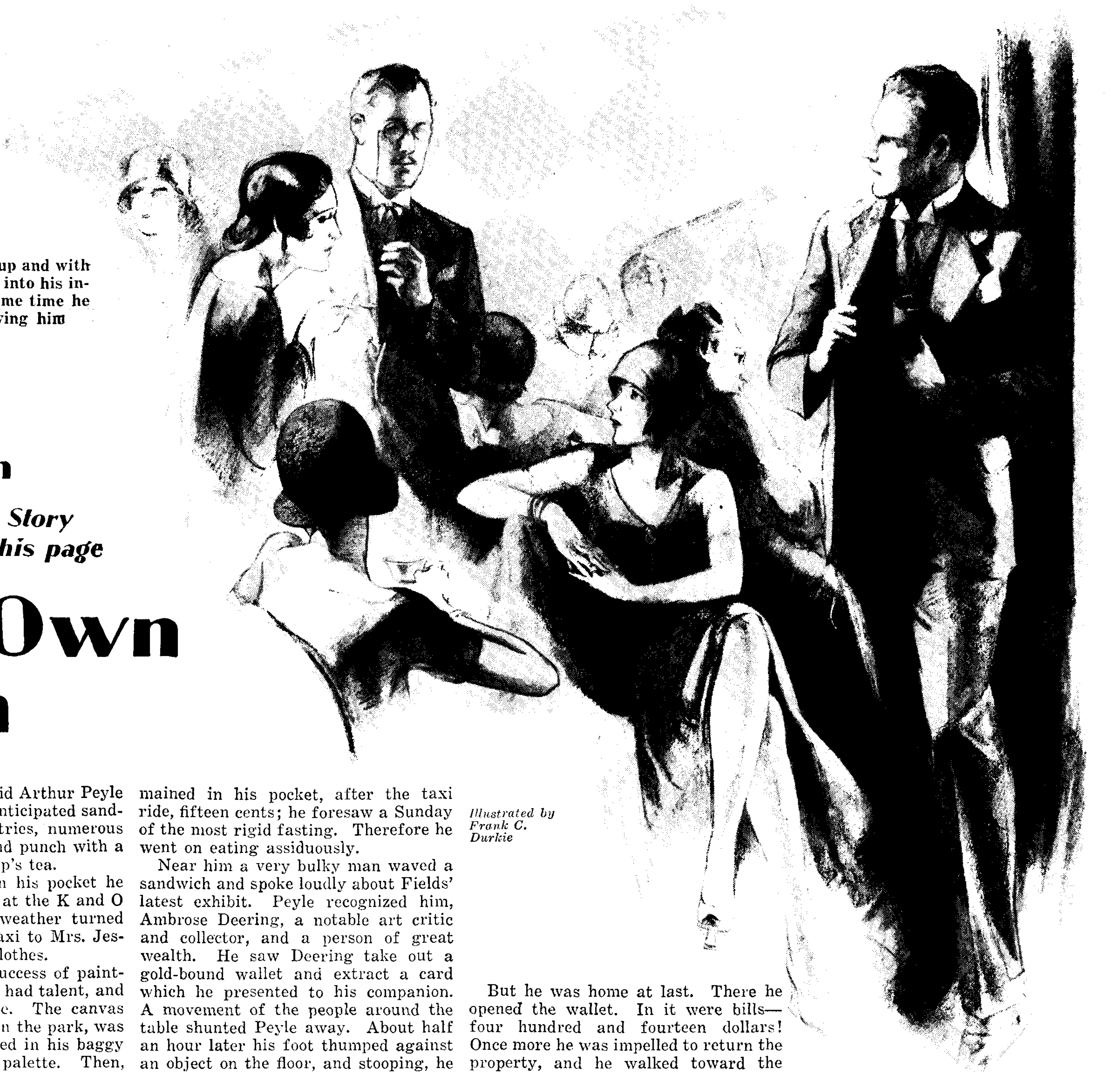
I know another fine putter who often steps away from the ball before a hard putt, turns around, steps back and then putts.

Queer Cures

"I just say to myself," he once remarked, "that I have missed the first putt and this one doesn't count." There are others who say, "This is only a practice swing," each time they hit the ball.

There are times when it takes queer cures to handle the queer turns this poison takes. But it is a disease every golfer is fighting, from Bobby Jones to the duffer who has yet to break 125. There is no other game where such a constant war has to be made against such a destructive force.

Keep the swing firm, unhurried and flowing and give hands and wrists a chance to swing the head of the club, remembering, as Walter J. Travis once said, "The ball has to stop somewhere." Where? That depends largely on the amount of golf poison your system carries at the time.



He scooped the wallet up and with a deft movement got it into his inside pocket. At the same time he saw Deering observing him

By
B. D. Mann

A Short Short Story complete on this page

His Own Coin

Illustrated by Frank C. Durkie

"TODAY I eat," said Arthur Peyle to himself. He anticipated sandwiches, rich pastries, numerous cups of coffee, and punch with a kick in it, at Mrs. Jessup's tea.

With seventy cents in his pocket he might have breakfasted at the K and O lunchroom, but if the weather turned bad he would have to taxi to Mrs. Jessup's, to save his best clothes.

He had not made a success of painting, though they said he had talent, and perhaps something more. The canvas he was at now, a scene in the park, was mighty good. He dressed in his baggy clothes, took up his palette. Then, hearing the footsteps of his landlady, he paused, brush in hand, until Mrs. Blithers knocked. All the lightness he had felt in looking forward to Mrs. Jessup's tea left him. Mrs. Blithers demanded her rent. It was four weeks overdue. If he hadn't the money by Monday night, she would put him out.

"Nasty creature," thought Peyle, shutting the door behind her. "Spoiled my working mood." He dropped the brush, made a grunt of disgust and sat down on the edge of the bed. No use going out. Rotten day to be tramping around, seeing stupid dealers. Best thing was to get under the covers, keep warm and forget his troubles.

After four hours of oblivion, Peyle again awoke with the soothing idea of that afternoon's social function. He sprang up nimbly, humming. He was very hungry and the thought of food possessed him exclusively. As he shaved, he saw that his face was pale and thin—but interesting. That was an asset, an interesting face. That's how he came to be invited to these teas, given by rich patronesses of the arts.

He donned a dark suit, shiny at the elbows. A nasty drizzle had begun to fall, and flinging a growl at this weather, Peyle picked up his cane.

At Mrs. Jessup's he began with a cup of tea. Next, he tried the succulent olives, and then he descended forcefully upon the sandwiches, wishing they had not been cut so daintily. There remained in his pocket, after the taxi ride, fifteen cents; he foresaw a Sunday of the most rigid fasting. Therefore he went on eating assiduously.

Near him a very bulky man waved a sandwich and spoke loudly about Fields' latest exhibit. Peyle recognized him, Ambrose Deering, a notable art critic and collector, and a person of great wealth. He saw Deering take out a gold-bound wallet and extract a card which he presented to his companion. A movement of the people around the table shunted Peyle away. About half an hour later his foot thumped against an object on the floor, and stooping, he saw a wallet—the gold-bound wallet of Ambrose Deering.

THE fat wallet seemed to smile up at Peyle. He scooped it and with a deft movement got it into his inside pocket. At the same time he saw, or imagined he saw, Deering observing him from across the crowded room. An uncomfortable sensation swept over Peyle.

Had Deering actually seen him? Peyle advanced a few steps, impelled by the honorable intention of returning the wallet to its owner. But by this time Deering was engaged in conversation with the hostess, his broad back toward the impoverished artist.

There was a sharp conflict between Peyle and his conscience. This conflict was decided by fingers that met the hard fact of a nickel and a dime in Peyle's trouser pocket.

Presently Mrs. Jessup requested a moment's silence. One of the guests, she regretted to say, had just missed his wallet—moroccan leather, gold-bound. Had anybody, by chance, seen it?

In the moment or two of quiet, Peyle felt himself warm all over. He retreated to the table, now merely for a glass of water. He was sure that Ambrose Deering's eyes sought him out, and much as he wanted to leave, he had a terror that his feet would take him with a too-obvious precipitancy toward the door. He decided it would be wiser to remain.

But he was home at last. There he opened the wallet. In it were bills—four hundred and fourteen dollars! Once more he was impelled to return the property, and he walked toward the door to accomplish this purpose. Midway he was struck stiff by a reasonable thought. How could he possibly return the wallet now? The time to return it would have been on the announcement made by Mrs. Jessup; and even then it would have been difficult. He argued logically and yet speciously with himself for at least ten minutes. The outcome of this was inevitable. He could not return the wallet.

But had Deering suspected him? He thought it more than vaguely possible. It was likely that Deering, wishing to spare Mrs. Jessup the embarrassment of finding that one of her guests had attempted, if not a theft at least a shabby trick, had kept his mouth shut.

Peyle left Mrs. Blithers' malodorous boarding-house and rented a spacious room in a good neighborhood. His broad window admitted a fine, north light, by which he could paint.

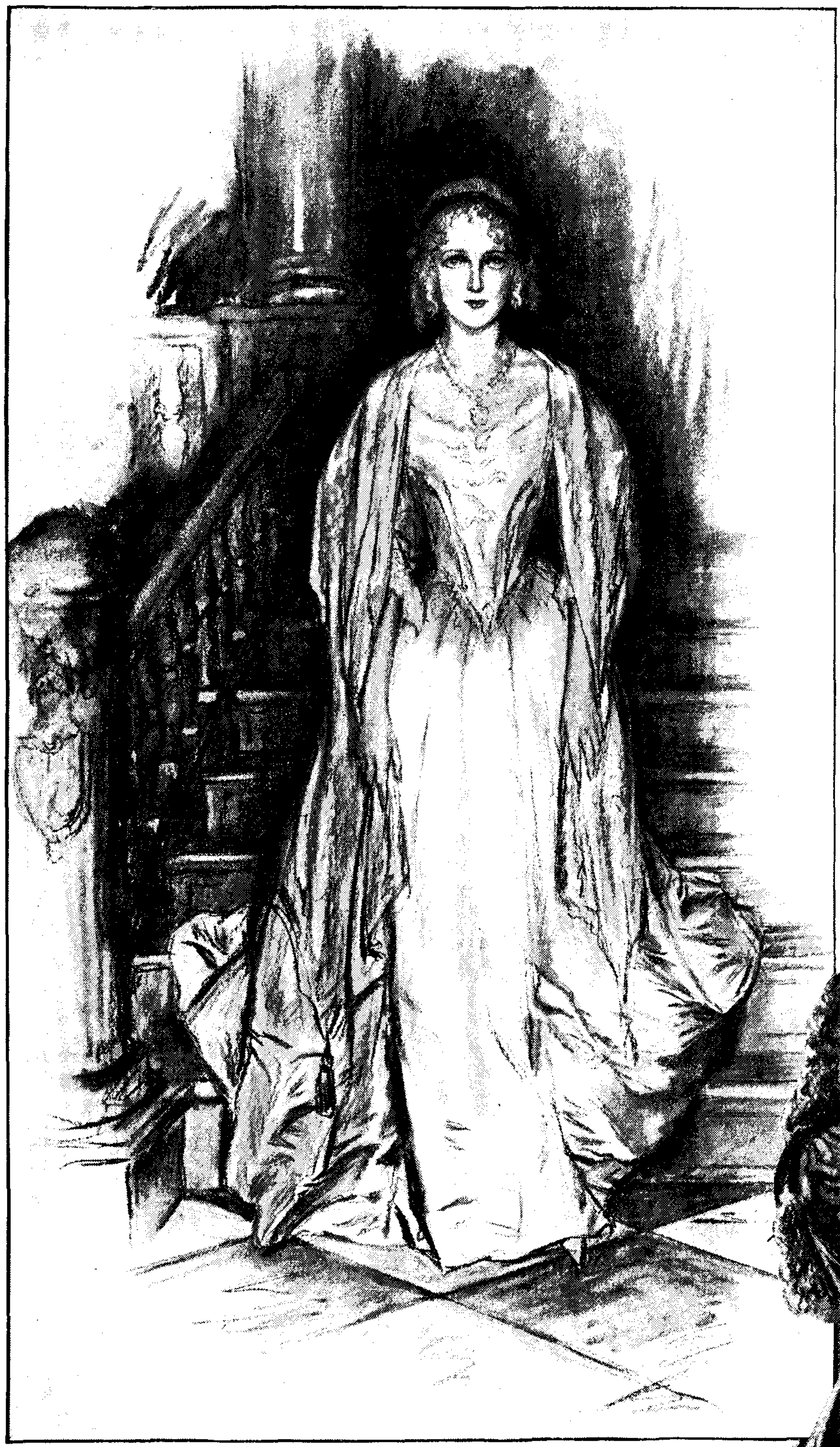
About two months thereafter, and when his money had dwindled to the vanishing point, he heard that the Arts Society was posting a prize of one thousand dollars for a landscape. Because of his desultory manner of working, the landscape of the park had not yet been finished, but now Peyle went at it with vigor and assurance.

With several hundred rivals the canvas was hung in the Marston Galleries. And a letter came to Peyle a week later, the envelope bearing the imprint of the Arts Society. Peyle could scarcely get his fingers to tear the thing open. The contents informed him that the award was his and that if he would appear before the committee on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock he would receive congratulations and the check. It further informed him that the donor of the prize was Mr. Ambrose Deering, a fact until then kept from the public.

PEYLE was none too comfortable with the thought of meeting Deering face to face, but he saw no escape except to forego the prize, or to make some excuse for not appearing—which might be most incriminating. There were ten members on the committee, but Peyle seemed to see only the bulking and jovial-faced Ambrose Deering. The chairman delivered himself of a windy speech, extolling art in general and the art of Arthur Peyle in particular. Peyle's ears buzzed. His voice was almost toneless as he spoke his few words of thanks. He was aware then that Deering, smiling affably, was holding out toward him a slip of green paper.

Peyle's glance, the glance of a man badly in need of funds, fell on the amount inscribed on the check. He read: Five hundred and eighty-six dollars. He thought he was about to say something, but of course there was nothing he wanted to say, nothing at all. Ambrose Deering's eyes looked curiously but quite humanely into his.

The Prince's



She went down the wide stairs now invaded by the storm darkness. The thunder and lightning rolled and flashed across the park, the great gates set wide for the Elector

COUNT FERDINAND STÜRM, Minister to the Crown of Saxony, has won decisively in his feud with Major-General von Neitschütz. He has succeeded at last in poisoning the mind of his master, Johann Georg IV, the young Elector, against the general's daughter, Madelon. The infuriated princeling renounces Madelon and ratifies a contract of marriage between himself and a neighboring princess, the Margravine of Anspach.

Madelon and her family, secluded in their shabby Château of Arnsdorf, know nothing of Stürm's latest triumph. With faith in Madelon's sway over the young ruler, they await a promised visit from Johann Georg. So great is their confidence that on the evening of the appointed day they summon a clergyman to consummate the momentous union which is to restore the tattered fortunes of the House of Neitschütz and destroy the power of Count Stürm.

On the afternoon of that day Madelon takes the last step in preparation for the Elector's visit. She dismisses the only man she has ever genuinely loved—the brilliant young Delphicus de Haverbeck, not because she shrinks from wrecking the worldly ambition of her father and her two profligate brothers but because her innocence is outraged by news of a trivial affair which has engaged De Haverbeck with a woman of the theater.

Sorrowing but by no means overwhelmed, De Haverbeck rides back toward Dresden. On the road he passes the ornate coach of the young Elector, bound for the tryst with Madelon.

Meanwhile Madelon is in conversation with her brother Casimir, who regales her with details of the latest witch-baiting episode in Dresden.

IV

"STOP!" shrieked Madelon. "Stop! Why must you pester and torment me with that?"

"Why, what do you care?" asked Casimir, in startled surprise. "What is it to you? She was but some poor hussy who had got hold of a man with more money than herself and tried her charms on him. . . . I've no doubt she was in league with Satan, as they said. The new President of the Consistory, Doctor Knock, intends to be very severe with these devilish creatures. He says witchcraft is spreading in Germany."

"In the Königsberg," said Madelon, walking up and down. "She died in the Königsberg! How I have always loathed that place! How massive it seems to rise up, like a shadow over the city, over the country! Like a shadow, too, Casimir, over my heart. What does that mean? Often in the night I will wake up, dreaming of the Königsberg, with its locked gates, and its chambers running blood, and its wheel and scaffold in the courtyard. . . . Why do I think so much of the Königsberg, Casimir?"

Madelon was pale. She touched the notes of the old virginal with its cracked and faded garlands, but no sound came. She peered out at the fresh green leaves that had been so sweet and pleasant a screen from the sun. They appeared blighted by the storm and hung limp and bitter-hued in the sultry dusk.

"I will make myself ready," she said, absently.

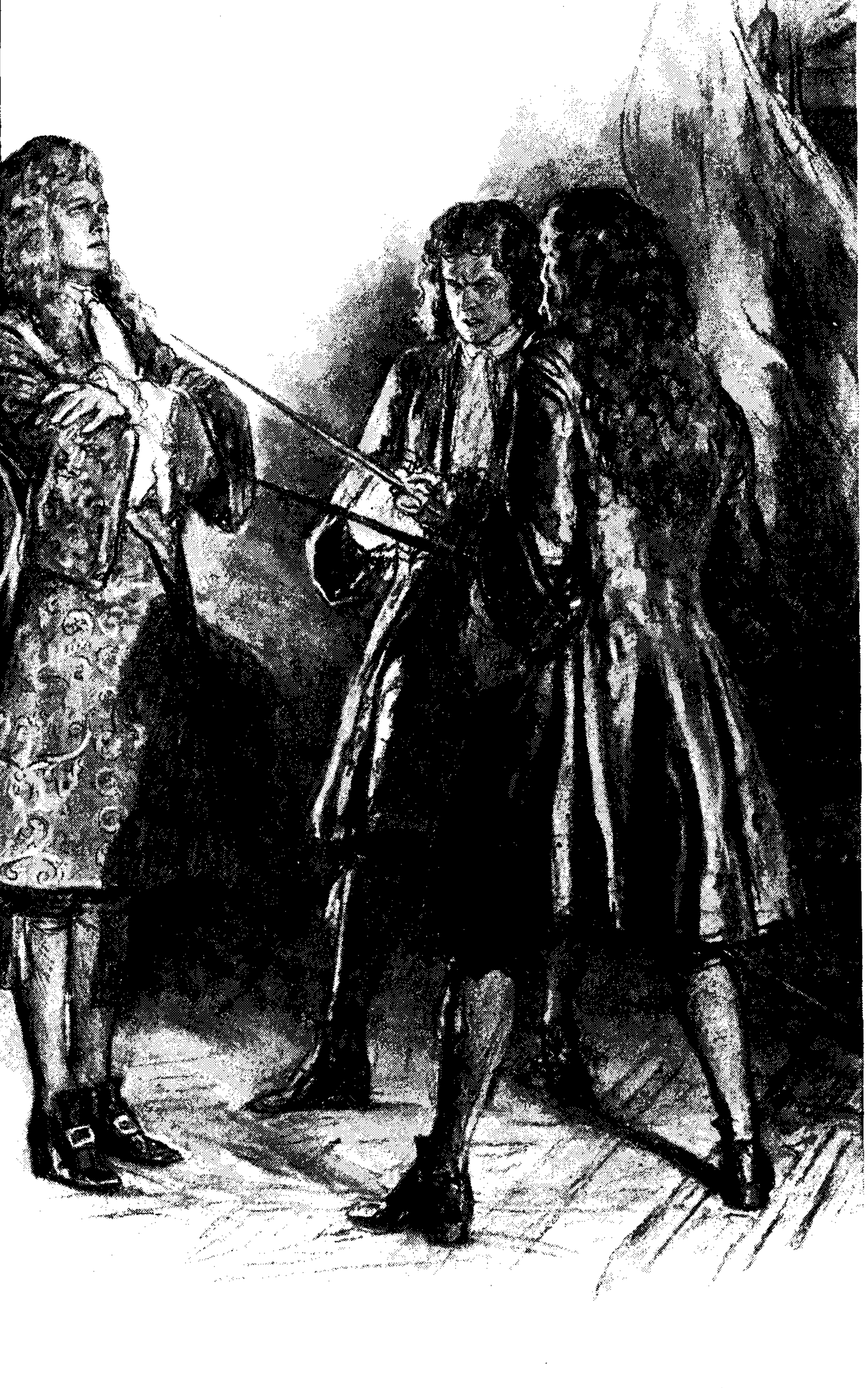
"Do so," retorted Casimir, "and without delay. He should be here early if he has the impatience he should have. You look pale, Madelon, and changed. What is the matter with you?"

He gave her a prying, a hostile and agitated glance.

"The storm," whispered the girl, "the storm—why could not the sun continue today?"

"Take a glass of wine to stir your blood," said Casimir. "He must not find you dull tonight. Damn Delphicus—he's made you lovesick."

Illustrated by Joseph Simont



"The storm has passed," she smiled, looking at him as if the others were not there, "and tomorrow will be a fair day, fresh and pleasant after the rain"

Darling

By George R. Preedy

Madelon did not answer. She left the old library and went upstairs to her room where, without looking in the mirror, she clothed herself in the white sarcenet, cut so low on the bosom, showing so much of her fair round arms, drew the scarlet cord across the rich laces, put up her hair with a coral ribbon, set a scarf of golden tinsel about those wantonly exposed shoulders. There was a small flagon containing a cordial of last year's wine and spices, and a greenish glass on her dressing table; she did not touch it. . . .

SHE went down the wide stairs, now invaded by the storm darkness. The thunder and lightning were yet distant but rolled and flashed continuously across the neglected park, behind the empty stables, the great gates set wide for the Elector. The air seemed charged with despondencies and misgivings, fears and apprehensions.

Madelon went into the long chamber which gave upon the terrace. Here the supper had been already prepared. She poured herself out a glass of wine as her brother had suggested, and then another, and drank slowly, eagerly and yet with a shudder.

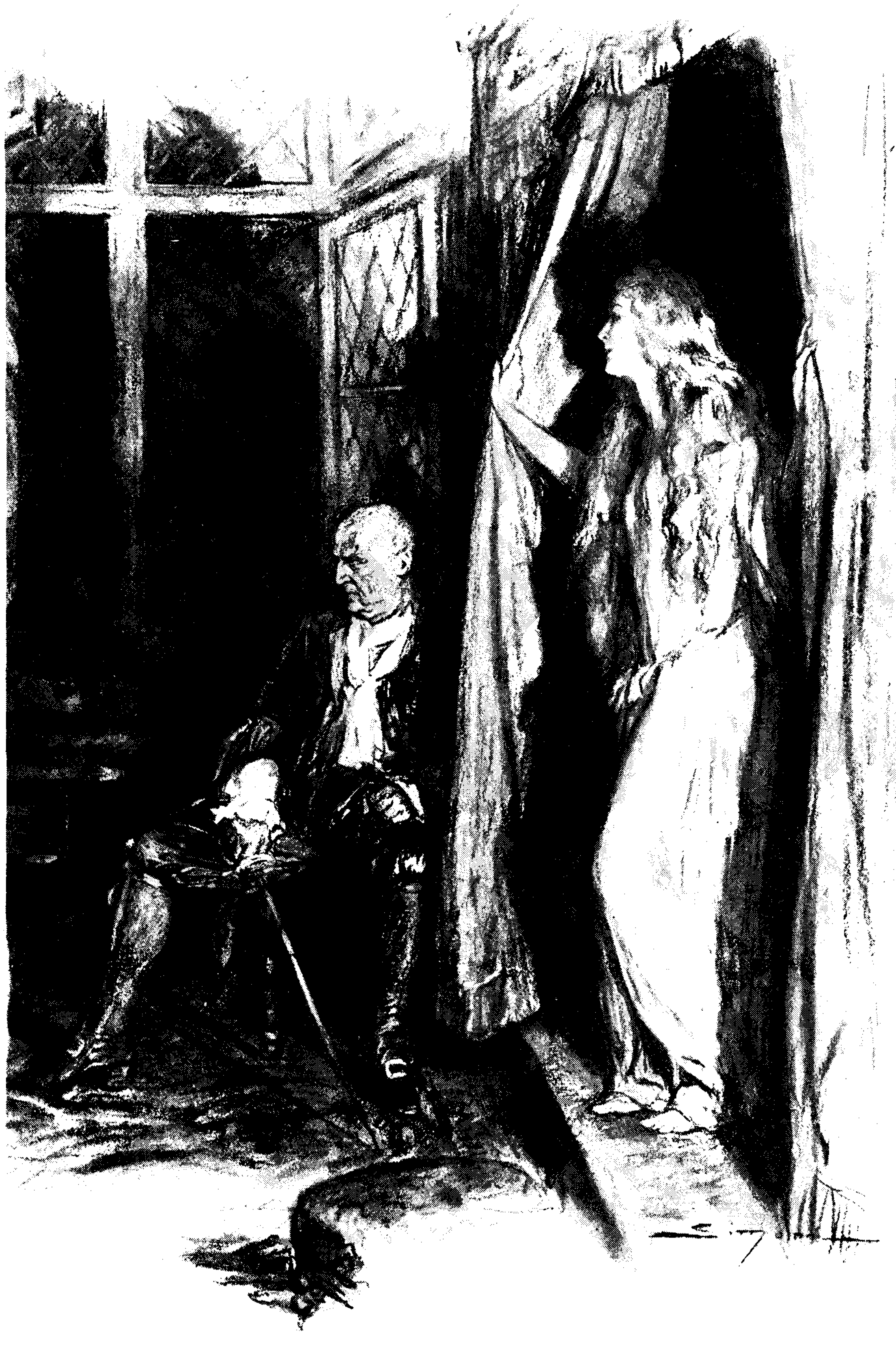
She thought, curiously, "If I only do what every other woman does, why does my courage sink? I am too nice, too fastidious. I must not care whether he touches me or kisses me."

She held her wineglass up as the thunder rolled in the empty supper-room.

"No, I must drug myself with fancy as well as wine and believe it is another man who embraces me—perhaps in the dark I can pretend. Will *he* go to that other woman now? I wonder! Years they've had love and I only fancies. How did I contrive to resist him? Was that pride—or shame? Because I was sick for him, sick—she has his child. Oh, God, this is *not* just! But there is no God or justice. My father said that—and Madame de Rosny. Do they know? Is she fair-haired? She adores him. If he had taken hold of me, only touched me, I had gone with him, whatever Casimir had said."

She stared at the heavy wooden shield on the wall behind the table, that bore the gorgeous parade of the House of Neitschütz; quartering on quartering, all the arms of the heiresses whose money had been squandered, whose bodies were dust, who had bequeathed her poverty and pride and desolation; grinning beasts, snarling birds, bars and crosses showed on the grim blazon of the shield, crowned by the grin of a vast helmet with the visor closed, surrounded by a wreath of dead flowers and a rigid sheaf of monstrous feathers; the paint was rubbed; gules, azure, sable, argent, or, alike dimmed, showing here and there the wood beneath.

The flowers she had plucked that morning wilted in the vases; the storm filled the room and echoed from the walls; she could hear her father and Clement in the next chamber, talking angrily. . . . What a zeal they had in their own interest, what a terrible, bitter concern in their own advantage. . . . Did the noble blood that filled their veins never swell their hearts to give their actions some touch of grandeur?



MADELON set down her glass and turned her eyes from the flaunting coat of arms.

She listened; there were other sounds besides the recurrent thunder.

The clatter of wheels and hoofs, the sound of shouts, commands in the courtyard!

He had then arrived.

Her doubts, her reluctances, her hesitancies, her shuddering horrors warmed into a throb of triumph—she had at least been spared that humiliation. He had come . . . despite Count Stürm, despite the announcement in the Gazette—he had come to her. He was loyal, constant—and she was grateful.

She went into the vestibule and stood by the newel-post of the stairs, waiting for him. His pompous equipage filled all the small courtyard. She watched the lackey open the door and set the step. She watched Johann Georg descend. . . . He seemed so much older in that pompous heavy attire—a tall, big man, of a considerable presence.

"He will be," she thought, "almost a giant, for he is scarcely full-grown."

He wore his Garter, newly acquired, his stars and crosses, his eagles, black and white, of Prussia and Poland—all his hereditary august and brilliant splendors in which she had never seen him decked before.

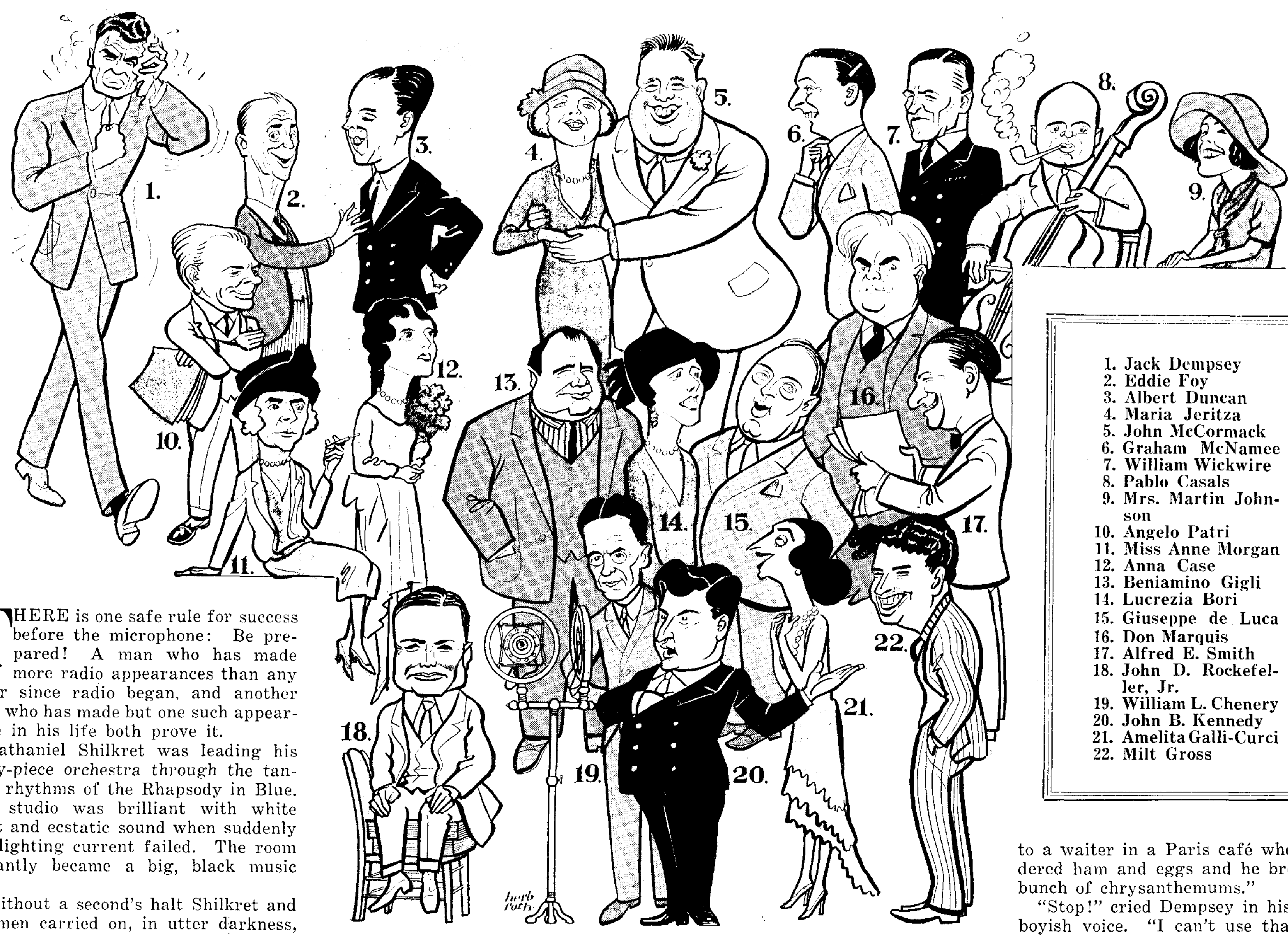
This for her honor, no doubt, to grace their secret marriage. Madelon was grateful.

Johann Georg came across the courtyard. She watched him. He hesitated, stared at the sky, brazen in the depths of the storm, held out his hand to feel the first drops of rain, hesitated, and peered forward into the darkness of the hall beyond the threshold.

Why did he hesitate? Madelon wondered. Then he hesitated no more, but crossed the groundsill and stood before her, perceived her by the newel-post, and paused immediately, bareheaded, and the unnatural livid light behind him made his smooth, blond hair, now so carefully curled, appear of an unnatural, harsh brightness. He clasped his hands behind him and considered her across the storm-dark twilight.

WHEN he had been a young child his father had bought an Italian picture by one Georgio Vasari, which showed a female head, and was termed, fancifully, Leda. Johann Georg had become desperately enamored of this picture, for it had seemed to him the exact likeness of Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, and others had remarked on the similarity of the features between the living maiden and the fabled goddess. This picture, which glowed with more than human loveliness, Johann Georg had always kept behind a saffron-colored silk curtain in his bedchamber. It was more like Madelon than she was like herself, for it combined her fair flesh and blood with the fairer fabric of his dreams of her. Tonight, standing in her white gown, in her coral ribbons that gleamed against the heavy dark, she appeared to him that picture and the vision of her

(*Continued on page 58*)



1. Jack Dempsey
2. Eddie Foy
3. Albert Duncan
4. Maria Jeritza
5. John McCormack
6. Graham McNamee
7. William Wickwire
8. Pablo Casals
9. Mrs. Martin Johnson
10. Angelo Patri
11. Miss Anne Morgan
12. Anna Case
13. Beniamino Gigli
14. Lucrezia Bori
15. Giuseppe de Luca
16. Don Marquis
17. Alfred E. Smith
18. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
19. William L. Chenery
20. John B. Kennedy
21. Amelita Galli-Curci
22. Milt Gross

Mastering the Mike

By John B. Kennedy

When you listen to an uninterrupted sequence of numbers over the air do you ever wonder what's happening behind the scenes? In this article Mr. Kennedy, who holds all records for introducing notables, tells how emergencies are prepared for and how the great behave when faced by the ordeal of talking into the "tin ear" that carries their voices to millions

THERE is one safe rule for success before the microphone: Be prepared! A man who has made more radio appearances than any other since radio began, and another man who has made but one such appearance in his life both prove it.

Nathaniel Shilkret was leading his forty-piece orchestra through the tangled rhythms of the Rhapsody in Blue. The studio was brilliant with white light and ecstatic sound when suddenly the lighting current failed. The room instantly became a big, black music box.

Without a second's halt Shilkret and his men carried on, in utter darkness, and finished Gershwin's complicated masterpiece without losing so much as half a note. From this number they passed to others—with nothing but two candles stuck on the conductor's rack so that the musicians could follow his signals and his baton. The listening millions were unaware of the slightest hitch.

Consider next a ship's steward walking into the water from the side of the sinking Vestris on a cold November afternoon. Eighteen hours in an open lifeboat gave him ample time to think and to coördinate a chapter of horrible experiences. Within twenty-four hours of being rescued from that lifeboat Albert Duncan of Liverpool, who had never seen a radio studio in his life, stood before the microphone and gave a graphic, moving story of the last great sea tragedy that brought an amazing outpouring of applause from listening America.

The practiced veteran, with his men drilled to perfection, achieved through painstaking years the ultimate preparedness that intense suffering induced in one utterly new to the ordeal of broadcasting.

Between these extremes lie all the degrees of fitness for the job that make microphone appearances good, bad, or notably indifferent. In presenting scores of celebrities to radio audiences I have concluded that the mike makes a test of courage to try even the well-trained speaker or singer and that when the broadcaster lacks formal training or studio experience, but one thing can save him—mother wit, the native nervous response to emergency that replaces routine preparation because it is of itself spontaneous preparedness.

The most nervous young man I have ever met was Jack Dempsey on a certain Sunday evening. In a genial moment Dempsey had promised to speak on the radio, to do something formal; not the blurred growl of a ringman through split lips after a bout.

Jack was riding high, having dropped Champion Gene Tunney for a count which the referee confused with a telephone number.

The night of the ordeal approached. The man who had gained fame and fortune by making actions speak louder than words, was to step out alone before a mike with millions listening. He didn't relish it. Having less a habit of making promises than of keeping them, Dempsey said he'd go through with it. (I recall a stormy night on which Dempsey had engaged to appear gratis at a smoker in New Jersey. A snowstorm stopped the paid ham actors from showing. Dempsey was there on the dot.)

"Nothing highbrow," he stipulated for his radio talk. "I'm no book reader."

"But Shakespeare," we demurred. "Truck drivers quote Shakespeare—frequently. On occasion they exclaim 'Go to, go to —!' So did Shakespeare."

"O. K.," Jack assented. "But a little of that guy goes a long way with me." Mr. Shakespeare's contribution to that talk was a familiar lament about heads that wear crowns lying more or less uneasy. Jack labored over the script.

Mr. Dempsey Improvises

He had it all set—but needed what he called "an opening gag." He thought deeply, in a flowered silk shirt by an open window in winter. He dictated "an opening gag."

It began:

"I'm more of a public puncher than a public speaker, ladies and gentlemen, as you'll soon agree.

"The longest speech I ever made was to a waiter in a Paris café when I ordered ham and eggs and he brought a bunch of chrysanthemums."

"Stop!" cried Dempsey in his husky, boyish voice. "I can't use that word. Chrysanthemums is a tough one to get over. Make it violets."

The change duly noted, a telegraph typewriter was procured to space the speech in large capitals; Dempsey's eyes are not as good as when they found Willard's chin and bent it sideways.

Jack strode up Fifth Avenue toward the radio studio on a Sunday evening. Three bus drivers almost hit him out of sheer admiration. He picked his way like a genial tiger through a jam at the entrance. In the studio, before musicians and onlookers, "mike fright" assailed him. Fascinated by the twin ears of the instrument, glinting like greedy eyes, he stood, trembling, taking a vocal "level" or pitch.

He retired from the mike, glanced with flashing black eyes about the studio, as if he sought a fire escape, rallied and came to scratch. Waiting to talk he made a gentle pull at my coat lapel that nearly dropped me.

"Gardenias is an easier word than violets," he suggested. "O. K.?"

"O. K."

He was introduced, cleared his throat.

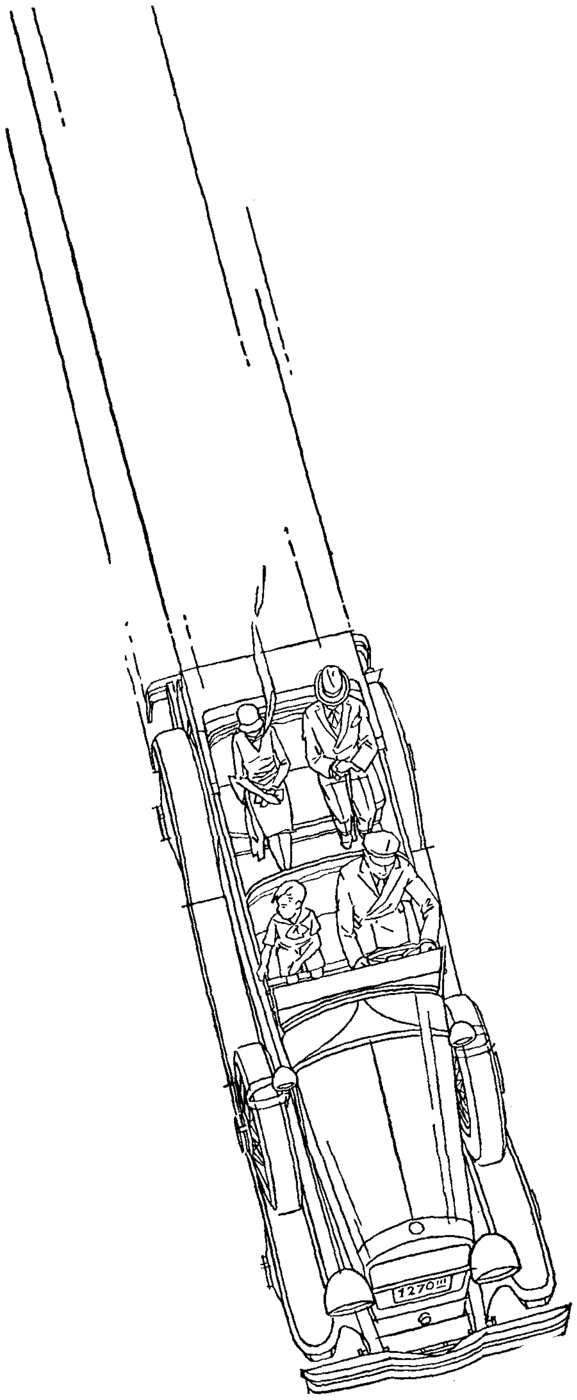
"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I'm more of a public puncher than a public speaker, as you'll soon agree.

"The longest speech I ever made was to a waiter in a Paris café when I ordered ham and eggs and he brought me a bunch of—*(an instant's hesitation, and an eye-flash of triumphant inspiration, then, with a spurt:—)spinach.*"

This studio display of mother-wit—rescued by natural resourcefulness in an emergency—is common to all celebrities who have in them the stuff that merits fame, whether as prizefighters or politicians, capitalists or clowns.

Put on the firing line of oral publicity, before the microphone that takes the sound of a personality and spreads it through the ether so that anybody and everybody may judge its quality, no man or woman (*Continued on page 54*)

Power! Will it weaken?



First-year feel! will its surge of power survive?

Save them for at least 30,000 miles by using the New Mobiloil.

When we tell you that regular use of the New Mobiloil plus common-sense care will keep your engine's first-year feel for 30,000 miles we are making a conservative statement based on some startling test results. Actually Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice that mileage.

After thousands of miles of laboratory and road tests we are also willing to say this: the New Mobiloil will help your engine develop more power than other oils of equal viscosity and give you 20% less oil consumption at high speed than you get with other oils generally sold for the same motor.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Keep your engine's first-year feel with the New Mobiloil—the latest contribution to motorists from the world's oldest and largest specialists in lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

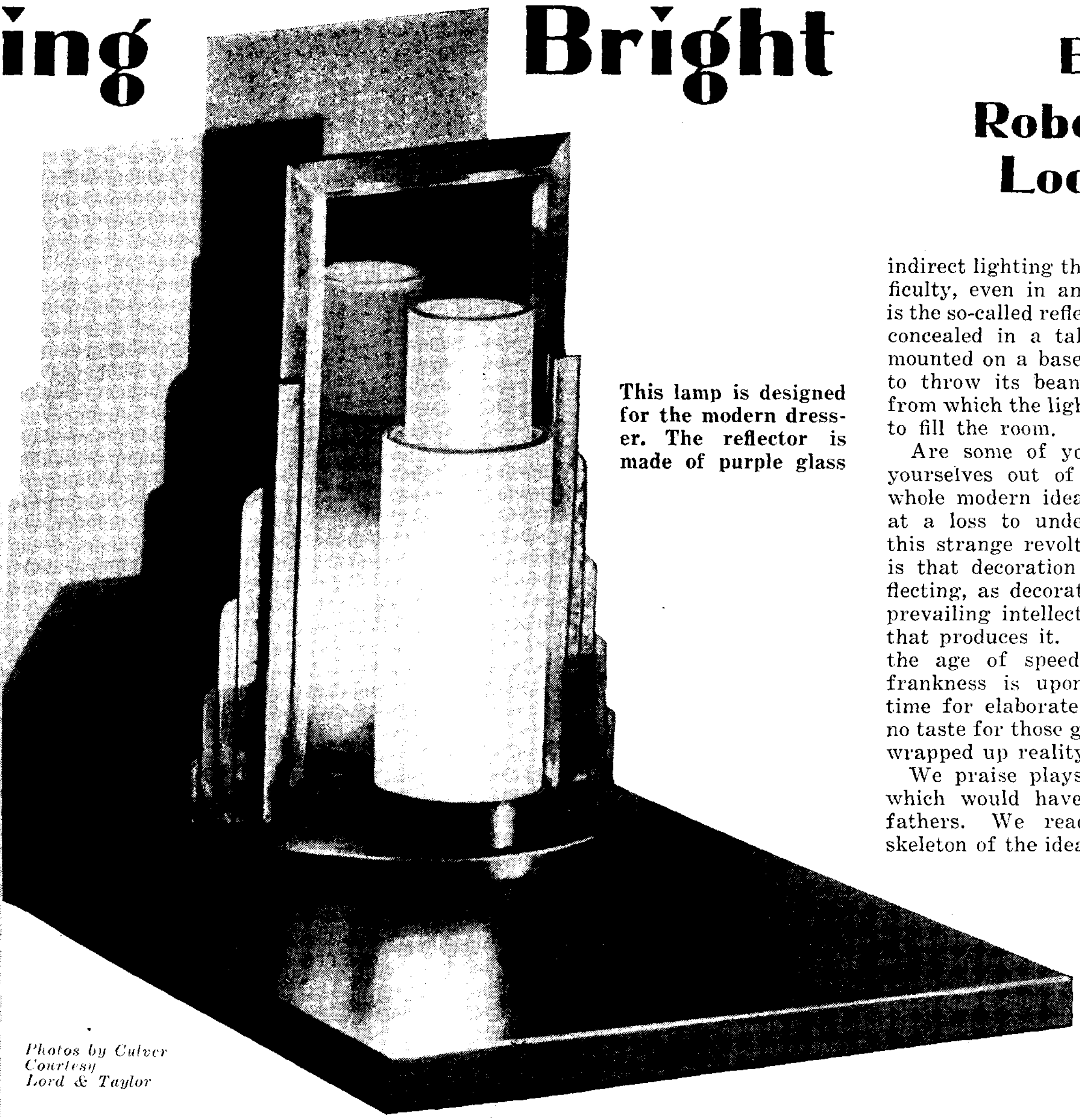
the New Mobiloil

GARGOYLE

Something Bright

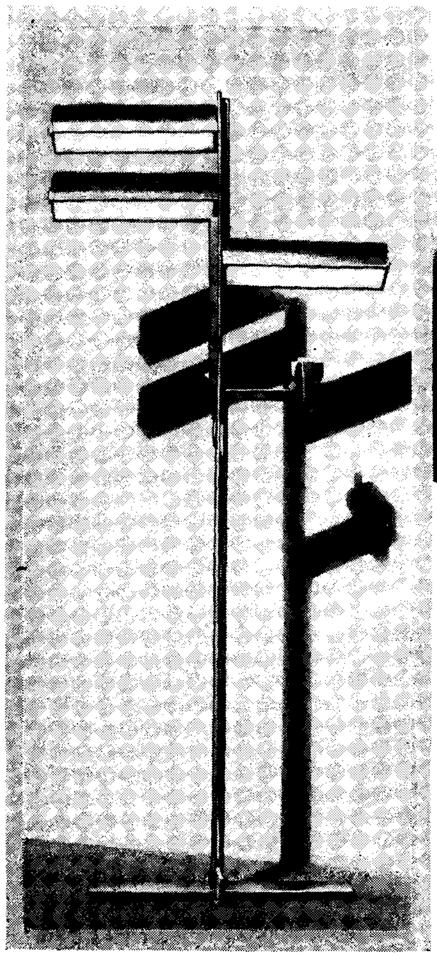
By Robert E. Locher

Maybe you won't care for it, but here's how the new trend in lamps goes. They aren't really lamps at all, but light-making machines and if they're not the last word, they're just next to it



This lamp is designed for the modern dresser. The reflector is made of purple glass

Photos by Culver Courtesy Lord & Taylor



A modern standing lamp for reading. Shown by Lord and Taylor

MOST of us today live in houses that follow tradition in their interior architecture and their furnishings, but we're interested in modernism. We can't ignore it, we'd like to experiment with it. But we aren't sufficiently sure of its livability to sweep away what we have and begin all over. Also—there's the question of expense.

The safe thing to do is to choose a few modern accessories, watch how they domesticate, and analyze how we feel about them after we've seen them, not for a few moments in a shop, but for months in our own surroundings.

Modern lamps are among the most practical, as well as the most attractive, things done by those creators who think in contemporary terms. In nothing else, perhaps, is the break with the past so complete and so demonstrably justifiable. Those of traditional design draw their inspiration from an era when oil was the fuel. They have never taken advantage of electricity to diffuse their light other than by the old-fashioned medium of shades. Modern lamps dispense with shades, become "light-making machines" and carry in their very shape and ground plan the stamp of efficiency.

The smartest materials at the moment are metal and glass. Their employment in lighting isn't new. Roman lamps were of metal, and the first lamp designed for oil other than sperm has a strangely modern look, since it was a mere cylinder of glass with metal top and bottom and a metal arrangement for pumping up the fuel.

But today, metal and glass seem appropriate as never before. Apart from their practicality, there is something about their sleek, uncompromising surfaces that goes with the quality of the modern mind. They have the hard brilliance of our philosophy, the disdain of pretense that characterizes everything we say or do. Though they themselves aren't colorful, as our fathers envisaged the term, they reflect all colors and give them added vividness.

Modern Beauty

Metals, today, are so finished that they don't tarnish and therefore require the minimum of time and effort spent on upkeep. Glass, as we treat it, is more durable than ever before and gives us a sufficient number of qualities, colors and textures to banish the fear of monotony.

Not one of the three lamps illustrated on this page has a shade, yet there is no glare. Each is easily cleaned, so based or set in place that careless hands aren't apt to break it. Each has reduced its main problem to the simplest terms of form.

Each has avoided the temptation to eccentricity that characterized much of the work done during the transition period when innovators were so afraid of the tyranny of the past that they didn't seem able to stop short of rendering it a shrill emotional defiance in lieu of the prescribed reverence. If beauty consists in the elimination of non-essentials—as the moderns think—each of these lamps is beautiful.

Up to this point, we've been talking of the house already built, where drastic changes in the lighting schemes are not possible except at prohibitive cost. For the house that is still in the blueprint stage, a whole new prospect opens. Here, those of us who don't have to think about checks of ordinary dimensions, should of course demand that modern approximation of daylight secured by indirect lighting—possible for years, but only lately come into its own.

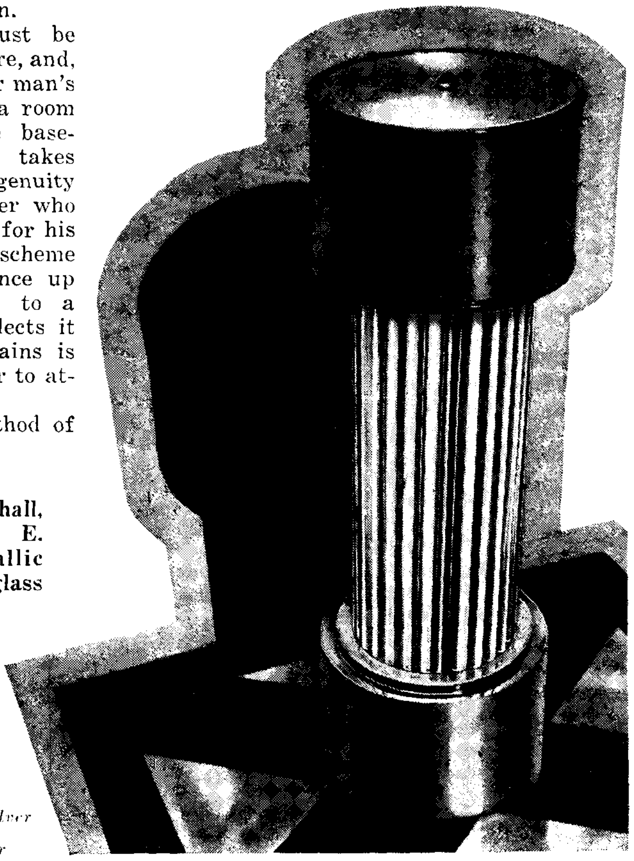
Indirect lighting must be built into the architecture, and, as yet, it is never a poor man's proposition. To light a room from the cornice, the baseboard or the ceiling takes space as well as the ingenuity of an electrical engineer who expects to be well paid for his trouble. Even such a scheme as throwing the radiance up from the window sill to a shade that in turn reflects it back through the curtains is nothing for the amateur to attempt.

But there is one method of indirect lighting that presents little difficulty, even in an old house, and this is the so-called reflector light that stands concealed in a tall urn of some sort, mounted on a base or a pillar, planned to throw its beams up to the ceiling from which the light washes down again to fill the room.

Are some of you who read finding yourselves out of sympathy with the whole modern idea, or at least feeling at a loss to understand the basis of this strange revolt? The simple truth is that decoration today is merely reflecting, as decoration always does, the prevailing intellectual mode of the era that produces it. For better or worse, the age of speed, change and utter frankness is upon us. We have no time for elaborate locutions of speech, no taste for those graceful evasions that wrapped up reality in a mist of words.

We praise plays the ruthlessness of which would have appalled our forefathers. We read books where the skeleton of the idea adds no superfluous flesh for mere prettiness. Prettiness, indeed, is a word we have been taught to abhor. It suggests stuffiness, clutter, a preoccupation with the extraneous, an interruption in the main sweep of the theme.

As children of our period, we see the ultimate visual beauty in the fuselage of an airplane, the long powerful lines of a racing car, the engine-turned perfection of a cigarette lighter. And what has any of these forthright things to do with a wired figurine under a fringed shade in the drawing-room, or a tea urn that delivers current through a parchment petticoat?



Light for a modern hall, designed by Robert E. Locher. Two metallic drums with rods of glass between

Photo by Culver Courtesy R. E. Locher

✤ ✤ From every corner of the country have come enthusiastic endorsements of the Marquette—"Buick has built a *great* performer." "A wonderful road car." "Pick-up that shoots you to top speed in *no* time." "A *marvel* on hills." "Power to give away." "As smartly designed and finished as a custom-built car." ✤ Throughout the nation, under every conceivable driving condition, the Marquette is demonstrating to everyone who takes the wheel that Buick engineering and craftsmanship set the standards of performance. Prove it for yourself. Test the Marquette's pick-up and its power. Try out its speed and stamina. Measure its amazing economy. Compare its brilliant behavior and its wonderful roadability with those of any car anywhere near its price. There's nothing like it in the field! ✤ Everywhere, the Marquette has conclusively shown that it is the most extraordinary value in complete quality ever offered in the moderate-price class. Its features are, without exception, fine-car features. The handsomely tailored Bodies by Fisher strike a smart new ote in style. Marquette alone in the moderate-price field offers the advantages of the newest type of upholstery—waterproof, impervious to road dust and ten times longer wearing than ordinary mohair. Only Marquette in its class provides the wonderful new non-glare windshield, with the seven-degree angle of safety, which protects the driver's eyes from distracting headlight or sun reflections. The Marquette's remarkable power plant has *larger* piston displacement than that of any other car of comparable price—yet this wonderfully efficient engine actually requires *less* gasoline and oil to deliver its unrivaled performance. ✤ Compare the Marquette by *any* standard. Make *every* test. Here are sparkling performance, satisfying economy, unfailing endurance—here are easy comfort, distinctive beauty, rare value—here in the Marquette is every excellent quality that makes a motor car complete. See the Marquette. Judge it by the highest standards—then *drive* this swift, distinctive new six.

Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ✤ ✤

Ice-Cold Kisses

By Fred MacIsaac

The story of a girl who had what she wanted and didn't know what to do with him

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

MY FRIEND, Dave Belham, is a hefty, boisterous coot, a yellow-haired Greek god type; a carefree hurrah boy who has more money than is good for him, and, after five years out of college, bears a football reputation that is still verdant.

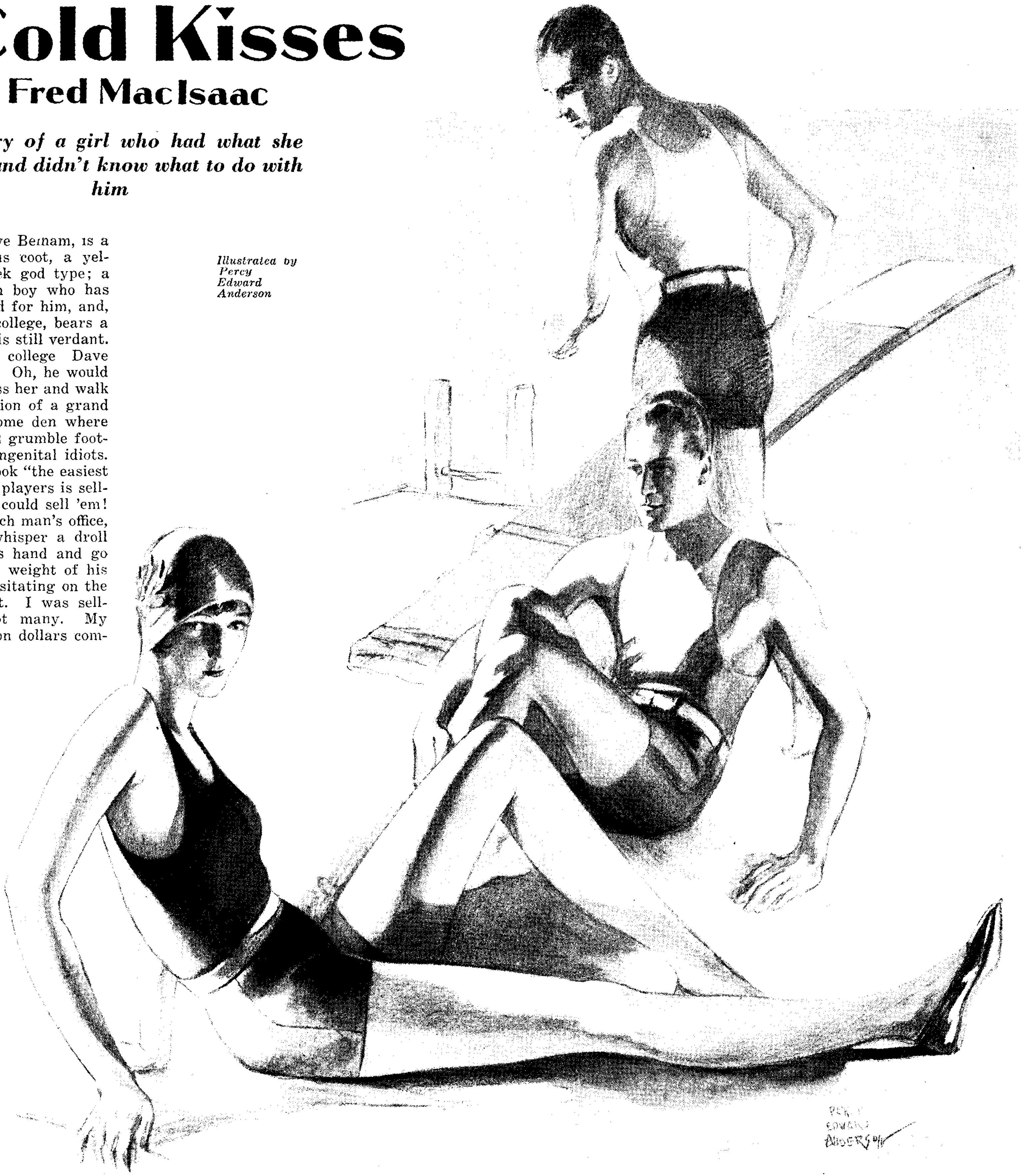
When we were in college Dave couldn't see the femmes. Oh, he would grab one occasionally, kiss her and walk off laughing, but his notion of a grand evening was to sit in some den where they had needle beer and grumble football songs with other congenital idiots.

After graduation he took "the easiest way," which for football players is selling bonds. And how he could sell 'em! He would barge into a rich man's office, poke him in the ribs, whisper a droll story, stick a pen in his hand and go off staggering under the weight of his order, all while I was hesitating on the doorstep of my prospect. I was selling bonds, too, but not many. My trouble was half a million dollars coming to me when I was thirty. The looming lucre sapped my vim and vigor.

We had rooms together in New York and batted around some. Dave went big with artists' orchids and chorus lilies because he didn't care a smack whether they liked him or not. Last year, our fifth out of college, they took the fellow into the firm and he became one of our rising young bankers. A couple of months after this great event my Aunt Dora Torrence Knapps invited me to visit her in Newport and bring a friend. I asked Dave.

"Newport," he scoffed. "Nobody there but the Debs and Dandies of 1895. Let's go somewhere else."

"Aunt's invited me every summer and this won't take a 'No.' It won't cost me anything and it won't even cost you anything. Probably no peaches there, but you're off the daffydils anyway. Start your packing."



Her beautiful eyebrows lifted as though at an impertinence. "Thank you. I prefer to swim alone," she said coldly

TWO nights later we were sitting on a divan in my aunt's barn of a drawing-room watching the arrival for dinner of a procession of antiques and horribles when in came Mrs. Enoch Winslow, a replica of Queen Victoria, towing an iceberg named Prudence Winslow of unpleasant memory.

Once, in the dim dead past beyond recall, I had encountered Prudence at a party in Boston and tried to kiss her. It was a very grave error. Prudence was the daughter of the haughtiest family in Boston, where even the poor are proud. The Winslows reeked with gelt and looked like indigent relatives. Neither Prue nor her mother wore a jewel of any description, but they supported a few hospitals and orphan asylums out of their pin money.

In their cupboard was a skeleton. About a hundred years ago a roistering Winslow sea captain forgot who he was and married a Spanish girl whom he brought home and laid in the bosom of the family where she slowly froze to death after presenting her husband with a child.

While the prevailing Winslow features are long thin noses and lantern jaws, every now and then the family is appalled at the appearance of a girl child who resembles the unfortunate Andalusian. It was because Prudence looked so Spanish that I grappled with her at that wretched party. She was a bluestocking disguised as Carmen Carmencita. A tamale in an ice cream freezer. The hair, the eyes, the skin, the mouth were Iberian, the soul was Siberian. Bah.

She seemed to have the arrogance of the Winslows of Boston and the grandees of Spain and a special brand of her own. Having spent four years around Boston sopping up culture I never could see what the natives have to be proud about but they are like that.

BEAUTIFUL? Yes. Jet-black hair, parted in the middle, skin like creamy marble, full ripe lips promising but not performing. I've seen noses and chins like hers in the Louvre, chiseled by ancient Greek sculptors. She had a pair of enormous black eyes which were usually half concealed by lids with long curling black lashes, and no doubt she was ashamed of her figure because it would have taken her right into Mr. Ziegfeld's private office.

She was erect as a church steeple, carried her head high and arrogantly, objectionably, I considered it, and she wore a plain black gown with a s about six inches longer than it ne to be.

I hadn't seen her for five or six y but I remembered exactly how looked and I didn't think she was to add to the jollity of the dinner. she entered I saw Dave stiffen.

"Good Lord," he muttered.

"What ails you, feller?"

"That perfectly exquisite, sub beautiful girl."

"Ho. On your feet and tak punishment. You've got to me From Greenland's icy mountain

"Shut up, you fool," he hissed then I knew that Dave Belham, man and female-ignorer, ha scored on for six touchdowns couple of goals.

We were introduced. Mrs. W knowing we were from New looked at us (*Continued on p*

Roosevelt

MARMON-BUILT

The Roosevelt removes the luxury tax from the eight. It brings to the $1000 buyer a new, finer, more advanced car. The Roosevelt does not seek to please merely by being different, but by being better . . . The straight-eight motor means power, smoothness and flexibility far beyond anything in its class. Marmon construction means sturdiness and extra long life. The Roosevelt of itself means commanding appearance and genuine comfort—something for a man and his whole family to enjoy at extremely moderate cost. Price, $995, factory. De luxe equipment extra.

THE WORLD'S FIRST STRAIGHT-EIGHT UNDER $1000

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

contemptuously. Prudence condescended to remember me but apparently not favorably. She felt called upon to give Dave a company smile and I observed that the creature had incredibly perfect teeth, so white they made the driven snow look like Texas mud. The smile completed the ruination of Dave. It was terrible to see a strong man disintegrate. But Prudence, after muttering "How do you do?" turned her back on him and missed the spectacle. She went over to talk to a pair of old ladies from Boston about the decorations of their public library. I dragged the pitiable object back to our sofa and thrust a cocktail into his feeble hand.

His eyes were glassy and he was feverish.

"PETE," he murmured. "I love that girl. I'm going to marry her."

"Snap out of it. You couldn't marry a Winslow. You're just a low New Yorker. They're Brahmans and you're a Pariah if you know what that is."

"You'll see. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yeh. Did you ever hear of the Gorgons? Well, Prue's middle name is Medusa."

This riled him and he was going to be insulting when dinner was announced and I had to take Miss Winslow in. Dave followed with a deaf woman from Manchester-by-the-Sea but he found himself seated on the other side of Prudence.

There were twenty guests at dinner, few of them appetizing, but I drew on my left a little widow from New York who had a line. I turned my shoulder to the marble statue and started discussing theaters, but I kept my right ear cocked and heard Dave trying to break ice without an ice pick.

Not that Prudence was rude to him. Well-bred Bostonians are never rude but they certainly know how to discourage sociability. And Dave, for the first time in his life, had turned shy. I pitied him.

"Have you been in Boston recently, Mr. Torrence?" asked Prudence, obviously to get rid of Dave.

"No, thank God," I said impolitely, but my intention was to throw her back on Dave. If you don't want to converse with a Bostonian, knock his village. It never fails.

She presented me with one of the most beautiful left shoulder blades I ever had the luck to see and Dave got a break.

"Have you been in Boston recently?" she asked him.

"Not since I got through Harvard."

"Oh, you are a Harvard man." There was less ice in her tones. It must not be thought that to be a Harvard man gives an outlander admittance to Boston society, but it lifts him in some slight measure out of the sty in which he is supposed to belong.

I didn't hear any more because my widow insisted in talking to me to the exclusion of the Santa Claus who took her in; but, in the course of time, we got our coffee and the ladies withdrew. They still do that in certain houses in Newport.

When we followed them, five minutes later, the Winslows had departed. The old lady liked to go to bed early and Prudence had a headache.

"What a girl," blatted Dave. "Such poise, such restraint, such breeding."

"Such affability," I threw in by way of satire.

"Yes, indeed. I'm going to call on her tomorrow."

I looked surprised. "She didn't invite you?"

"I was going to ask her after dinner. But there is no reason why I shouldn't call."

"Oh, none. She'll set her dog on you. If she hasn't got a dog she'll buy one."

"Don't be an ass. She was much interested to know I was a Harvard man."

"Yeah? Did you tell her how you won the game for Yale in 1923?"

He flushed. That always got him. "No. Anyway she doesn't like football."

"When you find something she does like I'll make you a little gift."

"Say. What have you got against Miss Winslow?"

"Just her first and last names. I'm playing bridge."

ABOUT eleven, next morning, Dave and I were sitting on the float at Bailey's Beach. It was July at its rarest; a bright burning sun pouring down on our bare shoulders and making the emerald green sea glitter like Tiffany's window. The water was as warm as toddy and Dave and I were as contented as a couple of lizards; at least I was.

Bailey's Beach, in case you don't know, is private, with a high wall around it to keep trippers and natives from peeking at the Lord's anointed who are lolling on the sand or paddling in the water.

Once upon a time the view might have been worth the eyesight of a peeping Tom but the mermaids on exhibition that day wouldn't draw a throng at a county fair. We were commenting upon the poor show and saying how the good-lookers go to Southampton nowadays when I heard Dave give a gasp. He was facing seaward and I was looking toward the beach just as a young woman swung herself on the raft like a mermaid boarding the back of Ulysses and stood up and peered seaward, shading her eyes with her hand.

Her hair was concealed in a red bathing cap but that was about her only effort at concealment, for the green swimming suit didn't spread more than eighteen inches and we looked at what was the most beautiful body I ever saw on a woman. Arms, shoulders and legs were tanned a rich gold. Such legs! Slim, graceful, exquisitely proportioned. She was slender but not thin, a form as divine as ever danced on a Greek vase. I knew her by the lovely slender neck and the poise of the head. Love told Dave who she was, though he probably saw her climbing on board.

"How's your headache, Miss Winslow?" I asked inanely. The girl knocked me silly so you can imagine what she did to Dave. On anybody else the costume might have seemed daring, but you couldn't connect her with anything like that.

She was a swimmer dressed for swimming, thought nothing about her display and didn't expect anybody else to. Apparently she didn't know we were on the float until I spoke.

She turned and then surveyed us without expression.

"Quite all right, thanks," she said carelessly.

"May I—may I accompany you on your swim?" Dave dared to ask.

Her beautiful eyebrows lifted as though at an impertinence.

"Thank you. I prefer to swim alone," she said coldly. After which she turned and made a beautiful dive, coming to the surface thirty or forty feet away. I chuckled.

"There's no harm in asking," I jeered.

He didn't pay any attention. "Did you ever see such a perfect beauty?" he wanted to know.

"Handsome is as handsome does. Wow, what a disposition!"

"You're wrong. She's distant, naturally, because she is a lady, and I admire her for her dignity and reserve."

"In short, you like her."

"Do I? Say, Pete, have I got a chance?"

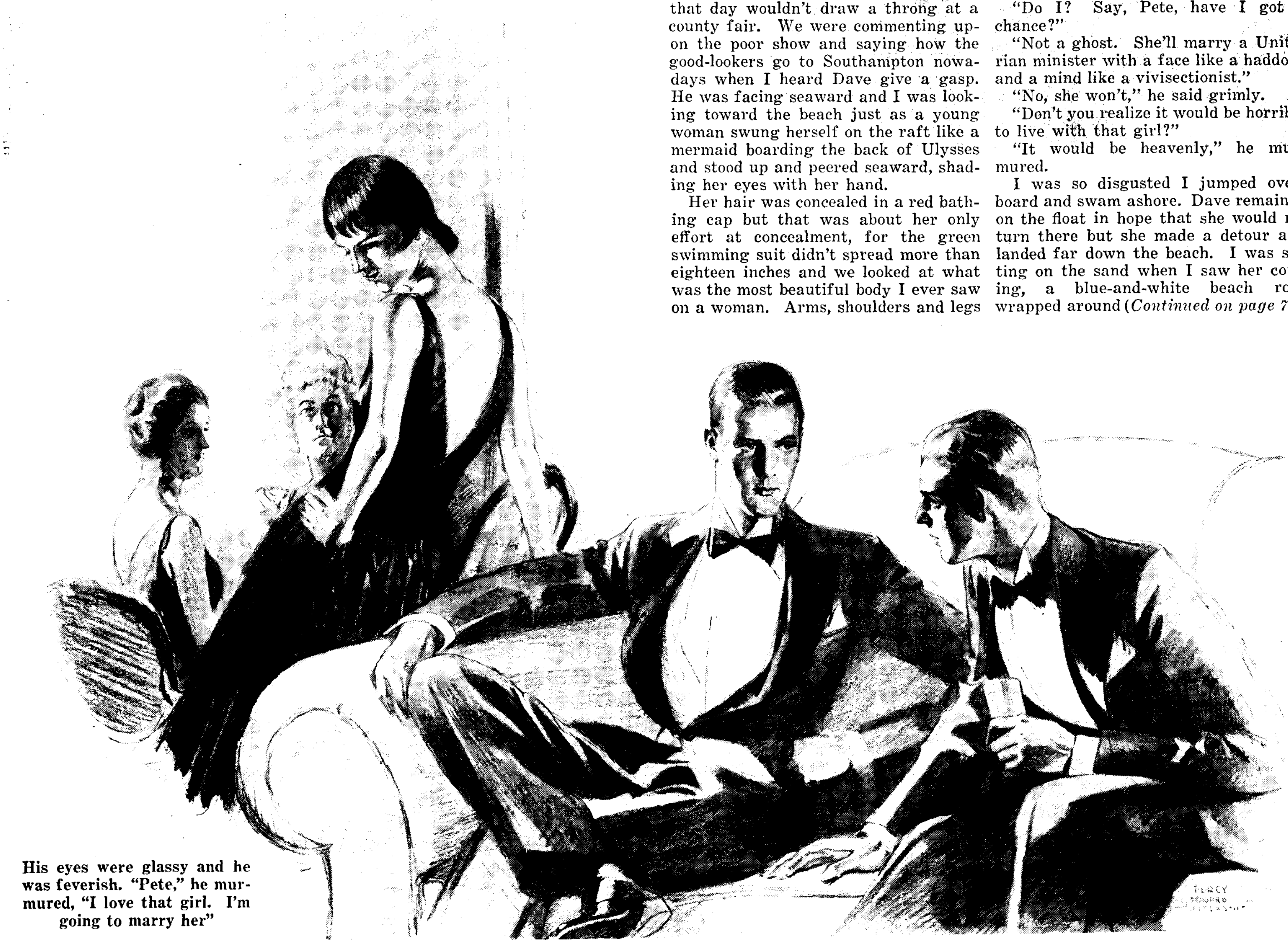
"Not a ghost. She'll marry a Unitarian minister with a face like a haddock and a mind like a vivisectionist."

"No, she won't," he said grimly.

"Don't you realize it would be horrible to live with that girl?"

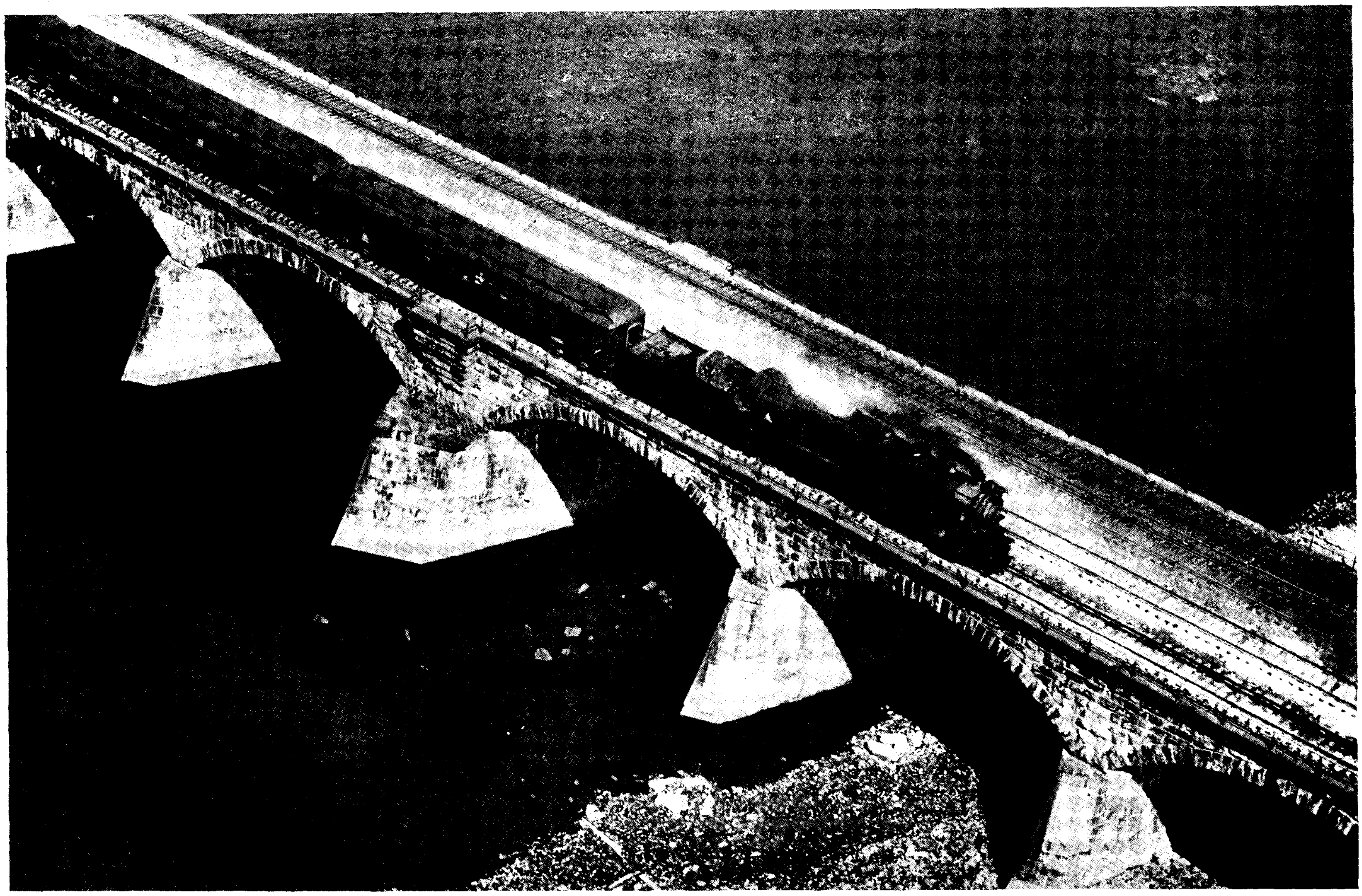
"It would be heavenly," he murmured.

I was so disgusted I jumped overboard and swam ashore. Dave remained on the float in hope that she would return there but she made a detour and landed far down the beach. I was sitting on the sand when I saw her coming, a blue-and-white beach robe wrapped around (Continued on page 70)



His eyes were glassy and he was feverish. "Pete," he murmured, "I love that girl. I'm going to marry her"

Over the shortest route between New York and Chicago



THE BROADWAY

• • no faster way except by air

"THERE SHE IS" signals the aerial photographer. Nose down . . . throttle wide . . . the plane heads straight for the distant speck. 100 . . . 120 . . . 140 miles an hour . . . they gain on The Broadway . . .

Now they're abreast—the pilot levels off—the motor quietens—click—the picture's made.

"Another shot" shouts the photographer . . . too late . . . The Broadway's pulling away. Again the race. The motor roars—wires scream . . . the plane traveling at top speed. "Ready," nods the pilot—click—again the camera's caught The Broadway . . .

What a sight to follow The Broadway by air as it glides smoothly through the valleys, by the harvest fields, on her swift journey between New York and Chicago.

And nothing but an airplane makes the trip on faster schedule and nothing but an airplane has a route so short to travel.

All the luxuries of the great Limited are at your disposal . . . club car, observation car, unexcelled dining service, barber, shower-baths, valet, clothes-pressing, manicurist, train secretary, dictaphones, stock quotations, reports of national events, newspapers and periodicals.

20 Hours—New York and Chicago

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave	New York: Pennsylvania Station	1:55 P.M.
	Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
	Newark	2:17 P.M.
	North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive	Chicago: Englewood	8:30 A.M.
	Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave	Chicago: Union Station	11:40 A.M.
	Englewood	11:57 A.M.
Arrive	North Philadelphia	6:54 A.M.
	Newark	8:17 A.M.
	New York: Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.
	Pennsylvania Station	8:40 A.M.

Leaders of the Largest Fleet of Trains in America

•

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York, Philadelphia and Chicago

THE AMERICAN
New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis

LIBERTY LIMITED
Washington, Baltimore and Chicago

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington, Philadelphia and New York

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati

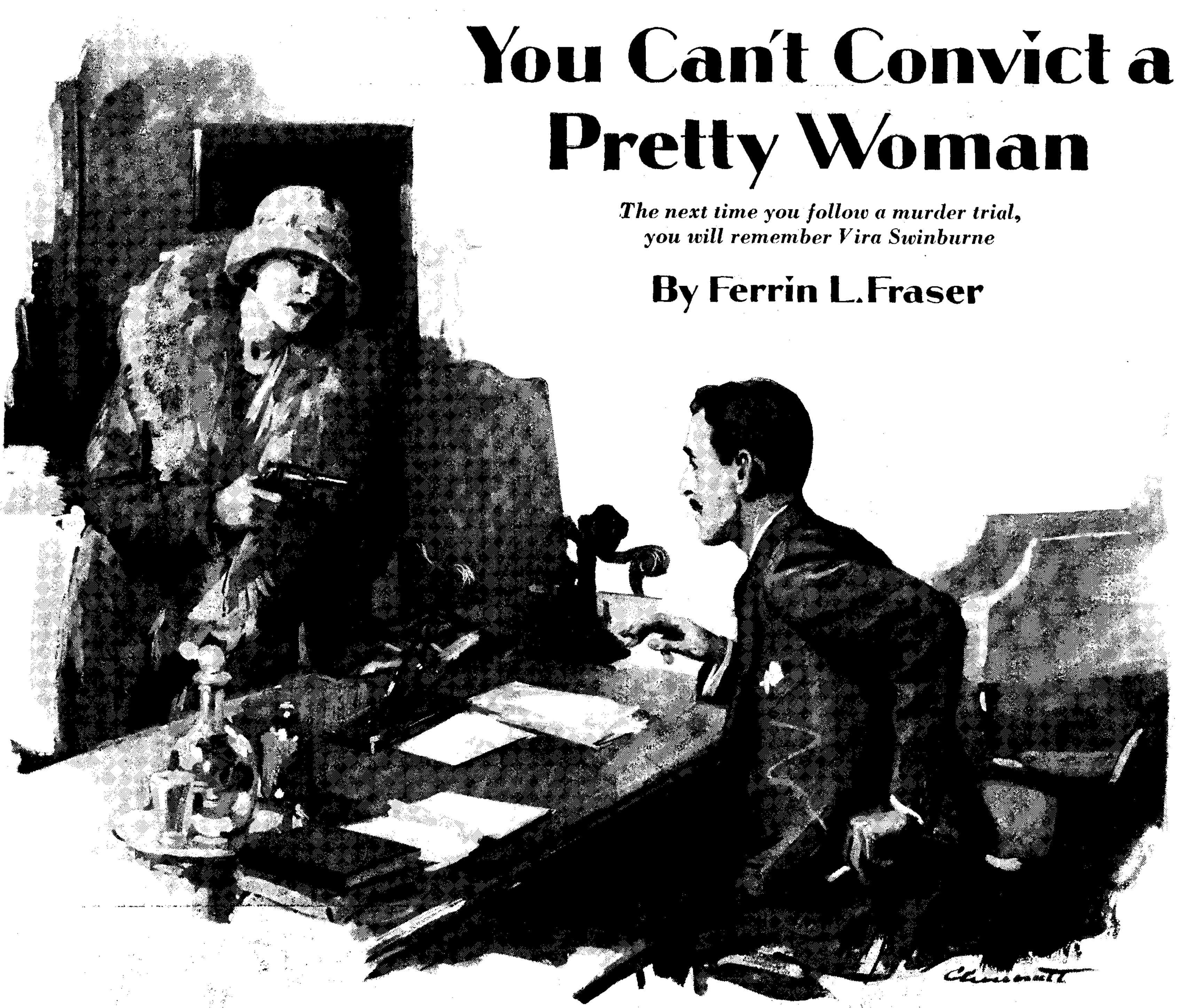
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight, than any other railroad in America

You Can't Convict a Pretty Woman

The next time you follow a murder trial, you will remember Vira Swinburne

By Ferrin L. Fraser



Suddenly I saw the gun on the desk and picked it up quickly. I hoped to frighten him and make him give me the letters

THE twelve men filed soberly into the jury room and the door closed behind them. Was or was not Vira Swinburne guilty of the "willful and deliberate" murder of John Dougherty? That was the question the whole city—in fact, the whole country, whipped into an eager question mark by a frenzied press—was waiting for them to decide.

They had listened to one of Judge Baker's characteristically somber and depressing charges, and the "twelve good men and true" were duly awed by the immensity of the decision thrust upon their shoulders. It was for them and them alone to say whether Vira Swinburne should be "hanged by the neck until she was dead," or be permitted, as the defense attorney had sobbingly put it, "to return to the home-warmth of a husband's love." The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker were to make the decision.

A winter dusk was falling as they filed into the jury room. The glaring bulbs in a brass chandelier showed the grime on bare yellow walls and the stern features of Thomas Marshall in a dirty gilt frame. A cobweb swung from the top of the frame to a crack in the plaster ceiling. In the center of the room was an ugly oak table surrounded by twelve ugly oak chairs and six brass spittoons.

It was here that the jury of Vira Swinburne's "peers" was to decide whether or not she might live.

The peers had been carefully gleaned from a panel of over two hundred, not for any intellectual ability or special discernment in weighing the facts as presented before the bar, but because the defense thought the kindly-faced Number Seven might be lenient, and the district attorney's psychology said the stern-mouthed Number Two would live up to his face. The last four had been chosen because both sides had exhausted their challenges, and as the four read only the comic strips in the newspapers they had not, as nearly two hundred others had, formed a mental conviction of the guilt of the accused.

AS THE door shut out the curious eyes in the crowded court room and left each in the comparative seclusion of eleven others, they stretched rather nervously, and looked questioningly at one another. Juror Number Three took out a cigar and tossed the end unerringly into a spittoon. Number Three was an old hand at the business, having earned his five dollars a day on nine other cases ranging from illegal entry to manslaughter, and had provided himself with an inexhaustible supply of bad cigars.

"That was a good speech Rip Bradley made," he said. "Smart boy, Bradley. He's looking for reëlection and if he wins this case he'll get it."

"What did you think of Mr. Moore's speech?" Number Seven asked timidly.

"Rotten. That old bird's through. I heard him in the Rosini case and he was terrible then, but he was worse today. Swinburne oughta got a better lawyer. Say! Who opened that window?"

One of the windows had been raised and the clean February air was dispelling the musty tobacco odor of the room.

"I did," said juror Number Five pleasantly. "Any objections?"

"You bet I have! Want us all to get pneumonia?"

"Leave it open," said the stern-mouthed Number Two. "It's hot in here."

"There seems to be a difference of opinion," smiled Number Five. "Suppose we compromise and close it halfway?"

The window was closed halfway. From the street outside the shrill cries of newsboys rising above the roar of traffic assaulted the austere façade of the hall of justice. "Dougherty Case to the Jury!" All twelve heard and momentarily forgot open or closed windows for the more serious business before them. The power of kings was in their hands; the whole world was waiting for their decision. "Was or was not Vira Swinburne guilty of the willful and deliberate murder of John Dougherty?"

"Don't take 'em long to get stuff in the papers these days," said Number Seven in an awed voice. "Tomorrow night I suppose they'll be sayin'—"

"Before that," snapped Number Three. "You don't think we're going to stay here all night, do you? If we get down to business we ought to have a verdict for the early morning editions. How about it, Mr. Foreman? What are we waiting for, anyhow?"

The foreman looked slightly embarrassed.

"This is the first time I have ever been on a jury," he admitted. "I am afraid I am a little ignorant of the proper procedure."

"We take a ballot first," said Number Three, importantly, "to see where we stand. If we're agreed, we have to hang around a couple of hours to make it look right. If we go out too soon they're liable to take an appeal, charge us with negligence or something."

"Well," said the foreman, "suppose we take a ballot, then."

THERE were several small yellow pads on the table and a number of pencils. The men took chairs and pulled pads toward them.

"Glad there's no women in this bunch," said Number Three. "Last jury I was on had two. They were all the time kicking about the smoke."

Number Seven gnawed worriedly at the end of his pencil.

"What was it

(Continued on page 28)

Millions of Users of This → Welcome This

NEW

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

The Most Successful Way To STOP Auto Radiator LEAKS

WARNER AUTOTOPROOFING

Beautifies and Preserves Auto Tops

Do It Yourself for $1.00

Millions of automobile owners who have used Warner Liquid Solder to stop leaks in their radiators will be the first to welcome this new Warner product, because they know it is efficient and reliable or it would not bear the name and guarantee of Warner.

This shows the new package (one fifth of its actual size) containing two cans of Warner Autotop Roofing with instructions for both first and second coat.

WARNER
2 COATS
AUTOTOP ROOFING
PRESERVES BEAUTIFIES and RAIN-PROOFS

No Car's Top Can Remain Beautiful Without Help

RAIN
SNOW
WIND
DIRT
HEAT
2 COATS

A SHABBY, rotting top mars your otherwise beautiful car.

For proof of this, look anywhere. Look at your own car. Its top has been bearing the brunt of the elements that have robbed its original lustre and destroyed its protective qualities.

No part of your car needs attention more than its top—

And now—Nothing is easier to remedy! You do it easily and quickly yourself with this wonderful new scientific guaranteed two-coat method.

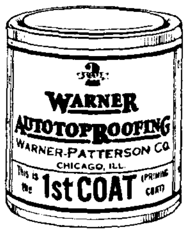
The results will amaze you!

Bright, glistening, glossy beauty that will not only make you proud of your car's appearance, but will also weather-proof and rain-proof its top material.

There is no other two-coat treatment on the market. Do not delay. Drop in at any accessory store, hardware store or garage. Take a package of Warner Autotop Roofing home with you.

Anyone can apply the Warner 2-Coat and make a car's top look as new as the day it was bought.

Warner applies the old painting principle of two coats for the first time to automobile tops; a priming coat and a finishing coat.


2 COATS
WARNER
AUTOTOPROOFING
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.
This is the 1st COAT (PRIMING COAT)

1st Coat—A thin coat of Uintaite: Acts as white lead in the priming coat on wood. Permeates quickly into all the minute interstices of the weather-damaged topmaterial.

2 COATS
WARNER
AUTOTOPROOFING
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.
This is the 2nd COAT (FINISHING COAT)

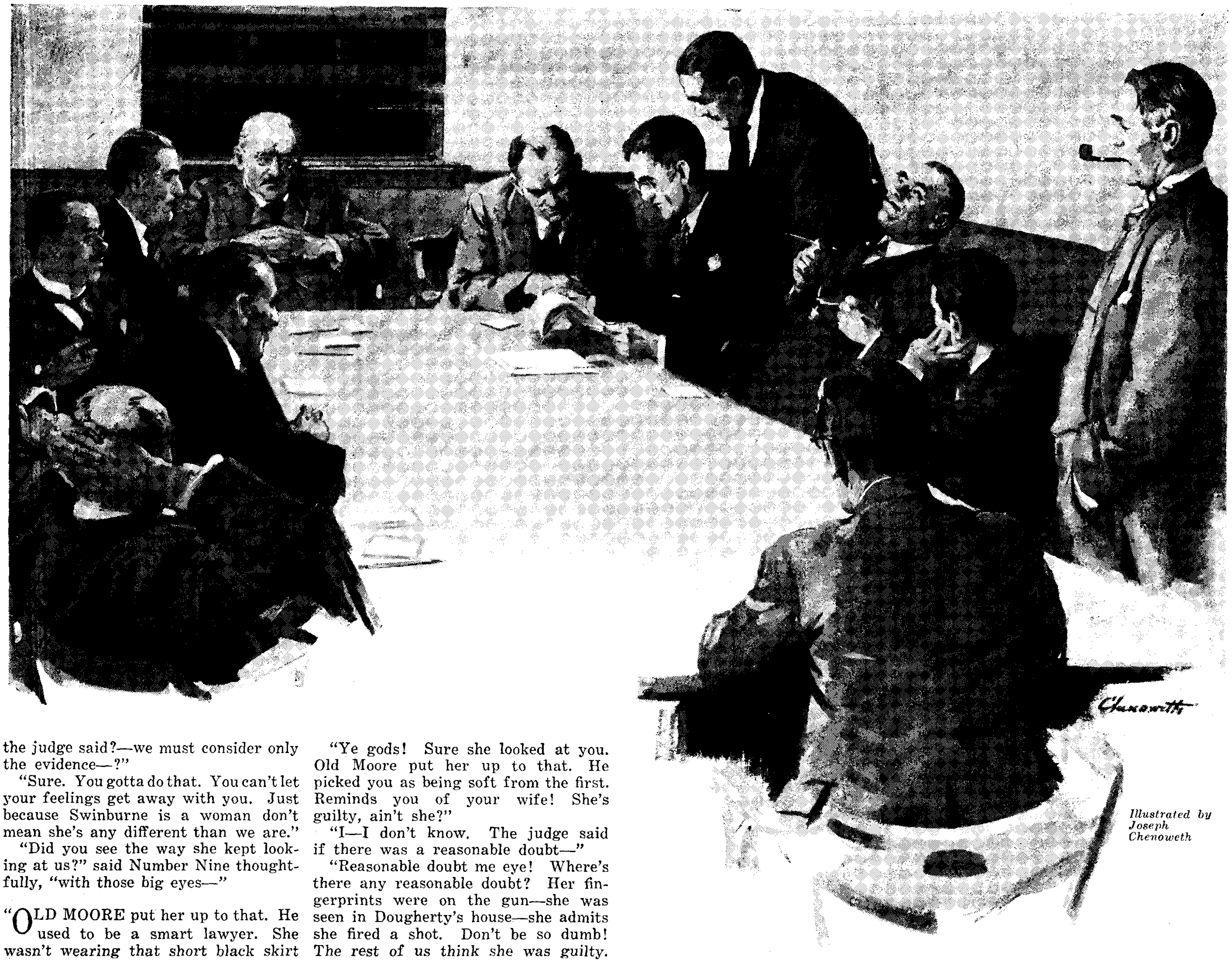
2nd Coat—Seals the lustre of the first coat on the top and gives it permanence. Leaves a highly glossed finish that strongly resists weather action, such as heat, cold or moisture.

To do a lasting job, not a rush job, it is made purposely to dry slowly to insure a flexible and elastic finish.

ALSO FOR BLACK TIRE COVERS AND BLACK TRUNK COVERS

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU . .

WRITE YOUR NAME and address on edge of this page, tear it off and mail with one dollar to Warner-Patterson Co., 913 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. and we will mail you prepaid one package of Warner Autotop Roofing containing two coats.



Illustrated by Joseph Chenoweth

"Read that about the reasonable doubt," said Number Seven. "I think there's a reasonable doubt, and the judge said—"

the judge said?—we must consider only the evidence—?"

"Sure. You gotta do that. You can't let your feelings get away with you. Just because Swinburne is a woman don't mean she's any different than we are."

"Did you see the way she kept looking at us?" said Number Nine thoughtfully, "with those big eyes—"

"OLD MOORE put her up to that. He used to be a smart lawyer. She wasn't wearing that short black skirt all the time because it's the style, either. I know these chorus babies."

"She don't look like a chorus girl."

"Not in court, no. She was fixed up to look sweet and pure."

"Do you think she's guilty?"

"Sure. Guilty as hell. How about that ballot, Mr. Foreman?"

Twelve good men and true regarded the yellow pads before them. Number Seven stared blankly at the window for a moment and the pencil quivered in his hand. Number Three scrawled a single word and tossed the slip down the table to the foreman.

The foreman looked up presently, the yellow papers in two piles before him.

"There are ten for conviction and two for acquittal," he said in a low voice.

Number Three spat savagely at a spittoon.

"There's a lotta dumb eggs in the world!" he growled. "Who's holding out? Well, who is it?"

Number Seven was almost blubbering. His little eyes behind their thick spectacles were filmed with mist.

"I can't do it!" he cried. "I can't send that girl out to be hung!"

"Oh, you can't, eh? What the hell are you doing on a jury then?"

"They made me be on it! I didn't want to be!"

"Why didn't you say you didn't believe in capital punishment?"

"I did believe in it. I never thought about anybody being hung before. And this girl is different. She looked at me all the time with those big eyes. She—she reminded me of my—wife."

"Ye gods! Sure she looked at you. Old Moore put her up to that. He picked you as being soft from the first. Reminds you of your wife! She's guilty, ain't she?"

"I—I don't know. The judge said if there was a reasonable doubt—"

"Reasonable doubt me eye! Where's there any reasonable doubt? Her fingerprints were on the gun—she was seen in Dougherty's house—she admits she fired a shot. Don't be so dumb! *The rest of us think she was guilty.* We've got wives too, but thank God they ain't her kind. Say, who else voted for acquittal?"

Number Five smiled pleasantly across the table.

"I did," he said.

"Oh, you're the one. I suppose she reminds you of your wife too!"

"No."

"What is your weakness then?"

"She isn't guilty."

"No? Well, ten of us think she is. *What makes you think she ain't?*"

"The evidence," said Number Five.

"Well, I'm glad of that. I thought maybe it was her eyes. What about the evidence?"

"It proves conclusively that she is not guilty."

"It does, eh? I suppose you think you're smarter than Bradley?"

"I sincerely hope so," said Number Five.

"Huh! Maybe you ought to be district attorney instead, eh?"

"If I were," smiled Number Five, "I certainly should never have prosecuted this case."

The foreman broke in nervously:

"What is there about the evidence, Mr.—er—that makes you think Mrs. Swinburne isn't guilty?"

"Quite a good deal. Suppose we review the case briefly. I think it might be best to get a copy of Judge Baker's summary. He put the facts rather well."

"How do we get a copy of the—er—summary?"

"You send for it," snapped Number Three. "And Baker will be pleased as hell when he hears we want it."

"And we might have a look at the letters, too," said Number Five.

Number Ten snickered. "Say, they were hot letters all right! Wish somebody'd write me a few like that!"

There was a delay while waiting for the "exhibits." Number Three tossed his cigar butt with precision into a spittoon. Numbers Ten and Eleven engaged in a debate as to the respective merits of National League baseball clubs.

"NAW, the Giants oughta train in California. Texas is too hot. It's all right for the pitchers, but—"

"What they need is a second baseman. You can't play ball unless you got a man on second that—"

Number Four took out his watch and wound it mechanically. Number Four had been away from his delicatessen store for eight days and was worried about Otto. Otto was a good man, but he was careless. He was always letting the ice melt in the ice box and then things spoiled.

"Did you see the way she kept looking at us?" said Number Seven. "With those big eyes? My God, I couldn't sleep nights if I thought I helped put a rope around her neck!"

"The Cubs are O. K. but they need more pitchers—"

"No, she don't *look* like my wife, but all I could think of was Sarah and the kids. Suppose Sarah—"

"Naw, Dempsey's through. Why should he fight? He's got enough jack—"

The exhibits were brought, deposited on the table, and the door was closed again.

"Well," said Number Three, "suppose you get busy, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and tell us why Swinburne ain't guilty."

Number Five glanced tolerantly across the table, then took up Judge Baker's charge.

"We can eliminate a good deal of this," he said. "I shall, with your permission, of course, read the really vital parts."

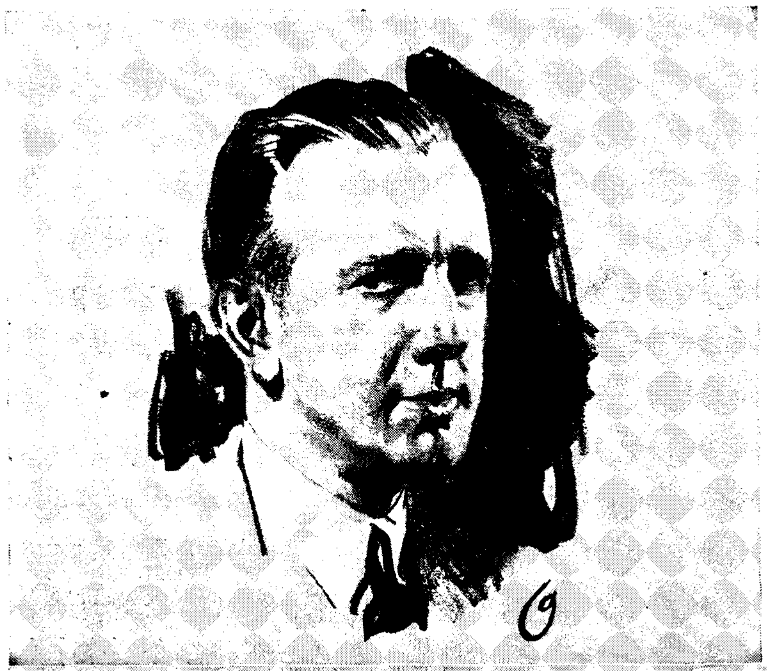
"Sure," said Number Three, "you got our permission, only make it snappy. *We don't want to be here all night.*"

Number Four nodded approbation and looked again at his watch. If they could make their report by ten o'clock he could get up to the store before closing and have a look at the ice box.

"Read that about the reasonable doubt," said Number Seven eagerly. "I think there's a reasonable doubt, and if there is the judge said—"

"Sure," said Number Three, "there's a reasonable doubt about Columbus discoverin' America, but I ain't ever heard nobody mention it."

"If you'll (*Continued on page 40*)



POWEL CROSLEY, JR. scores again with MORE

BIG NEWS IN RADIO

ALL the wonderful qualities of Screen Grid . . .

—plus the latest refinements and improvements in radio design . . .

—including new features exclusive to Crosley alone . . .

Now you can get them *all* in the new Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad—*at the very lowest prices in the Screen Grid field!*

This Choice of Models

At only $67 (without tubes) the Monotrad is offered in a smart table-set in metal, with panels of burled walnut finish. It is shown at the right.

For $118.00 you can buy the Monotrad in a graceful cabinet model, beautifully finished in satiny walnut veneer. (Illustrated at right below.)

And for only $62 the Monotrad may be had in its simplest form, with front panel, for installation in bookshelves, etc., or in any cabinet you may now possess.

Whatever your choice, you get the remarkable performance of the Monotrad—the utmost in radio enjoyment at the very lowest price.

All of these features!

The new Crosley Monotrad incorporates a new and exclusive feature—*Triple Range Control.*

This ingenious device adjusts the full power of the set to local, medium and distant signals. It makes possible a sensitivity never before achieved!

Note, too, that the Monotrad utilizes: Two 224 Screen Grid tubes in R. F. stages; one 227 tube as power detector; one 227 first audio tube, resistance coupled; two 245 power output tubes, connected push-pull; one 280 rectifier tube. *Seven* tubes in all.

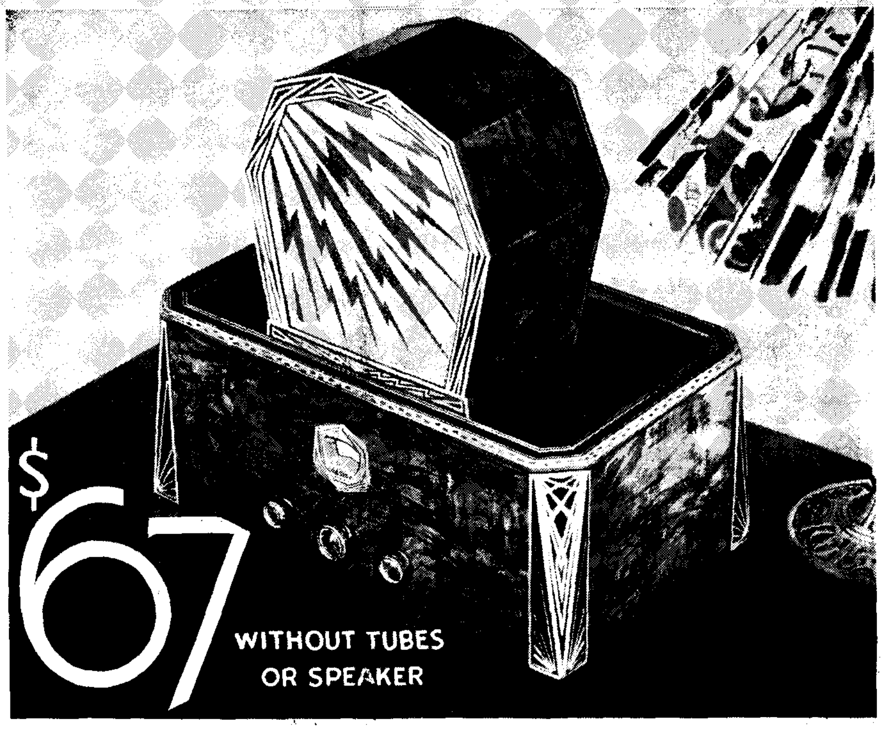
The Monotrad also has the patented Neutrodyne circuit—a feature of *all* Crosley models. And of course every modern improvement, such as power detection, humless operation, etc.

* * *

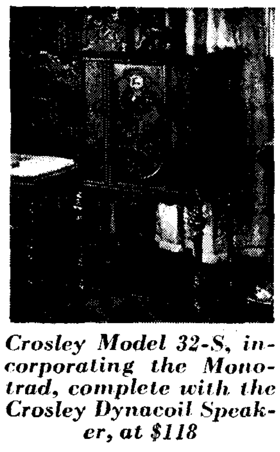
You may see the new Crosley Monotrad, in the models shown here, at any Crosley dealer's. The Monotrad is also available in a wide range of cabinets produced by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers.

We suggest that you go and examine it thoroughly, test it critically—and compare prices. Ask for a free trial in your home.

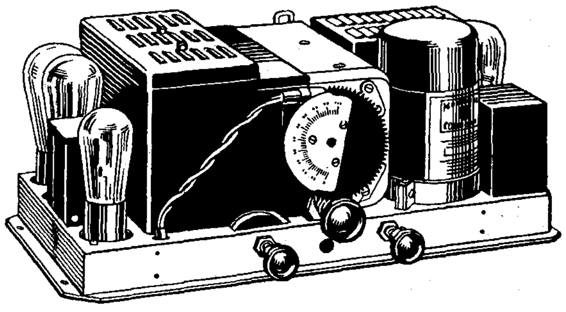
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio
Home of WLW



Crosley Model 31-S, incorporating the Monotrad. Also available with legs at $72. Your choice of two lengths of legs: 17 inches or 21 inches. With Crosley Dynacoil Speaker, as shown, $28 extra



Crosley Model 32-S, incorporating the Monotrad, complete with the Crosley Dynacoil Speaker, at $118



In this form, the Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad may be installed in bookshelves, etc., or in any cabinet you now have or purchase. (Shown here without front panel)

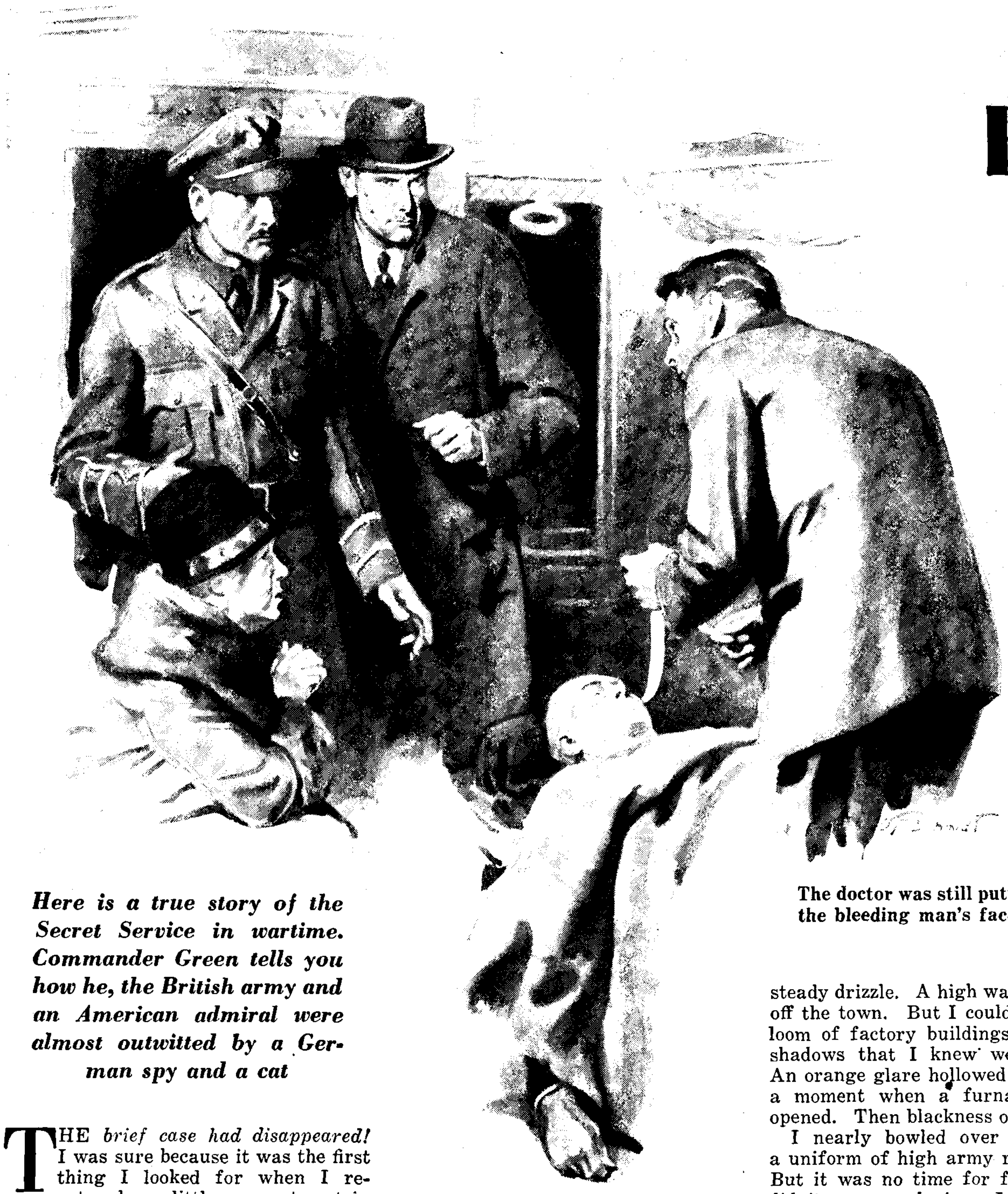
You're there with a

CROSLEY

The Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad (eight tubes including THREE Screen Grid tubes) is available in a wide range of Crosley table and cabinet models. Prices (less tubes) from $80 to $160. The Unitrad is also available in cabinets by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers. Other neutrodyne A. C. sets $55 to $150. *Western prices slightly higher*

Hold that Boat Train!

By Fitzhugh Green



The doctor was still puttering with the bleeding man's face bandages

Here is a true story of the Secret Service in wartime. Commander Green tells you how he, the British army and an American admiral were almost outwitted by a German spy and a cat

THE *brief case had disappeared!* I was sure because it was the first thing I looked for when I re-entered our little compartment in the London Express. Our train had just drawn up at Holyhead near midnight to make connections with the boat across the submarine-infested Irish Sea.

But hope persists. I sprang in and began to rummage. Feverishly I turned our bags upside down. I threw the blankets back from the berth and shoved my hand under the mattress. I yanked the washstand cabinet open. Panting I stood and tried to collect my thoughts while my eyes roved over the small space which I had quitted not three minutes before.

It meant court-martial—and worse. Worse because if my papers fell into enemy hands, many innocent men would die.

A Very Serious Loss

In the brief case I carried new zigzag diagrams for our dreadnaughts. It was known that the Germans had the old ones. These diagrams were simple combinations of courses that convoys and escorts followed automatically in order to avoid subs. But if a sub knew the zigzag she could make an easy hit. Oncoming convoys had copies of the same zigzag I carried. If an enemy spy had got my papers and escaped with them his U-boat might torpedo one of our troop transports within twenty-four hours.

The thought sickened me: *7,000 men drowning at once!* It was a gruesome possibility.

Then why had I dared leave the brief case even for three minutes?

I *hadn't!* I hadn't left it alone. My admiral had been there when, on arrival at Holyhead terminal, I hurried out to inquire if we could make the night boat. And a young flag lieutenant's admiral is just about two pegs better than a guardian angel. The old Fire Eater had been reading a volume of Clausewitz when I stepped out. That meant he wouldn't move for an hour unless I pried him loose.

On the other hand, I thought bitterly, if he had moved he wouldn't have taken my brief case with him. For while he knew I had brought the precious documents from London, he didn't know that I had unstrapped them from my body during the stuffy trip down and put them in my brief case.

A knock at the half-open door. The steward stuck his head in. "Are you with the American admiral, sir?"

"I am. Where is he?"

The steward made a vague gesture with his hands. "Ill, sir. Took with a fit of some sort. In the lavatory now!"

Hell. Wartime fish was notoriously bad. As a conscientious aide I had warned him at lunch. The implication that I had been impertinent was all I'd got for my pains.

Past the astonished limey I literally flung myself into the passage, reached the door in two jumps and dove out upon the dark platform of the Holyhead station.

Between me and the nearest arclight a line of water dripped from the narrow platform roofing which diverted the steady drizzle. A high wall beyond shut off the town. But I could see the dark loom of factory buildings and vertical shadows that I knew were chimneys. An orange glare hollowed the murk for a moment when a furnace door was opened. Then blackness of night again.

I nearly bowled over an officer in a uniform of high army rank—British. But it was no time for formalities. I didn't even apologize. I grabbed him by both arms and shot my troubles into him.

"I'm with Admiral R——. We had papers from Sims—London office. They're gone!"

Action at Last

The Britisher gazed stolidly at me. In the dim station lights I could see he was square and ruddy—usual type; mustache, and flavored slightly with eau de cologne.

Impulsively I decided the officer was of no use and glanced over his shoulder towards a guard coming our way. But I was wrong about the officer. He had had over three years of war. My *contretemps* was probably mild excitement compared with some things he'd seen. Slowly, like a football being inflated, he stiffened under my grasp.

"Where's your admiral now, young man?" he asked sharply.

"Inside, ill. Steward says a fit. Rubbish. Indigestion most likely."

"Where did you have your papers? When did you miss them?" He was talking my speed now. The guard had almost reached us.

"Not four minutes ago." In two sentences I gave him the story. He yanked himself free from the grip with which I had unconsciously held him, and turned to the guard.

His orders were like the plit-plit of a machine gun.

"They're working again," he snapped at the guard.

The latter's eyes opened wide but his words were cockney and casual: "I say! Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, buzz the alarm. Double squad out. Inform the gate sentries. Send me Lieutenant Felt and two men."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The officer turned to me. His look was mildly contemptuous, but his tone was not unsympathetic.

Wartime Precautions

"This isn't the first time this sort of thing has happened. So we're on the lookout for it. In a minute we'll search the train. It's surrounded now." He laid a steadying hand on my arm.

Luckily the platform on which we stood was the first stop which the through trains from London made, trains running clear across England to the west coast where passengers caught the boat for Dublin across the Irish Sea.

With American battleships at Bantry, British light cruisers at Dublin, mine sweepers and destroyer patrols operating out of twelve stations centering from Queenstown in both directions, there was a good deal of military traffic on the Holyhead line. Between "King's Own Messengers" and an occasional American officer, like myself, official documents were passing continually to and fro between Admiralty and active forces.

It was a safety precaution, therefore, for routing to be regularly done on this main trunk line from London to Holyhead. Thence passengers took the boat for the few hours' run to Dublin, where they again entrained for points beyond. Tonight my admiral and I had hoped to catch the bigger craft of the two on the run across the Irish Sea. City of Leinster was her name.

Before the Britisher could speak again a hoarse roar broke upon us. I was so wrought up that I started at the sound. The next instant I knew it was the night boat's whistle. She was casting off for her crossing to Dublin. Her passengers would by now have their life preservers on. That was the law, with so many U-boats about.

It was clear that the boat was not to be held for us. With relief I realized that search of the train and its passengers would be made first.

Already alert men with rifles stood along the cars. There must have been a platoon around us now. A high gate had been closed against our rear end. If an enemy agent had got my papers he was going to have a tough time escaping. Thank God, I hadn't cried out or done anything foolish. In the few minutes that had elapsed before the guard was set, I was sure none had left the train.

For a moment I had a tweak of importance. I was the factor that might bring to light a famous spy. Possibly my name would be whispered as one of those who had successfully cornered a dangerous enemy agent.

Then as abruptly I shriveled inside me. It had been my carelessness that had caused all (*Continued on page 46*)

The Willard Battery demonstrates every point of its built-in quality right before the eyes of the engineers. It must speak for itself.

What these CAR BUILDERS' TESTS *mean to Battery buyers*

When automobile engineers buy batteries for original equipment the battery manufacturer is forced to prove his claim for quality.

In spite of its 28 years of quality leadership the Willard Battery is not exempt. It, too, must undergo all proving ground tests, just as if its name were unknown.

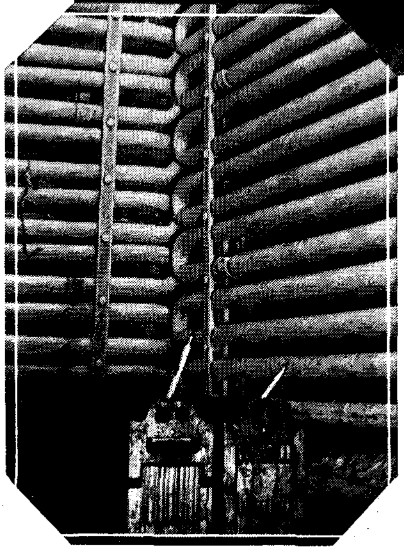
In this way Willard meets the tests of 76 makers of cars, trucks and busses who choose its built-in quality for original equipment. Since there is only this *one* quality leaving the Willard plant, the car builders' acceptance is battery insurance for you. It means that the same battery you buy at any one of the 30,000 Willard Service Stations has already passed the most rigid series of battery tests that can be imposed.

A glance at the Willard Chart, with which each Willard Service Station is equipped, shows moreover that your battery checks exactly in *electrical size* with your own car builder's recommendation.

These known values—built-in quality and correct electrical size would put the price of a Willard beyond the reach of the average car owner's pocketbook were it not for Willard's tremendous production.

The price of a Willard is placed at the *safety point,* below which known quality ceases and hazardous bargaining begins. At this safety point, the known value of a Willard makes it the most economical battery you can buy.

Continuous speed test. All parts driven to point of actual abuse. In the battery an inferno of heat. Willard wins the okeh.



The killing cold weather test. Temperature 20 degrees below zero. Long exposure. Under these conditions the capacity of all batteries shrinks to about half of normal. Yet a Willard starts the car.

Rain, heat, cold, battering rutty roads—test follows test. Repeated for days, over thousands of miles. Battery abused. Willard approved.

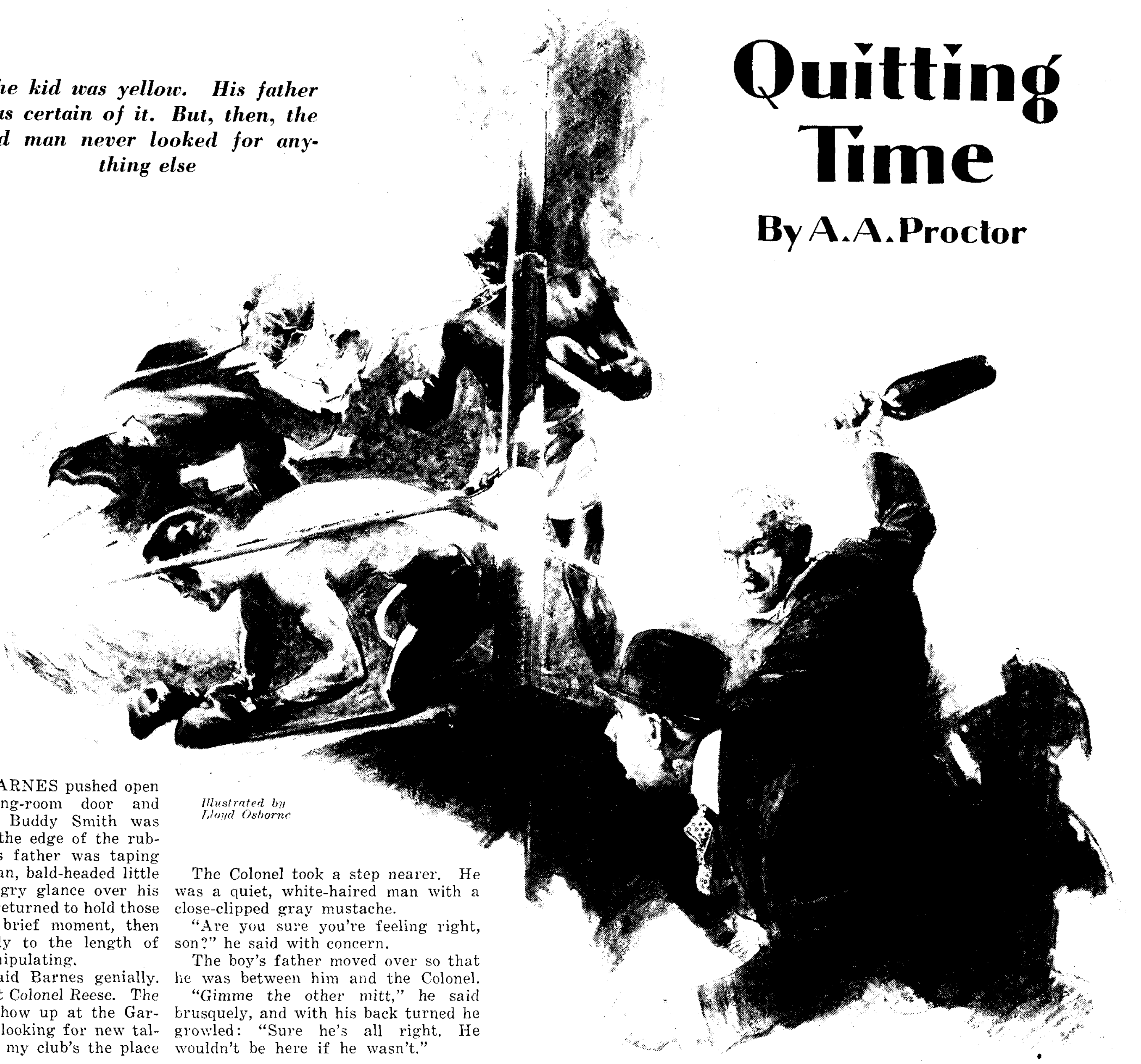
Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

CLEVELAND·OHIO

Quitting Time

By A. A. Proctor

The kid was yellow. His father was certain of it. But, then, the old man never looked for anything else



Before anyone could stop him, Old Man Smith had yanked the water bottle out of the pail and crashed it against the head of the scoffer

Illustrated by Lloyd Osborne

"BIG TIM" BARNES pushed open the dressing-room door and strode in. Buddy Smith was sitting on the edge of the rubbing table and his father was taping his hands. The lean, bald-headed little man jerked an angry glance over his shoulder; his eyes returned to hold those of his son for a brief moment, then veered back hastily to the length of gauze he was manipulating.

"Hello, Bud," said Barnes genially. "I want you to meet Colonel Reese. The Colonel runs the show up at the Garden. He's always looking for new talent, and he knows my club's the place to find it."

Buddy grinned and extended his free hand. Old Man Smith acknowledged the Colonel's introduction to him with a curt nod. Johnson, the boy's trainer, a blond young man in a gray flannel shirt, put down the wine-colored glove he was fitting a lace into and came over to shake hands. Then, with both hands in his trousers pockets, he went to the window and stood looking out. He looked upset over something.

"How're you feeling, kid?" asked Barnes.

"All right."

"All right! You'd better feel better than that," Barnes boomed jovially, with a broad wink at the Colonel. "You'd better feel better than that. The black lad is there with both hands. Buddy, here, came on from the coast to pick off a few of the contenders, but he's got no pipe with Bucky Payne. You'll have to be good to take him, boy."

Buddy grinned. The Colonel was taking in the two, father and son. Old Man Smith's hands fumbled with the bandage. He seemed annoyed at the intrusion. The little fighter did not look very strong. His ribs were defined a bit too sharply; his skin looked sensitive and brittle. There were tiny drops of perspiration under his eyes and beneath his lower lip, as if he were feverish.

The Colonel took a step nearer. He was a quiet, white-haired man with a close-clipped gray mustache.

"Are you sure you're feeling right, son?" he said with concern.

The boy's father moved over so that he was between him and the Colonel.

"Gimme the other mitt," he said brusquely, and with his back turned he growled: "Sure he's all right. He wouldn't be here if he wasn't."

THE asperity of his tone was startling, and the little fighter looked surprised, and embarrassed for his visitors. The Colonel relieved the situation by giving Buddy an encouraging pat on the shoulder and saying:

"Well, son, give him plenty!" And turning to Barnes, "Let's go, Tim. We're keeping these boys from their work."

They went out. Barnes led the way to his office.

"Say," he said, "the kid does look a little off-shade, doesn't he?"

"Off-shade! He's green in the face. He's sick, that's plain. Fever. Seems to me he needs a doctor more than a fight. Didn't you see the glassy look in his eyes?"

A look of dismay appeared on Barnes' rugged features.

"Do you think I ought to call it off? He looked all right this afternoon when he weighed in."

"Got anybody to replace him?"

"No, I haven't, and I don't think the fans would stand for a sub anyway. This fight ought to be a natural. They've been hearing about this marvel from the coast, and they're paying their money to see him up against Bucky Payne. They'll raise hell if they don't. And it's a sell-out. I'll have to return their money if Buddy Smith don't go in."

"You've got a doctor around here, haven't you?" asked Reese.

"Yeah. Doc Cassidy is around somewhere."

"Why don't you send him in to examine the boy?"

"That's what I was thinking. Sure, that's what I'll do. Gosh, Colonel, I hope this fight don't go bust on my hands. To tell you the honest truth, I can't afford it."

ABOUT ten minutes later, as the two promoters sat in Barnes' office smoking their cigars, a gangling, loose-jointed man with red cheeks and close-set black eyes came in excitedly.

"Hello there, Doc," Barnes addressed him anxiously. "Did you look the kid over?"

"I did not!" Doctor Cassidy pronounced every syllable emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Because Old Man Smith is crazy, that's why. When I told him you sent me to examine the boy, do you know what he did? Picked up a bottle and was going to brain me! He would have, too, if I hadn't got out. He told me to tell you to stop worrying about the boy. He said to tell you he'd give you your money's worth. The man's crazy, I swear. He ought to be locked up!"

The doctor brushed his long black hair back with an indignant motion of his hand. Barnes looked perplexedly at the Colonel.

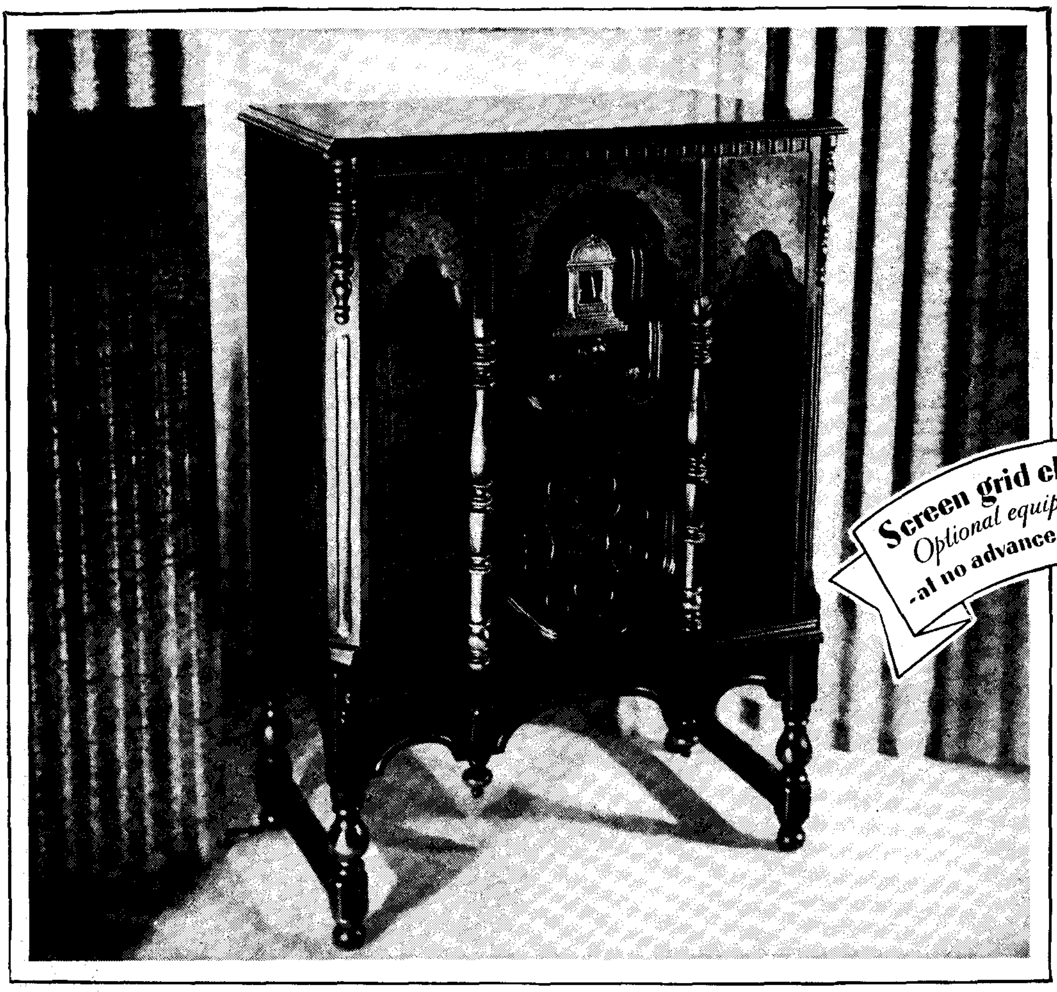
"What would you do, huh? I've given this fight a hell of a lot of publicity. God, I'd hate to see it fall flat."

The Colonel played with his mustache for a contemplative moment. At length he said quietly:

"Let him fight, I suppose. The old man's a money grubber, probably—anxious for the cash. Well, if the kid bobbles it, you can hold out his end. That'll serve the old man right. It's tough on the kid to be sacrificed this way, but he's old enough to know when he's sick. And he knows he's not going against a set-up. If he wants to take the chance, it's his business."

Whatever pretensions Buddy Smith may have had to consideration as championship *(Continued on page 56)*

At Last a Really Fine Console at a Modest Price

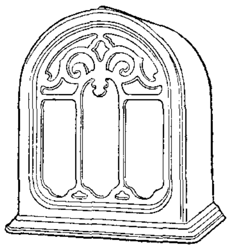


Screen grid chassis
Optional equipment
at no advance in price

Temple is all-electric, standard chassis—six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in the last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply over-sized in every respect in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169 (less tubes). The Temple Combination $269. Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

Itemize the four great radio benefits Temple gives you. . . . There is *magnificent tone,* undistorted at either high or low frequencies. There is *selectivity.* With the clean precision of a surgeon's scalpel, Temple slices through a crowd of stations to the one station you want. There is Temple's *distance range* . . . like the range of the Lone Eagle himself. And there is *beauty and dignity in design* . . . Guild craftsmanship in every detail of cabinet-work. • • • • •

Put two and two together at the Temple price . . . a price made possible only by operating economy worthy of a Vermont ex-President. You can't find in all the radio world a combination to equal this.



Housed in beauty, the Temple electro-dynamic is the only Speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.

$39.00 *for Temple electro-dynamic Speaker*
$20.00 *for the Magnetic Speaker*

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKY MTS.

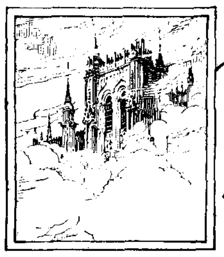
• • •

TEMPLE NIGHTS
Every Thursday Night at 10—Eastern Time—Over Columbia Network.

"A" © 1929 T. C.

TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE



Radio

TEMPLE CORPORATION • CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

April Escapade

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1929, by Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

TRAPPED by a Russian countess, who hopes to marry him, Christopher Steynes, wealthy, young, prominent socially, decides to escape by producing a bogus wife. He offers Mary Kate O'Hara, a charming and beautiful San Francisco girl, a large sum if she will pretend to be his wife for twenty-four hours.

She accepts. Her family is poor. With the money Steynes will pay her she can send Martin, her older brother, to Germany to study medicine! Slipping away to Burlingame (after telling her family and her fiancé, Cass Keating, she is being sent to Sacramento on business), she joins Steynes, goes to a brilliant dinner with him, and ends the matrimonial hopes of the countess; after which—very late—she retires, in Steynes' mansion.

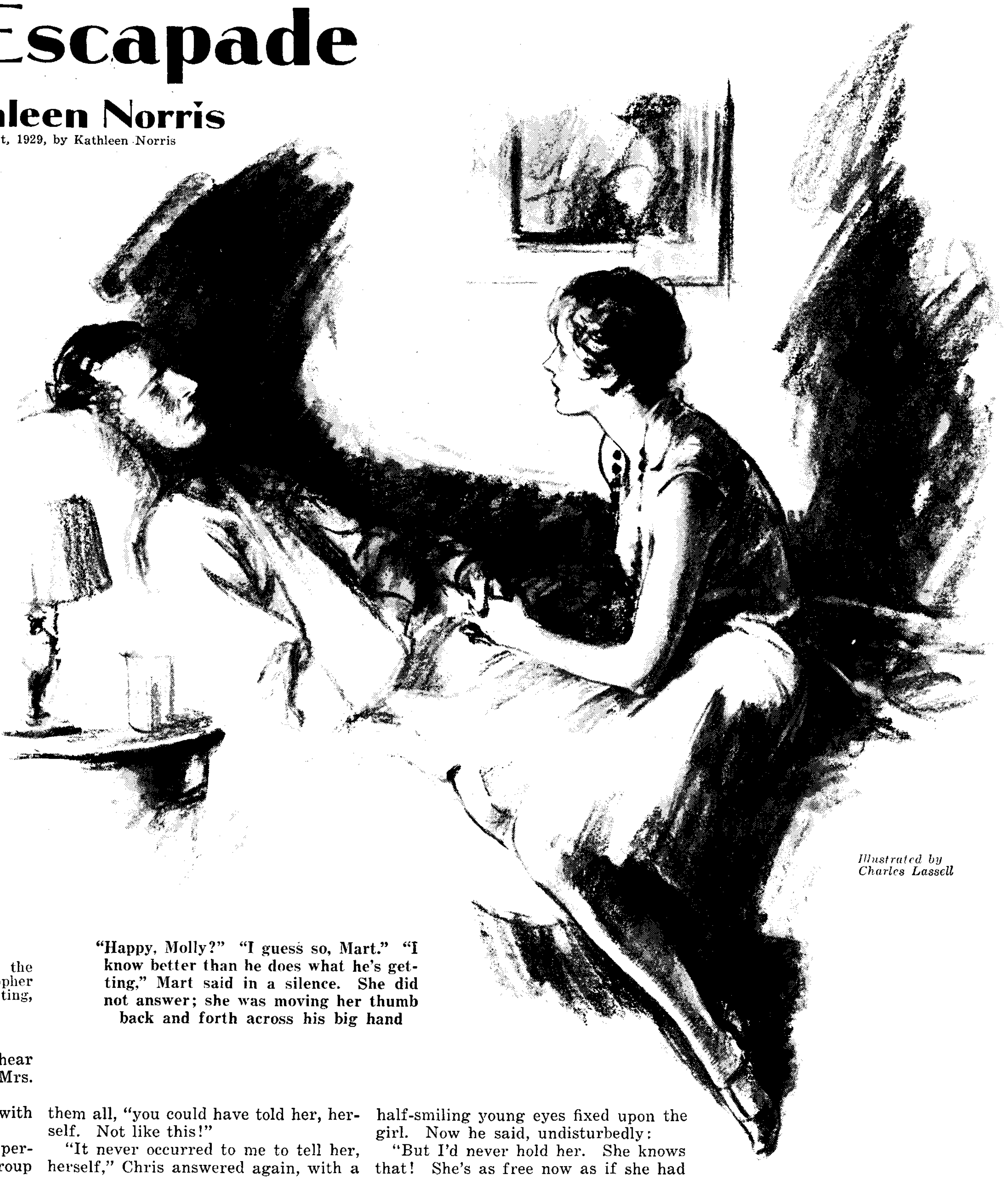
A burglar enters her room. She rushes to Steynes. They call the police. Then Steynes shoots the intruder—one Moody—who is carried away, wounded, to a hospital.

The following day Mary Kate returns home. The police have her name and address: but the newspapers have not mentioned her—thus far. Martin is away, driving old Doctor van Antwerp of Burlingame, his employer, to Portland.

While lunching with Steynes, Mary Kate confesses she loves him. Then he tells her the wounded housebreaker insists on talking with her!

With Steynes, she goes to the hospital. The victim is her brother, Martin! The boy had not gone to Portland. Seeing his sister with Steynes, he had broken into Steynes' house, intending to save Mary Kate and, if necessary, kill Steynes. . . . Stormy scenes follow.

Mary Kate tells most of the story to her fiancé, who forgives her. Then follows a most dramatic scene: Steynes comes to the house and asks Mary Kate to marry him; and—while Mrs. O'Hara, Keating, Tom, Mary Kate's younger brother, and Martin look on—the girl, uncertain what to do, hesitates, asking herself the question: "Shall I marry Christopher Steynes, whom I love, or Cass Keating, whom I don't?"



Illustrated by Charles Lassell

"Happy, Molly?" "I guess so, Mart." "I know better than he does what he's getting," Mart said in a silence. She did not answer; she was moving her thumb back and forth across his big hand

Conclusion

"THAT'S a strange thing to hear you say, Mr. Steynes," Mrs. O'Hara said, in the hush.

"I know it," Chris agreed, with a brief laugh.

Mary Kate continued to stand perfectly still, her bright eyes on the group in the kitchen, on watching Cass, and wondering Tom, and Mart in the big chair, with his arms bandaged, and her mother, puzzled and anxious and gentle, in the rocker. One of her hands had been locked in Chris's fingers, as she wheeled about, and their grip held, so that her arm was twisted behind her, and her bright head, with its rings of disordered coppery hair, was close to Chris' big shoulder.

"She's only a little girl—" Mrs. O'Hara said, troubled. "I don't know did you mean to say that to her—" she added, doubtfully.

"I didn't!" Chris admitted, unsmilingly. Mary Kate's eyes moved to his, and read what they saw there, and went back to the circle again.

"I never thought of this!" the mother murmured. "Maybe he only said it because your brother—" she paused.

Martin was looking at Chris with keenly suspicious eyes; now he said, uncomfortably:

"You didn't have to say that to Mary Kate, *for all me.*"

"You didn't make me say it," Christopher answered, promptly.

"If—if you felt that way," Martin pursued, in the puzzled silence that held them all, "you could have told her, herself. Not like this!"

"It never occurred to me to tell her, herself," Chris answered again, with a faint, frowning scowl.

"Then—then you wouldn't feel he meant it, would you, Mary Kate?" Martin appealed, uneasily, to his sister.

Again her eyes moved swiftly to Christopher's, and again she did not speak, continuing to measure the room with a bright, curious, little-girl look, rather tightening her hold upon Chris' hand, behind her, so that she was drawn even more closely toward his breast.

THE light from the single lamp, the green-shaded lamp underneath which the children did their evening homework, wavered softly in the clean, homely kitchen. The clock above the sink ticked audibly, and the hot-water faucet dripped a few intermittent drops upon the scoured zinc. Above the drainboard a window was opened to the soft warm night; the curtain moved to and fro across the sill, the intruding air was sweet with spring.

"She's promised to Cass, here," Mrs. O'Hara observed, with the little indicative gesture of a thumb.

"Mary is," Chris said dispassionately.

Cass had thrown away his cigarette, and was sitting back in his chair, with his arms crossed, and his shrewd, kind, half-smiling young eyes fixed upon the girl. Now he said, undisturbedly:

"But I'd never hold her. She knows that! She's as free now as if she had never known me."

At the sound of his voice Mary Kate disengaged herself from Christopher's hold, and crossed the kitchen to the chair she had occupied at the beginning of this incredible and dreamlike evening—the chair at the table, where she could cup her chin in her hands, and look at them all without moving a muscle.

The normalness, the generosity of Cass' words, his untroubled manner and confident glance, appeared to awaken her from a trance.

"I don't think you're going to throw me over, are you, Mary Kate?" he asked. A sudden smile lighted her eyes, and she answered, speaking for the first time since the strange tense scene began:

"Ah, no; you know I'd never do that!"

"We're hunting houses, and we're talking about a wedding, aren't we?" Cass asked, affectionately, smilingly.

"Sure—sure we are," she admitted, hurriedly, nervously.

Chris was standing near the door, his hands in the square big side pockets of his big coat. His head had fallen a little forward, his eyes moved from one speaker's face to another.

"You know I wouldn't hold you, whatever promise you might have made me, don't you, Mary Kate?" Cass asked.

"Oh, no," she answered, in her clear, quick, troubled voice. "I know you'd want me to do what I wanted to do—what I had to do."

"She'd be happier with one that knew her own, sir," Mrs. O'Hara said to Chris, rather timidly, rather appealingly.

"I know she would!" Christopher admitted, not ceasing to frown faintly, not moving his eyes from Mary Kate.

"And isn't it happiness that counts with all of us?" the mother pursued.

Christopher glanced at her, nodded.

"Happiness counts with all of us," he echoed, in a decisive voice.

BUT still there was something unsaid, something unfinished.

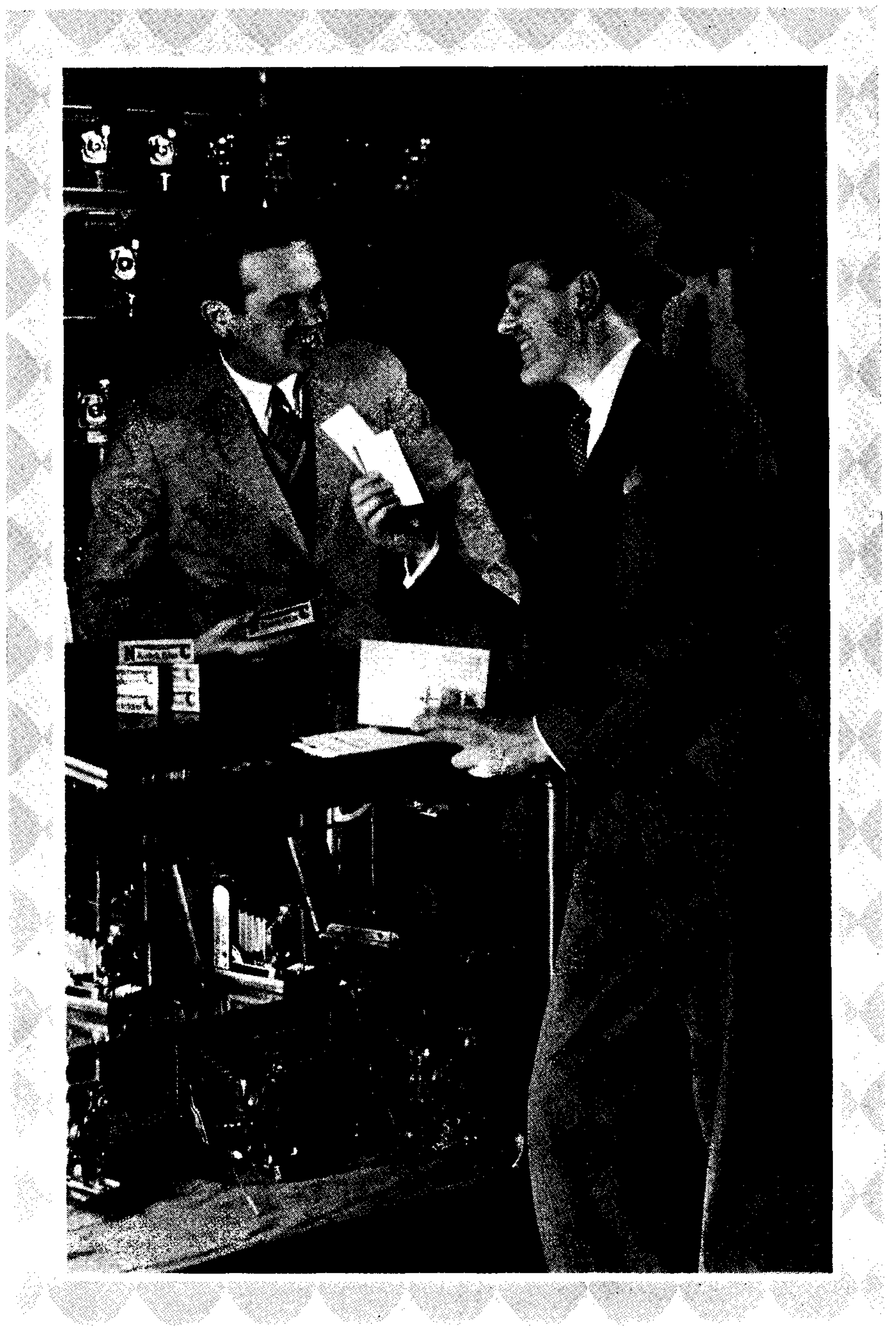
"If you knew her longer, you might want to marry Mary Kate," Martin began, with a reasoning air. "But—but you'd never seen each other this time a week ago."

"As for that," Chris answered, grimly, "it never crossed my mind—even an hour ago,

(*Continued on page 37*)

"I've got a peach of a camera"... *was the customer's remark*

...then the man behind the Photo Goods counter told him how much was due to the FILM



LIKE most picture-takers, he had to look at his pictures at once. He was all smiles when he saw the prints. Pictures that never could have been taken over again came out clear and sharp. You've experienced yourself the same feeling of relief and satisfaction.

"I've got a peach of a camera," he boasted, and the man behind the counter couldn't help putting him straight.

Not Only Camera, but Film, Too

"Yes," said the merchant, "your camera is a good one. I know it is because I sold it to you myself. But I sold you the film, too, and if you think the success of those snapshots was entirely due to the camera, you're making a mistake."

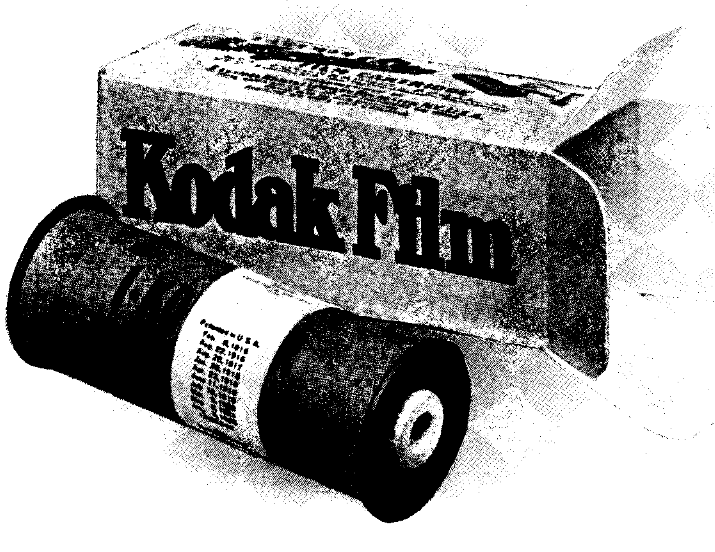
He held up a package. "The film in this little yellow box has saved millions of snapshots from being duds. Folks take pictures when the light is too weak, or too harsh, and they get good negatives even so.

"That isn't just accident, though. Even the finest camera can't take good pictures unless the film is right. There's been years of study and millions of dollars put into Kodak Film, and that's one of the reasons why those prints of yours are good."

How Film Has Improved

The high quality of the average snapshot today is largely due to the many improvements in film made by Eastman scientists. They have given Kodak Film a number of special properties which help the picture-taker enormously. These reduce the danger of both under- and over-exposure, prevent "soot and whitewash" effects even when the light is too harsh, and permit the orthochromatic rendering of colors in proper tone values of black and white.

This alert merchant knew these facts. He did well to advise his customer: "Stick to Kodak Film. It *gets* the picture." Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



KODAK *film*

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES KODAK FILM

Outdoors adored . . . indoors ignored

OUTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble, which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

No intelligent person dares to assume complete freedom from halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Surveys show one person out of three is an occasional or habitual offender. This is due to the fact that odor-producing conditions (often caused by germs) arise constantly in even normal mouths.

The one way of keeping your breath always beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and night and before meeting others.

Being a germicide capable of killing even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves.

No fastidious person should overlook this precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

that—things are as they are!"

"Well, now you see?" Mrs. O'Hara concluded it, in satisfaction.

"But I'm afraid, Mrs. O'Hara," the visitor said, with a brief unhappy laugh, "that doesn't help much."

"She'd surely have the right to tell you that she cared for someone else," Cass interposed, quietly.

"Certainly she would," Chris conceded.

"Whatever you'd have to offer her," Martin added, emboldened by Cass' courage, "it would be for her to decide. We—we have something to offer her, too!"

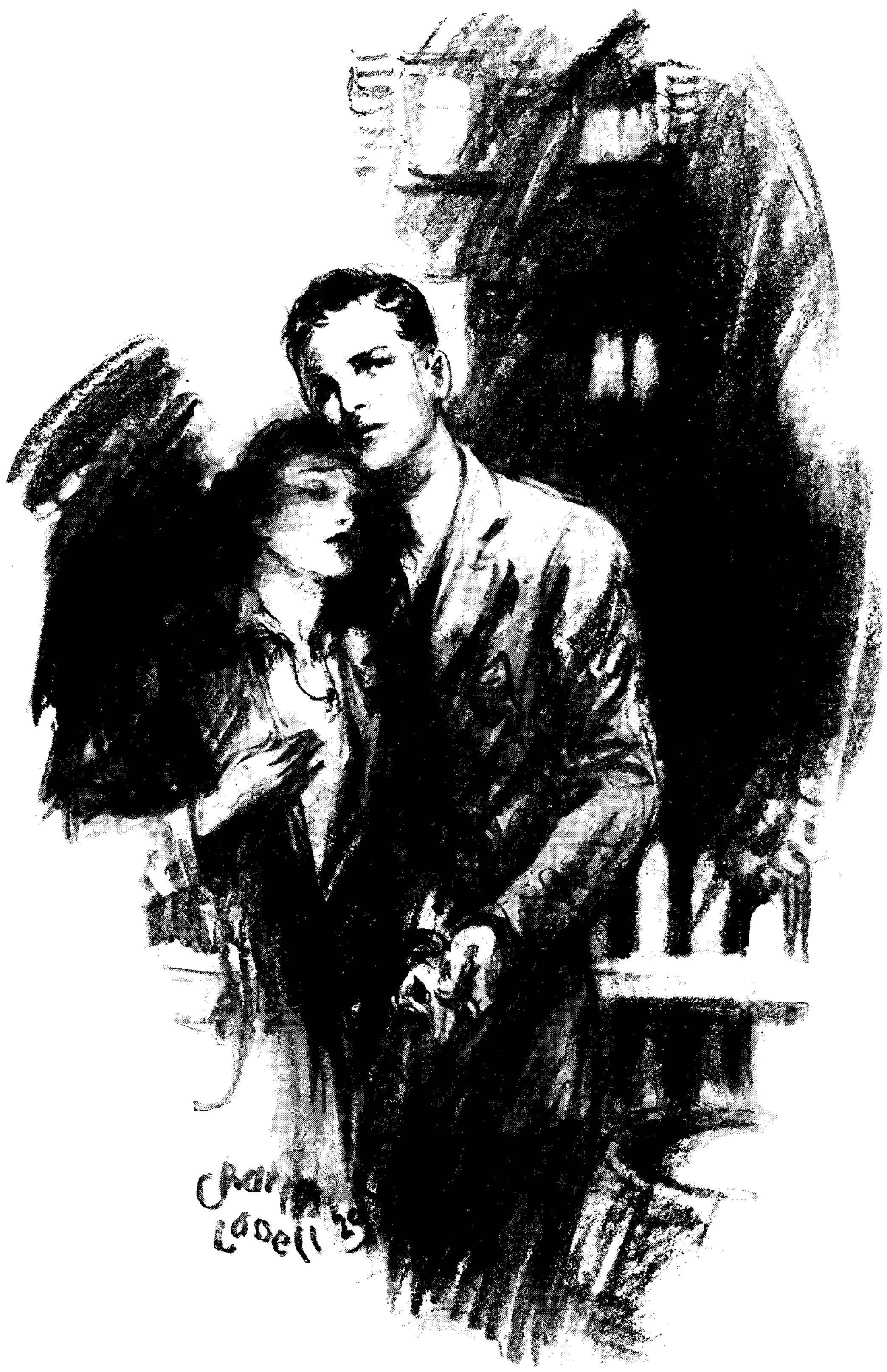
The girl made no attempt to speak. She was like a person who hears a stranger discussed, interested, not concerned. Her bright, serious eyes moved swiftly, her clean-cut chin was cupped in her two palms, her fingers resting lightly against her temples.

"We love her," Mrs. O'Hara said, her tender Irish voice low.

IT WAS half past nine o'clock. Mary Kate thought that in a few minutes Chris would be gone, and Mother would have changed her dress and returned to the vigil at Uncle Robert's, and Tom would have lumbered to bed. Then she and Cass and Mart would sit on here in the kitchen, talking the whole thing over. After that they would escort the invalid carefully upstairs to bed, and establish him comfortably with his pillows and book, and then she and Cass would come downstairs for a long talk, a sweethearts' talk, in the big chair—

And to her Christopher Steynes would soon be a dream, and to Christopher only a dream would be the memory of this hot, small, orderly kitchen, and these earnest, simple, amusing folk, and this red-headed girl. And long before another April Uncle Robert would be dead, and Aunt Julia in a widow's veil like Ma's, and Mart studying in Germany, and Tom the mainstay at home, and Mary Kate Keating expecting a baby—

She returned to the present. Chris, his hands in his side pockets, his head slightly hanging forward, was speaking to her mother.


They stood silent, their hands locked, her head resting against his shoulder

"Believe me, I am as much surprised as you are, Mrs. O'Hara. I've liked girls, before. But I've never felt—this way."

"What way?" Cass demanded, levelly, not sympathetically.

"That I couldn't help myself," Chris said, simply. "I've been driven—" he began. "I've been driven like someone possessed all these days. I've not slept. I've not eaten."

"Do you think," he asked them all, "that I like it?"

"You couldn't blame Mary Kate for that," her mother defended her, in a slightly perplexed, a faintly hostile tone.

"Blame her!" he echoed. "Nobody blames her. But can you blame *me?*"

"You're a rich man, Mr. Steynes?" Mrs. O'Hara asked, considering him.

"I'm rich, yes."

"And your good father, your good mother—are they living?"

"My father lives in New York, he has an apartment there. My mother lives in Paris. They're divorced—they're both remarried. And now I think my mother is going to be divorced again."

"Oh, that's bad," Mrs. O'Hara commented, shaking her head, making a little clucking sound in her throat.

"I've got an apartment in the same building with my father, I've got a little place down in Maryland," the man said.

"SHE'D never fit into that life, you must see that," the older woman reasoned sorrowfully. "She'd not be happy in any such places."

"I don't think she would!" Chris agreed, almost fiercely.

"And have you no faith at all?"

"Yes," he said. And he looked at her. "I have hers," he added, in a gentler tone. "I was brought up in it. It doesn't mean much to my people, but I think it might to me."

"You don't think money, and furs, and traveling places—be still, Mart!" Mrs. O'Hara began again. "You don't think all that would make up to her for what she has here? She was a happy girl, two weeks ago, with a good man lovin' her, and her future all safe. What could you give her, that'd pay her for what she'd throw away?"

"Nothing!" Chris said.

"There's not a day here—" the mother continued, "don't interrupt me, Mart!" she rebuked the boy again, as he would have spoken. "There's not a day in her life that she doesn't see twenty of her friends," Mrs. O'Hara went on. "There's not a day that she isn't in a gale of laughin', so that you'd laugh to hear her, though you was lyin' dead. There isn't a day that she doesn't do a thousand favors for me, or Tom, or Mart here, or one of the little ones.

"Perhaps," the wise, troubled voice continued, "she'd bring me home a handful of flowers, or a little red wreath, come winter. And it'd be, 'Oh, Mother, will you make Miss White a little custard for her father? Will you give me some of your soup for old Mrs. Bryan?'

"And then," said Mrs. O'Hara, in a dead silence, "perhaps she'll lean over one of them that's workin' on a weekly theme, or doing a Thanksgivin' poster. 'I've got a magazine in my room,' she'll say, 'that'll give you all the advertisements you'd use in a year!' 'I'll hear you your lessons!' she'll say.

"It's she takes them to the movies, if my feet go back on me. She and I have breakfast, on that same table there, every mornin'—the two of us—readin' the news, and pourin' the coffee—"

She stopped. There was no sound in the kitchen.

"It would pierce me that she'd be far away from me," the mother resumed, very simply, after a pause. "It would break my heart that she'd not be married here, where her own people are, bringin' her children—if the Lord sent them—back home to her mother—"

STILL silence. Cass and Mart and Tom watched Chris; they knew the power of this quiet voice. Mary Kate gave a little dry sob, bit her lip, the delicate flanges of her nostrils moving with a quick indrawn breath.

"Mrs. O'Hara," Chris said, looking somehow lone and friendless, in his big coat, "I wouldn't want her to be as—as unhappy as all that would make her. I see what you say—I see what you mean.

"It was only," he recommenced, clearing his throat, "that I couldn't help letting her know that—well, that it's this way with me. It wasn't anything I planned to do, or planned to say! Not until I was standing here, not until ten minutes ago, did it come to me what all this meant! It's not anything you can argue about. I didn't want it to happen!"

There was a strange sound in the kitchen. It was as if Mary Kate had given a brief, exulting laugh. But it was so evanescent that when all their eyes turned toward her she betrayed no sign of mirth; her head was dropped, she had covered her face with her spread fingers.

"It might go as quick as it came," Mrs. O'Hara suggested, tentatively.

"It might," Chris agreed.

"And then where would she be," the mother argued, "with a rich husband that was tired of her?"

"That—" Chris said simply, looking at the girl, who had taken down her hands, and whose wide, serious gaze was turned upon him, "that would be Mary's risk."

"Some risk!" Cass contributed, dryly.

"No. Not much!" Christopher answered, in the same tone.

Mary Kate crossed her arms on the table before her, and stared into space.

"She's the one to say, after all," her mother summarized it.

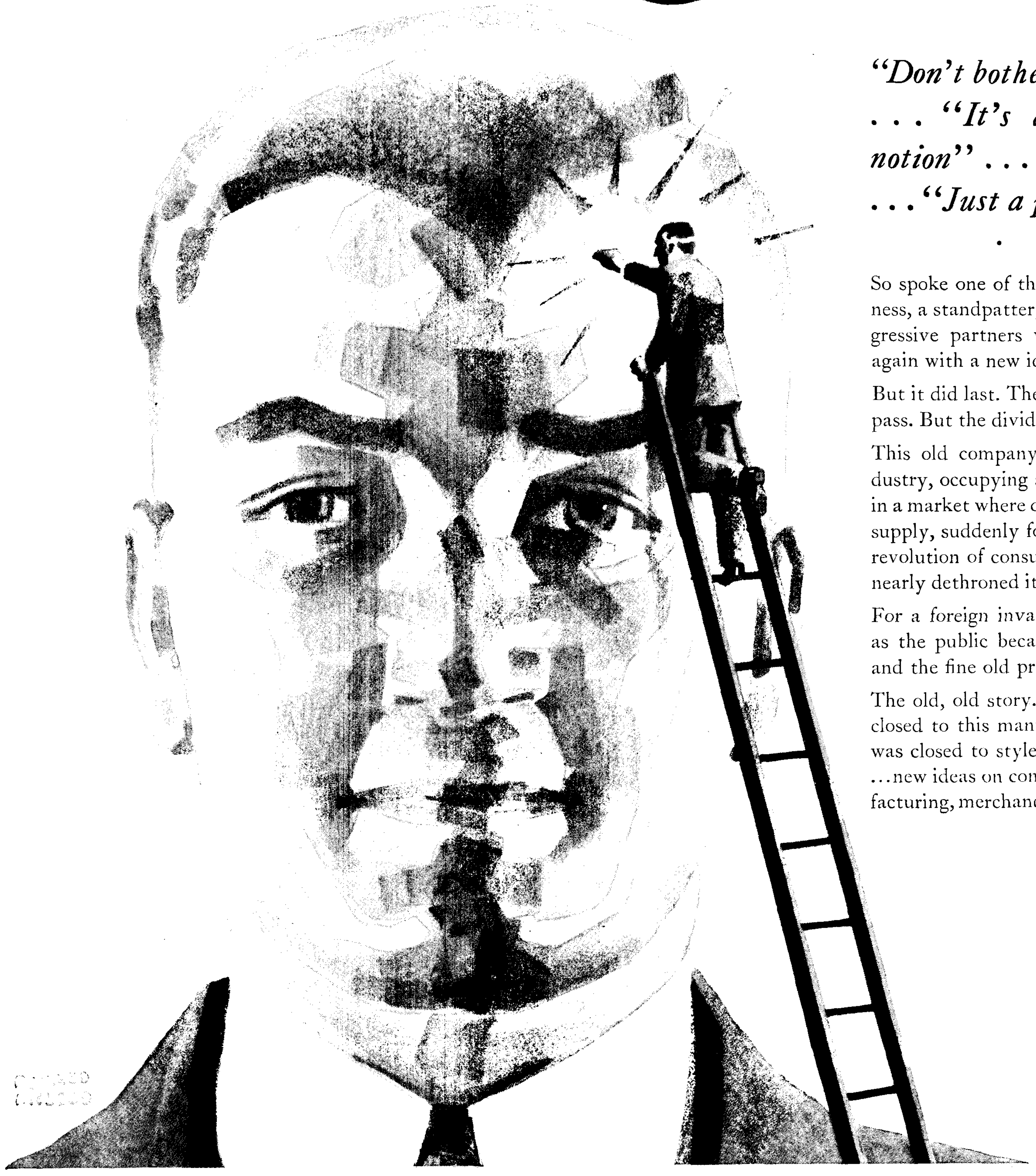
THE girl roused herself from her dream, with a brief laugh.

"Why, Mother, there's nothing to decide!" she said surprisedly. "It just—*is*, isn't it? Like a broken leg, like an earthquake. If you—well, if you had a baby, you couldn't decide to go back suddenly, could you, and not have one? If you were wrecked on a desert island, you couldn't just make up your mind to choose to be home again, safe and sound!"

(Continued on page 63)

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

The Cost of a Closed



"Don't bother me with that" . . . "It's a new fangled notion" . . . "It won't last" . . . "Just a passing flurry."

. . .

So spoke one of the heads of a great business, a standpatter, to one of the more progressive partners who bearded him once again with a new idea.

But it did last. The "passing flurry" didn't pass. But the dividends did.

This old company, the largest in its industry, occupying an autocratic leadership in a market where demand always exceeded supply, suddenly found itself engulfed in a revolution of consumer buying habits that nearly dethroned it overnight.

For a foreign invasion brought style, just as the public became style-conscious . . . and the fine old product nearly toppled.

The old, old story. Style channels weren't closed to this manufacturer, but his mind was closed to style, as to many new ideas . . . new ideas on control of materials, manufacturing, merchandise and men. "Too busy

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

Mind

to look at it" . . . "our old methods have been successful" . . . these were the verbal cords which strangled many a new idea at the start.

Finally the Board of Directors stepped in. Progressives were given the reins . . . the open minded men. It happened in the nick of time, and now this business is fighting back and winning.

What makes a closed mind?

If an executive had nothing to do but sit back and think there would be no more closed minds in business.

But that, of course, is a business Utopia and can never be. But the closest approach to it comes to pass when Remington Rand is called in.

For a "closed mind" doesn't apply only to questions of creative ideas in business, but often to the efficiency of the daily routine itself.

And thus blocks progress in two ways . . .

First, if a man's mind is closed to the new and modern methods developed for business control the *administrative* side of the business suffers.

Secondly, by denying himself the advantages of these desk-clearing, detail-dispersing aids, by surrounding himself too thickly with the details of his work, the *creative* side of the business never gets attention.

For how can a man sit back and *think* about his business, how can he climb to a mental observation post and view it broadly when he is worrying about a thousand fogging details? How can he leave his desk and go out and see what happens to his product in the marketplace when antiquated control methods keep him home to see what happens right in his own organization?

No man wants to close his mind. No man does it deliberately. And no man need shackle his energies, shorten his view, with modern methods to serve him.

Remington Rand opens new horizons

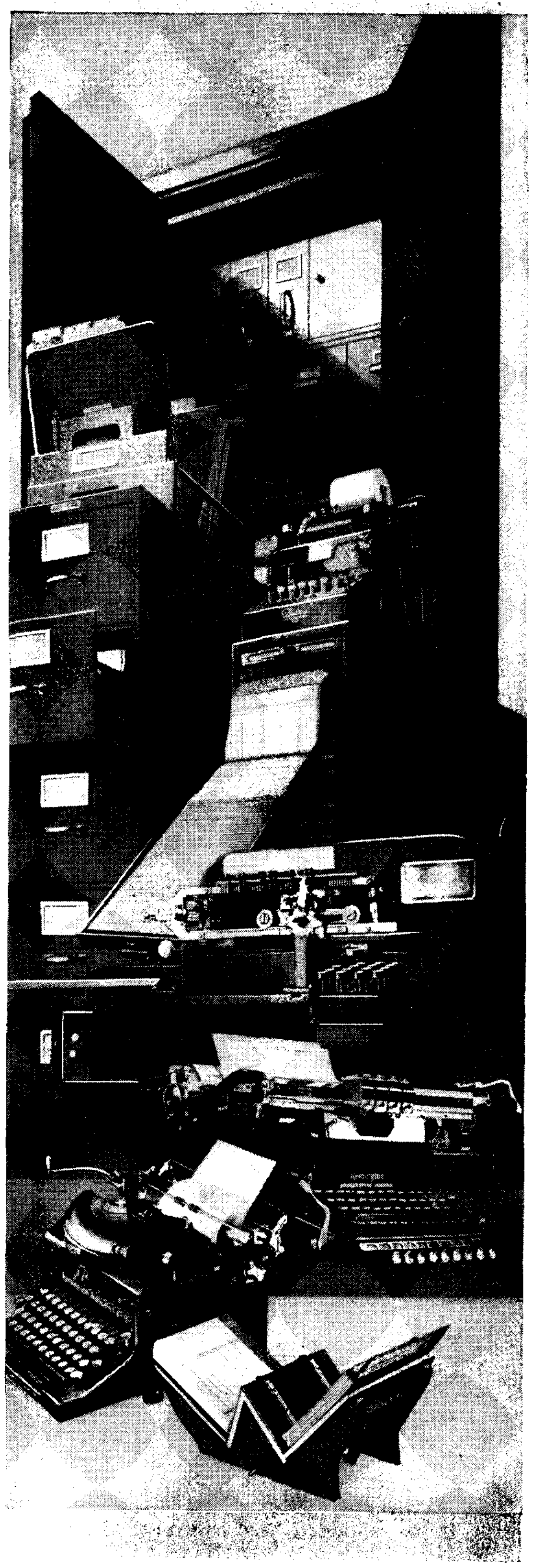
What actually happens when you call in Remington Rand?

An expert . . . one of a corps of 4,000 trained men . . . comes to see you. He carefully studies your problem. He favors no one method or machine above another since all types are under the Remington Rand flag. He gives you an honest answer. To sell is not his primary mission, but to serve.

And whether you are running a small business or a world-wide industry, Remington Rand is equipped to serve you . . . the only organization of its kind in the world. If you are fearful of the "cost of a closed mind" in your business, open the door to a Remington Rand representative.

Write or phone any Remington Rand branch . . . ask to have a man sent over. He will take off his coat and go to work and probably will find many interesting things to report.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service* RAND & KARDEX *Visible Records* . . . SAFE-CABINET *Record Protection Devices* . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . POWERS *Accounting Machines* . . . DALTON *Adding & Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO & BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*

Executive offices, Buffalo, New York. Sales offices in all leading cities.

How to put a stop to the dummy who always lays down her hand before a first play is made

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 6-3
H. K-8-7-6-3-2
D. 6-5-3
C. J-9

West
S. Q-J-10-9-7-5-4-2
H. Q-10-5
D. A-Q
C. None

East
S. 8
H. 9
D. 9-8-2
C. 10-8-7-6-5-4-3-2

South
S. A-K
H. A-J-4
D. K-J-10-7-4
C. A-K-Q

THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, was the product of a Goulash deal in Contract Bridge.

South (dealer) bid three No Trumps, which was more than justified. West passed, hoping to defeat the contract; but North, with six Hearts which might not run in spite of the strength shown by South's bid, properly bid four Hearts.

A major suit-bid of four made over partner's three No Trumps is not a strength shower. It is a length shower and a warning to the No Trumper not to continue, so after East had passed South properly did the same. (It will be noted that if the play had been at Hearts, North would have lost two Diamonds and one Heart.) West feared that four Hearts could be made and so determined to risk a bid which might be expensive, but probably cheaper than allowing North and South to win the game. West called four Spades, expecting to lose two Spades and two Hearts if he obtained the contract; whether he would also lose a Diamond seemed to depend upon where the lead came from. North passed, having said his say, and East had no excuse for bidding.

South was now in a quandary. It is always dangerous to double for business in a Goulash, but in this case the indications were that it would secure a small penalty, although probably not worth the sacrifice of a game. South also appreciated the danger of trying for five Hearts when the only honors he held were the Ace-Jack and North might not have any. So he decided to chance four No Trumps, hoping that the North hand held the Queen of Diamonds.

The probable bidding in Auction Bridge would be: South one No Trump, West two Spades, North three Hearts, which declaration South should not change to three No Trumps. If West bid three Spades, South could properly bid four Hearts. If West bid three Spades over South's one No Trump, North with six in the suit would be justified in bidding his Hearts.

The Play

In actual play, with South the Declarer, playing a contract of four No Trumps, West led the Queen of Spades which South won. South then started to make up dummy's Hearts by leading the Ace, which of course won. South's lead to trick three was Jack of Hearts and West, following the rule of always covering with a fourchette, covered the Jack with the Queen. Now the Declarer, quite cannily, ducked from dummy although he knew he was surrendering a trick if East held the Queen. But, with two tricks won, four sure Heart tricks left in dummy, and four more in closed hand, the contract was absolutely assured and the possible extra trick was immaterial in comparison.

In this hand, however, occurs one of the rare cases in which West should have taken exception to the "Always cover with a Fourchette" rule. Noting that East played the Nine on the first trick he should have realized that the Four of Hearts (the only Heart he couldn't see) was probably held by South. Then when South played the Jack, West could in an unconcerned manner play the Ten of Hearts instead of the Queen, and South, if he were not extraordinarily canny, would play the King. In that event West would have North's Hearts stopped and be in a position to defeat the four No Trump contract.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. A-K-Q-7-5-2
H. A-K-4
D. 6-3
C. A-8

East
S. 6
H. J-3-2
D. J-10-9-8
C. K-Q-J-7-4

West
S. 9-8-3
H. Q-10-8-6
D. 7-4
C. 10-9-5-2

South
S. J-10-4
H. 9-7-5
D. A-K-Q-5-2
C. 6-3

You Can't Convict a Pretty Woman

Continued from page 28

give me your attention," said Number Five gently, "I shall read—"

. . . .The defense has made much [he read], as it was entitled to, of the character of John Dougherty. He was not, it is true, an estimable citizen. But the fact that it has been shown he was a professional gambler, that he had been involved in a number of illegal transactions, makes no less serious the fact that he is dead, that he was murdered. Of this there is no doubt, and it is for you and you alone, gentlemen, to determine whether John Dougherty was murdered, as charged in this indictment, by Vira Swinburne.

THE defense had also shown that Vira Swinburne was normally a girl of gentle disposition, of charming personality, of virtuous habits. But you must consider this testimony merely as Vira Swinburne appeared in the eyes of those witnesses who gave it, and not let it influence you in weighing the actual facts as here presented.

. . . I ask you to consider for a moment the history of the principals involved in this case. In 1920 Vira Gordon was a dancer in a musical revue. She was at that time nineteen years old, a young, impressionable, beautiful girl. She met and fell in love with John Dougherty, a man-about-town, ten years older than herself, handsome, apparently wealthy. They were to have been married, when Dougherty suddenly left the country. He had been selling worthless oil stock and had fled to prevent arrest.

Seven years later, in 1927, Vira Gordon left the stage and married Stephen Swinburne, a wealthy broker and a respected citizen. You have heard numerous witnesses testify as to the happy life they led.

Then John Dougherty returned from abroad. This was in December of last year. He established a gambling house. To our knowledge Vira Swinburne was in this house three times. You have heard two versions of why she went. The state contends, with reason, that she was visiting her lover; the defense that she went to obtain letters she had written to Dougherty which he was threatening to show her husband. For this we have Vira Swinburne's testimony only; it is for you to judge the value of this testimony.

. . . We come now to the morning of January 5th, the morning when John Dougherty was found by his secretary, shot through the head. You have heard the statement of his secretary, Charles Long. At 2:30 A. M., when the house was deserted except for himself and Dougherty, Long admitted a woman whom he has identified as Vira Swinburne. Dougherty received her in his "office," a room you have seen.

Fifteen minutes later Long heard a shot. He hastened to the office and found Dougherty and Vira Swinburne sitting on either side of the desk. On the desk between them was Dougherty's .38 caliber revolver. According to Long, Dougherty looked at him, smiled, and said, "It's all right, Long. There's been a mistake. Go to bed."

It is clear that at that time Dougherty was unhurt. But at ten o'clock in the morning Long, going into the office, found him in the same chair, shot through the head, and quite dead. You have heard the coroner and Dr. Riley testify that as nearly as medical science could determine he died between two-forty-five and three-thirty o'clock.

Inspector Tait, who investigated the case, has told you of finding Dougherty's revolver on the desk. Two shots had been fired from it. One of the bullets was found imbedded in the ceiling over the desk and was presumably the shot Long heard fired. The other had crashed through Dougherty's brain and killed him.

Sergeant Bulwer has testified that there was a clear impression of fingerprints on the handle of the revolver. Both he and Professor Singleton have shown, by means of charts and enlarged photographs, that these fingerprints are incontestably those of Vira Swinburne.

. . . Now at three-twenty o'clock on that same morning a woman was admitted to the General Hospital. She was brought by George Genner, a taxi driver, who had struck her with his cab on the corner of the streets where stood Dougherty's house. She had walked, he testified, in a "dazed and uncertain manner" directly into the path of his car. She was unconscious when admitted to the hospital and remained in that state for twelve hours. That woman was Vira Swinburne.

When her connection with the case became known Inspector Tait went to the hospital. In her handbag were three letters. These letters have been admitted as evidence. They are letters written by Vira Swinburne to John Dougherty—love letters—you have heard them read.

The defense has maintained that these letters were written in 1920 when Vira was in the midst of her love affair with Dougherty. The state contends that they were written but two months ago. The letters are dated 1929. You have heard the defense attorney's theory that the cipher of the 20 was altered into a 9 by means of an added downward stroke. I must point out that no evidence has been submitted to support this theory.

The incontestable fact remains that these letters were in the possession of Vira Swinburne on the morning of January 5th. You have heard her testimony as to how she claims she obtained them. She has stated that each of the times she went to Dougherty's she went to negotiate for the letters which he was threatening to show her husband. He was demanding a price for them which she could not pay.

On the second visit they agreed upon a price, and on the morning of January 5th, she went to Dougherty's house with the jewels Mr. Swinburne had given her. She obtained the letters, for they were found in her possession later that morning. How did she obtain them? That is for you to decide, gentlemen, on the evidence as here presented.

IT HAS been shown that no jewelry was found anywhere in the Dougherty house, which was thoroughly searched by Inspector Tait. It has likewise been shown by Long's testimony, and by the admission of Vira Swinburne herself, that she fired at least one shot from the pistol on Dougherty's desk. Her fingerprints have been established as being on the handle of that pistol. It is for you to decide whether she fired the second shot, which killed Dougherty.

The state maintains that she did. It offers in evidence her own admission that she was desperate to obtain the letters, that she fired the first shot, that her fingerprints and none others were on the handle of the pistol. The defense maintains that she did not. The defense theory is that someone obtained entrance to the house after Vira Swin-

(Continued on page 43)

Extra Service

APPEARANCE
PERFORMANCE
ENDURANCE

Motorists who demand the best equipment for their perfectly appointed cars choose Federal Double Blue Pennant Tires.

They know that Federal's smart appearance adds the final touch of trim good looks to any car. They appreciate the extra driving ease of Federal's non-skid tread; its sure control and certain safety at every speed on every road.

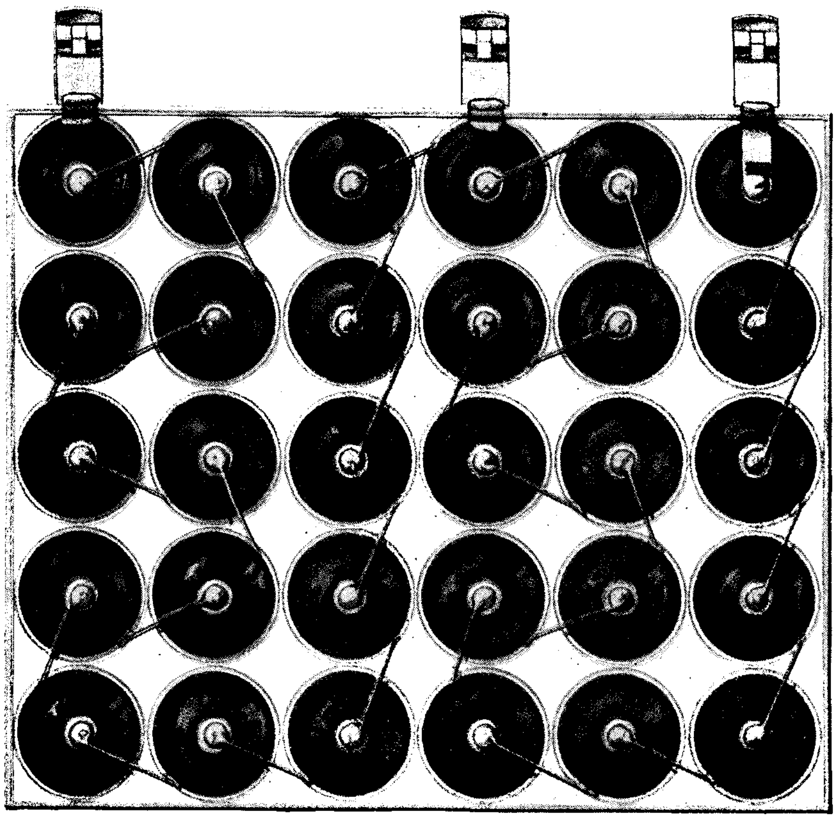
They profit by Federal's *Equal Tension Cord* construction, the exclusive Federal process that insures exceptional endurance.

You can have this complete, dependable tire service and still reduce your tire costs. Once you try a set of Federal Double Blue Pennants and see how much they give in appearance, performance and endurance, you will never be satisfied with any other tire.

***The* FEDERAL RUBBER CO.**
Sales Division **CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS**

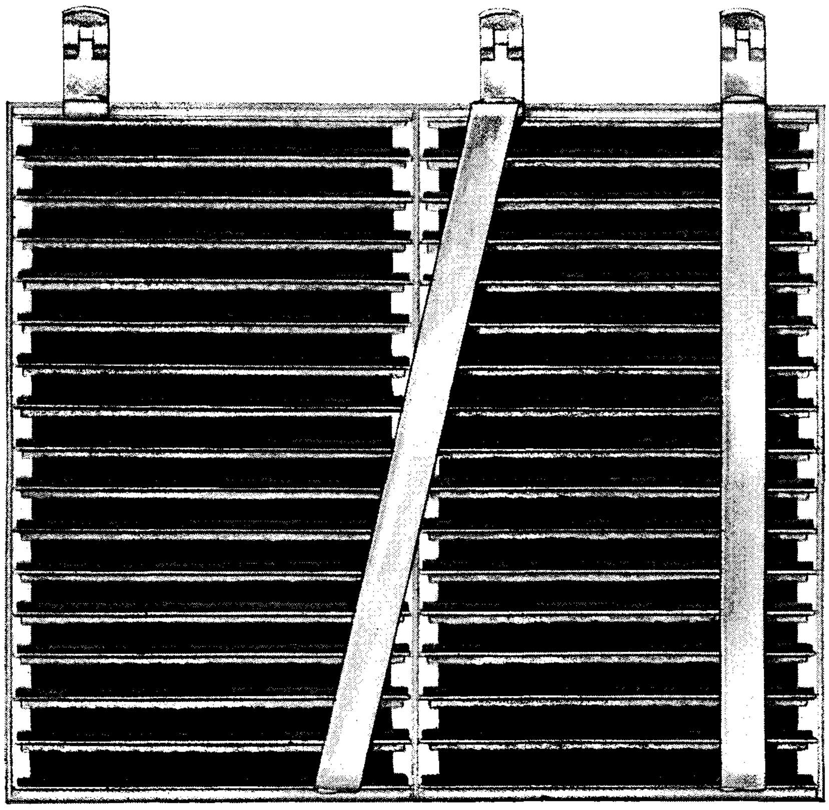
FEDERAL *TIRES*

DOUBLE BLUE PENNANT



Cylindrical Cell Construction

Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. Note waste spaces between cells.



Eveready Layerbilt Construction

Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

TO GUIDE YOU IN PURCHASING, HERE ARE THE

INSIDE • FACTS

• ABOUT "B" BATTERIES •

THERE are two types of "B" batteries. One is the old type that is assembled of separate, individual cells. Because of the fact that each of these cells is a self-contained, individual unit, the only way a "B" battery can be made of such cells is to connect them together by soldered wires. This means the use of 29 delicate, fine wires, needing 60 soldering operations—89 places where trouble can come. These facts hold whether the cells are cylindrical, square, hexagonal or any other shape.

But Eveready Layerbilts are radically different from all others. They contain *flat* cells, which are not independent but *inter*dependent. They make connection with each other automatically. Only two broad bands, ⅜ inch wide, are needed for connections. There are only five husky solderings. The flat cells fill more of the space within the battery case, and so you get more active materials and longer life.

Thus the Eveready Layerbilts are more economical, as well as more reliable—the best of all Evereadys. It will pay you in convenience, satisfaction and value for your money, to insist on getting Eveready Layerbilts. Look for the name "Layerbilt" on the label.

This is the LARGE SIZE *Eveready Layerbilt No.* 486 *for heavy duty service—price,* $4.25, *only* 25 *cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No.* 770. *Eveready Layerbilt Medium Size No.* 485*—price,* $2.95, *only* 20 *cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell "B" battery No.* 772.

HEAVY DUTY
EVEREADY
No. 486
Layerbilt
LARGE SIZE
EVEREADY

IN VITAL SERVICES

Eveready Batteries are being used in automatic train control; aircraft beacon receivers; talking motion pictures; short wave transmission; picture transmission; television; for the protection of life and property and to secure unfailing, noiseless, perfect electrical power.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT
East of the Rockies—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations.

NEW EVEREADY RADIO RECEIVERS, A.C. AND BATTERY OPERATED, NOW ON SALE

You Can't Convict a Pretty Woman

Continued from page 40

burne left, killed Dougherty, and stole the jewelry.

. . . It remains for you, gentlemen, to make the decision on the evidence you have heard presented in this court. If in your minds there remains a reasonable doubt as to whether Vira Swinburne killed John Dougherty. . . .

Number Five stopped reading and glanced at the circle of faces about the table.

"You can't find no reasonable doubt in that," said Number Three. "She's just as guilty as if Long had seen her shoot Dougherty. She had the gun in her hand, she had the motive, the opportunity. Sure she's guilty!"

"But there is a reasonable doubt," said Number Seven weakly. "There *might* have been a burglar."

"There might be a Santa Claus, too, but there ain't. If there was a burglar why didn't he take nothin' else but Swinburne's jewels? Naw, she killed him. Those letters do for her. She was crazy to write 'em, being married and all, but women do crazy things."

"Of course," said Number Five gently, "she wrote them in 1920. She was a girl then, and—"

"Read 'em," suggested Number Ten. "They were hot stuff!"

"I hardly think it necessary to read them—"

"Go ahead and read 'em! What are you squeamish about?"

Number Five took up one of Vira Swinburne's letters and regarded it thoughtfully. Then he read in a low voice:

January 2, 1929

My dear darling Jack:

I was so happy last night when you held me in your arms and told me that you loved me after all. Those few precious hours so close together made up for all the time that you have been away from me. Please, Jack, never, never go away again! No one can ever take your place, Jack—*no one.*

And when you smiled at me last night I was utterly happy. "There are smiles that make you happy, there are smiles that make you blue—" but I can never be blue, Jack, so long as you smile with me as you did last night.

You said people were beginning to talk about us and that I had better not come to your house any more. Let them talk! What do we care? What do we care about anything but each other?

Your own
VIRA.

"Gosh!" said Number Ten. "I don't wonder she was desperate to get those back."

"WHAT makes you think they weren't written this year?" demanded Number Three. "Dougherty had just come back, hadn't he, and don't she talk about him bein' away from her and beg him never to go away again?"

"Yes," admitted Number Five. "But that might equally well have been back in 1920 if Dougherty had been on a trip of some kind. However, there is one significant thing here, the quotation—'There are smiles that make you happy—' Perhaps you gentlemen don't remember, but that song had its popularity back in 1919 and 1920."

"Well, suppose it did?" said Number Three. "It might have been a favorite of Swinburne's or Dougherty's and she quoted it just for old time's sake."

"True. But there is one other thing about these letters which seems quite conclusive. When they passed them to us in the jury box I was struck at once by the quality of the paper. It is a paper that Vira Gordon might have used, but certainly not Mrs. Swinburne. I used paper of this kind myself a number of years ago. Just hold this letter up to the light, will you, and tell me what you see?"

Number Three tilted the paper toward the chandelier.

"There's a watermark on it," he said. "The maker's name, and the date—'1919.'"

There was a silence about the table. Number Five spread out his hands palms down and smiled pleasantly.

"I think that fixes the date of the letters, wouldn't you say, gentlemen? We cannot conceive of Vira possessing this paper for ten years, carrying it on tour about the country, or keeping it after she married Mr. Swinburne, can we?"

"Gee!" said Number Nine. "It's funny nobody else noticed that."

THEY were regarding Number Five with new respect. Number Three removed his cigar and spat thoughtfully toward a spittoon.

"Suppose they were written in 1920?" he said. "I don't see that it makes much difference. So long as Swinburne's husband would *think* they were written this year she'd try hard to get 'em. Well?"

"She would," admitted Number 5, "as she did. The point is that the fact they were written in 1920, as she maintained and nobody believed, makes it possible for us to put more credence in her testimony. When a woman is fighting for her life it is easy to believe she may lie. I think we may now accept her statement as substantially true, wouldn't you say, gentlemen?"

They agreed.

"Then suppose I read significant portions of her testimony. I think we will find them illuminating."

He took from the table the typewritten record of the court stenographer and began to read the testimony of Vira Swinburne:

Q. What were your relations with Mr. Dougherty at this time, Mrs. Swinburne?—I refer to when you were in the chorus of Good Times.

A. Very friendly.

Q. You were to be married?

A. Mr. Dougherty had asked me.

Q. You wrote him letters?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. These letters?

A. Yes. I wrote those in 1920.

Q. You are positive?

A. Yes. He went away shortly after and I never wrote to him again.

Q. In fact, he disappeared, did he not?

A. He went away, yes.

Q. Did you know that he was going?

A. No. I heard later that he did so to avoid arrest. I was shocked. I didn't believe it at first. Then I read about the oil stock in all the papers and I was—well, heart-broken.

. . . . .

Q. When did you see Mr. Dougherty next?

A. In January—of this year.

Q. Did you talk with him?

A. Yes.

Q. What were your feelings?

A. I had none that I recall.

Q. You had lost your love for him?

A. Oh, yes. I had forgotten all about him.

Q. What did you talk about?

A. He asked me to come and see him. I told him that I had no desire to do so, that I was married. He said he knew it, that he had been investigating—

(*Continued on page 44*)

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

IN THE state of Maine it is a crime to use "any radio receiving set which radiates radio waves between 200 and 550 meters wave-length, thereby causing interference with the reception of any other radio receiving set."

This is undoubtedly another of those cases that invariably result from the remark, "There should be a law against it." Of what use is the Maine law without machinery to enforce it? The evident purpose of the legislators was good, but the mere enactment of the law is not going to abate the nuisance. The owners of "radiating" receivers are perfectly innocent. The majority bought their sets in good faith and pure ignorance. Making them technical criminals will not cure the situation. It would be far better to begin a campaign to teach them how to operate those receivers so that their loud-speakers would not emit whistles, squeals or howls. In the majority of cases whistling, squealing or howling indicates that the radio receiver is actually causing similar annoyance to neighboring radio sets. This can be eliminated by reducing the volume control until the whistle disappears from the loud-speaker.

O-O-OOH-WAW-WOOH-H-H!!
E-E-E-E-E-YOW-W-W-W!?!

So This is Static

The British Wireless World culled this from the columns of an English newspaper: "What is static? It is the lower portion of the atmosphere which we call 'air,' and in which our broadcasting is done—a gas."

There is no doubt that a lot of broadcasting done in this country is just "gas," or plain static, and as such it should be given the air.

Thar's Gold in Them Songs

Paul Specht, who broadcasts jazz from the City of Brotherly Love on one of the radio chains, has delivered himself of the theory back of his art.

"Music," says that much-traveled purveyor of jazz, "is not local but universal. It is therefore not only logical but necessary that music of the popular type contain international characteristics, for the first requirement is variety and color. A good popular number must be a miniature cartoon, romance or story, definite in its purpose and told in an unmistakable manner."

I certainly agree that most of the jazz numbers are miniature cartoons, but really, now, how can Paul say music of the popular type is "definite in purpose"—unless he means the definite purpose is to produce shekels for Tin Pan Alley.

Or Rook a Bishop

During the course of a somewhat checkered career I have been called many things, but to Professor C. M. Hutchings I am a "picker-up of unconsidered trifles of radio interest." I presume the learned professor means I am a sort of radio Autolycus. Well, aside from the kidding, the professor is engaged in the noble experiment of teaching chess by means of radio every Tuesday afternoon through WLW—a task that is backed by the Cincy and University of Cincinnati Chess Club. The lessons include lectures on various aspects of the game, an occasional quick game, analyses of masters' games and various other interesting points about the strategy and tactics of the ancient pastime.

The professor assures me that checkers will soon disappear from the cross-road stores in the valley of the Ohio River if the correspondence that comes in after each broadcast is any criterion. If you want to learn how to pawn a castle just tune in to WLW some Tuesday afternoon.

Sterilized Melodies

Out of the grist that comes to my mill I have just gleaned this bit of chaff: "New songs for old is the theory on which Gene Arnold, announcer and vocal musician over WENR, is working these days. He has taken a number of songs that were of such a character that they could not be presented over the radio and has rewritten them for radio presentation. His latest clean-up was the Fisherman's Song."

No matter how well Gene may do this job, it seems to me that the revised arrangement can never have the fascination of the old. For instance, there's The Maid from Armentières—one of the songs that helped to win the World War.

Just ask any of your soldier friends whether this famous ditty could be improved by modernization with a vacuum cleaner.

ÆTNA

Wherever

you

may travel

Ætna

protection

goes

with you

ÆTNA-IZE

See the Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA

(*Continued from page 43*)

Mr. Bradley. Objection. What Mr. Dougherty said is—

Judge Baker. Objection sustained. Proceed, Mr. Moore.

Q. It was as a result of this talk that you first called at Dougherty's house?

A. Yes. That same night.

. . . . .

Q. Now Mrs. Swinburne, tell us about the morning of January 5th.

A. I had an appointment with Mr. Dougherty. It was my last chance to get the letters. I was desperate. Mr. Swinburne was in his room asleep. I put all my jewelry in a handbag and stole downstairs. I got a coat and hat from the hall closet and went out the front door. I remember I forgot my gloves for my hands were very cold, but I was too frightened to return for them. I found a taxi at the corner and drove to Mr. Dougherty's house.

Q. Who admitted you?

A. Mr. Long, his secretary.

Q. What did you do?

A. Mr. Long took me upstairs to the door of Mr. Dougherty's office and left me. Mr. Dougherty was sitting behind his desk. He had a revolver in his hands and was wiping it on a cloth. He put it down on the desk and came forward. He—he tried to kiss me.

I pushed him away and told him I was not there for that, that I had come for the letters. He laughed and pulled a chair up to the desk for me to sit in. For the last time I asked him to give me the letters. I told him that if I gave him all my jewelry that it would be almost as bad as if he showed the letters to Mr. Swinburne; that I would never be able to explain what had become of it.

He laughed again and told me that was my lookout. Suddenly I saw the gun on the desk and picked it up quickly. I had no intention of using it; I hoped to frighten him and make him give me the letters.

Q. You picked the gun up from the desk?

A. Yes, in my right hand. I was half frantic.

Q. Did you fire it?

A. No. That is, not exactly. Mr. Dougherty yelled, "Look out! That thing is loaded!" He jumped up and caught my wrist. In the confusion the gun went off in the ceiling.

Q. What happened then?

A. We were both frightened. I put the gun back on the desk and Mr. Dougherty sat in his chair and wiped his face with his handkerchief. Mr. Long ran into the room and Mr. Dougherty told him that it was all right, that there had been a mistake.

Q. Did you touch the gun again after that?

A. No. I gave him the jewelry. He examined it, then unlocked a drawer in his desk and handed me the letters. I put them in my handbag and left.

Q. You did not speak to Mr. Dougherty again?

A. No. I was glad to get away. I simply left the room and the house.

Q. Mr. Dougherty was unhurt when you left him?

A. Oh, yes. He was looking at the jewelry.

Q. Did you see Mr. Long on the way out?

A. No.

Q. One last question, Mrs. Swinburne: did you kill John Dougherty?

A. No. I did not.

. . . .

NUMBER FIVE stopped reading and looked up.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Number Three. "There's nothing there. It's simply Swinburne's story the way she wanted to tell it."

"True. But there are one or two seemingly insignificant details. I call your attention to the fact that Mrs. Swinburne left her home that night without gloves."

"Without gloves! What if she did?"

Number Five turned thoughtfully through the court record while the others watched interestedly.

"Say, who are you anyhow?" Number Three asked.

Number Five looked up, a faint smile on his face.

"Why, no one in particular. My name is Lewis. I am an instructor in logic at the state university."

"Well, it looks to me as if it was a good thing you're on this jury. If them lawyers had only put things as clear as you do—"

Number Five made a little tolerant gesture with his hand.

"They do the best they can under the conditions," he said. "Ah, here is what I was looking for—Sergeant Bulwer's testimony. I don't know as there is any use reading it. Both he and Professor Singleton state positively that there is a 'clear single imprint of the fingers and thumb of Vira Swinburne's right hand' on the handle of the revolver. They both state with equal positiveness that there are no other prints—just that single impression of Mrs. Swinburne's. This is only natural, for you will recall that Dougherty was wiping the gun with a cloth when Mrs. Swinburne entered the room; all previous prints would be obliterated."

"THEN that clinches it," said Number Three. "If she was the only one who touched the gun—"

"It clinches it," said Number Five, "but not in the way you think. For according to Long's testimony when he ran to the room after that first shot Dougherty was unharmed and Vira was sitting across the desk from him. The revolver was lying *on* the desk."

"Suppose it was. There's no reason why she couldn't have picked it up again, is there?"

"An excellent reason," said Number Five softly. "You see, she had no gloves."

"But what—"

"If Vira Swinburne had touched that gun again there would have been more than a single imprint of her fingers. It is inconceivable to imagine that she could have grasped it in the precise manner as at first. Therefore, since she had no gloves, Vira Swinburne *could not possibly* have fired the second shot."

There was a hush in the jury room. Through the open window came the raucous scream of a motor horn.

"Say! That's right!"

"Well, what do you know!"

"Let's take another ballot!"

Eager hands reached for yellow pads and pencils.

"Say, Mr. Lewis, who did kill Dougherty?"

Number Five shrugged his narrow shoulders and smiled.

"I haven't given it a thought," he said. "Of course there is Long; and any one of Dougherty's gambling guests might have concealed himself in the house; and there is Vira Swinburne's husband— But our duty ends, gentlemen, when we have reached a verdict. Shall we take the ballot?"

THE jury of Vira Swinburne's peers filed into the jury box at nine-twenty that evening. Except for the press tables the courtroom was almost empty. The white lights fell pitilessly on the pale face of Vira Swinburne as she was brought before the bar. Rip Bradley was talking with the reporters; old Moore was whispering to Mr. Swinburne. Vira stood alone, trembling slightly, her dark eyes searching the faces of the twelve good men and true.

"What do you think?" whispered the "sob sister" of the News.

"Guilty," said the hard-boiled "star" of the Democrat. "They wouldn't dare say anything else on the evidence."

"Gentlemen of the jury"—the voice echoed hollowly in the bare room—"have you agreed upon a verdict?"

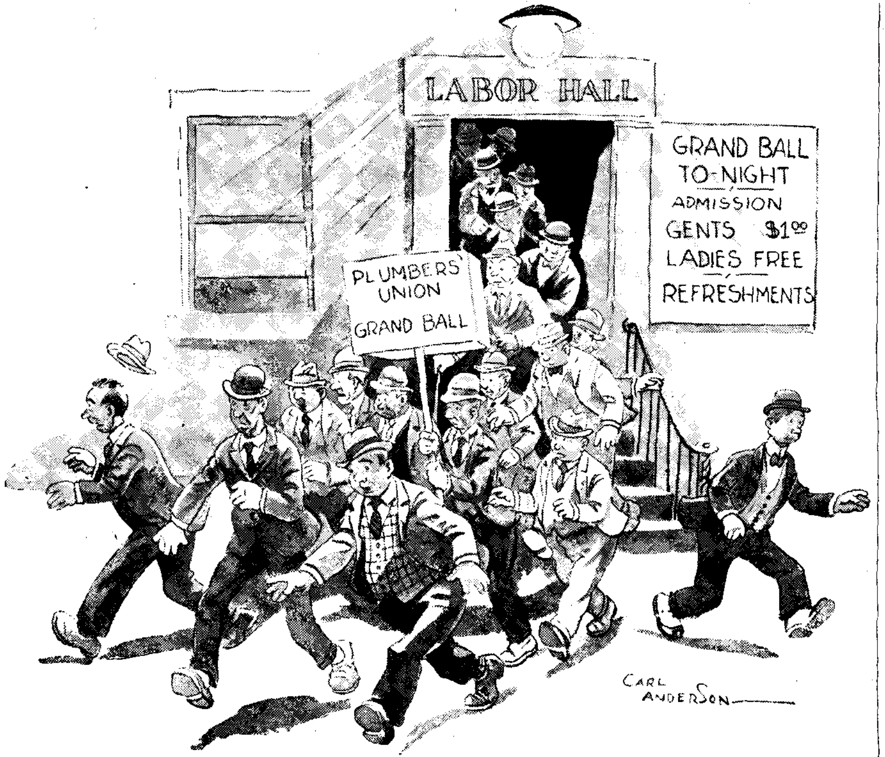
"We have," said the foreman.

"Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"*Not guilty.*"

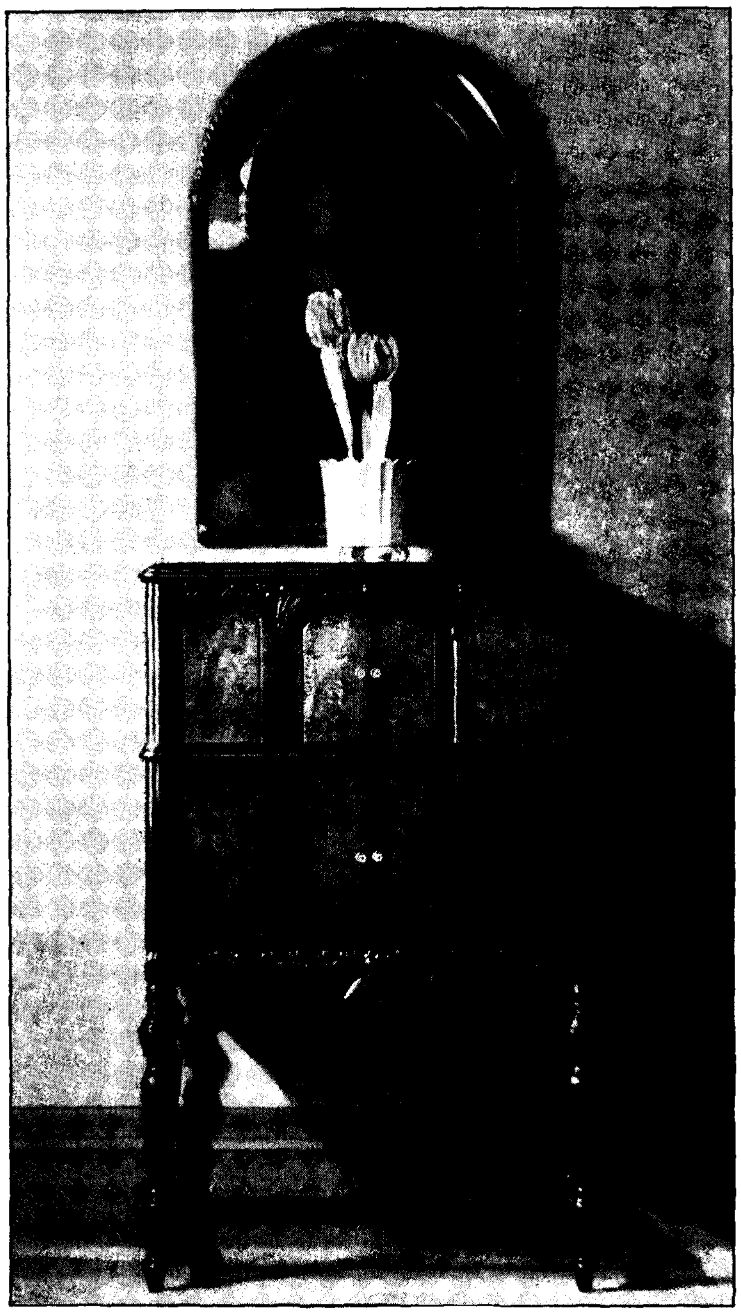
Vira Swinburne put out her hand and leaned weakly against the rail. Her husband staggered out of his chair and put his arm around her. The "star" of the Democrat turned to the "sob sister" of the News.

"Ye gods!" he said. "You can't convict a pretty woman these days. Look at that bunch of monkeys grin. Look at Number Five! What can you expect from a dumb-looking egg like that?"


LABOR HALL
GRAND BALL TO-NIGHT ADMISSION GENTS $1.00 LADIES FREE REFRESHMENTS
PLUMBERS' UNION GRAND BALL
CARL ANDERSON

There was some delay in starting the festivities at the ball because the plumbers forgot to bring their ladies and had to go back after them

ANNOUNCING



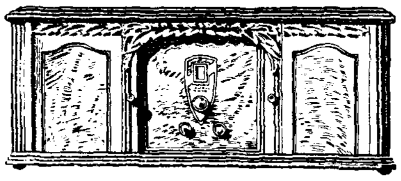
BOSCH RADIO

ENGINEERED TO THE NEW SCREEN-GRID FOUR ELEMENT TUBES

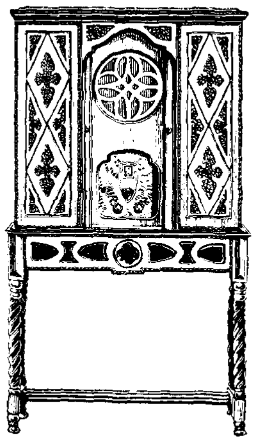
THE BEST IN RADIO
BOSCH RADIO

Quality radio but not high-priced will be your discovery when you examine the new Bosch Radio models. Bosch engineered beyond your expectations to the new Screen-Grid tubes, this new Bosch Radio leads in the latest developments. Its electrical design and precision construction assure a pageantry of reception never approached in radio. Bosch Radio has a supreme simplicity of operation. Seven tubes—three Screen-Grid, a powered detector, two amplifiers, arranged in push-pull, and a full wave power rectifier—the latest tube developments. Hear and see the new Screen-Grid Bosch with Dynamic type Speaker at your Bosch Radio Dealer. The Bosch Radio Combination Receiver and Speaker Console—less tubes $168.50.

Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., R. F. L. and Lektophone —Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.



New Bosch Radio Library Model 48 contains the perfectly hielded chassis with seven tubes, three of which are the new creen-Grid amplifier type, housed in handsome table cabinet f richly grained walnut veneers. The sliding doors have dis-nct appeal. Price less tubes . . . . $119.50.



New Bosch Radio De Luxe Console employing the most modern radio developments uses seven tubes, three of which are the new Screen-Grid type. The sliding doors conceal both dial panel and dynamic type speaker. Antique finish in Old English line walnut veneers. Price less tubes $240.00.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

You'll Have Better Results With Bosch Radio Tubes

Blades

for the delicately balanced, perfectly designed Enders Razor must be able to cut a sterilized human hair cleanly before being packed. *Every* Enders blade has, therefore, the *keenest edge that steel will take!*

Enders
RAZOR

The new, perfectly balanced Enders Razor, with 6 blades $1.00

Blades, per package of 5 35

NOTE: If unable to secure an Enders Razor or blades, write us, enclosing purchase price.

ENDERS SALES CO.
105 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Hold that Boat Train!

Continued from page 30

this trouble. If we found the papers I would at least get a private reprimand. The old Fire Eater would see to that, aide or no aide. If we didn't find them, a general court. Possibly sent home in disgrace; chances for promotion wiped out.

Tramp of feet rescued me from the misery of my conscience. It was a lanky subaltern with a cockeyed cap and pair of Tommies with big feet. They were the ones the officer had asked for.

"*Come on,*" the latter said to me. "We'll search the train."

I mumbled something about hurrying, but it seemed out of place. We had to find my brief case first. That was all-important. Yet fatuously I could not forget that the admiral and I had hoped to make the night boat.

"We'll Find 'Em, Admiral"

We went first to my compartment. The admiral had lain down on the bunk. His bulk filled it from wall to coaming. The color had washed out of his face, leaving his nose more hawklike than ever.

"Oh, no, sir. Don't get up," said the British officer quickly and considerately.

The old Fire Eater was curt as usual, interspersing his apologies with acid Yankee oaths.

When he had blown off a bit I stood up to my guns and told him that I had put my papers in the brief case, thinking he was going to stay in the compartment until we were notified we could leave. I braced myself for the obvious retort. But he must have seen the anguish in my face. He swung his hooded eyes to the Britisher.

"And now what?"

The latter chuckled, a little coldly I thought. "We'll find 'em, Admiral," he said. If they had both kicked me I couldn't have felt more degraded.

At the senior officer's suggestion, we took the rear cars first. It was a comfort to see how thorough the British were. The scoundrel who had robbed me must be aboard. Methodically we went through the train. There were only about a dozen passengers, mostly men. Six were ruled out at once—officers and men in uniform. Not that there was any chance taken by the searchers; disguise was too easy during the war. But the six were used to discipline. They got out, lined up, submitted to skilled search of body and baggage and passed on.

In the same car was a fat woman, a very fat woman. She must have had trouble getting into her compartment at all. She sat upright, "all-standing" as we sailors say, and with the helpless vexation of an over-fat person defied us to have anything to do with her.

"Madame—" apologized the subaltern and went without ceremony into her parcels and grip.

The fat woman glared at him, speechless with fury. But she was used to the iron heel of war and never exploded.

Despite my misery I laughed when the perspiring subaltern dragged from under the voluminous folds of the fat lady's dress, a sort of animal traveling cage or basket. It was covered with a piece of dark cloth and held a plump maltese cat. The creature looked terrified. Cats have a sixth sense; this one may have felt death even then.

"Against regulations," muttered the subaltern, dutifully tapping the cage for a false bottom until the cat spat and the lady blew audibly through her nose at such lunacy. But I could not laugh again. The cat's quivering fear was real.

The next car took longer. At least it seemed long to me, in the state of mind I was in. Yet I don't suppose we were over ten minutes at the whole task.

First came a youngish man with a silky black moustache, pale smooth skin and small feminine features.

"Why aren't you in uniform?" demanded the subaltern.

"Heart," replied the fellow with a distinct Irish slur. His eyes were evasive.

But his four bags showed nothing. They were jammed with clothing, cheap shirts, socks, underwear, handkerchiefs—all soiled. He had a copy of a cheap novel wrapped up in a piece of old cotton cloth.

The search availed nothing.

After ten minutes of effective work by the Tommies, we came to the last man. He was a priest, a kindly middle-aged Jesuit with round and ruddy countenance. His blue eyes were eager and his movements hospitable as he welcomed us to his stateroom. It was clear both that he knew what we were about and hoped to help us in any way he could.

"Sorry," murmured the subaltern.

The senior officer also apologized. I knew both the Tommies did; and I would have too, except that just as I opened my mouth I heard a shout on the platform outside the window. There was sound of running feet and other confusion.

"They must have caught him!" was my first thought as I ran to the end of the car.

The platform seemed filled with people when I reached it. The first thing I noticed was that *they were all soaking wet.* Possibly it was raining harder than ever. I glanced up. To my surprise the clouds had broken and were scurrying across a full moon high up.

"*Gangway!*"

I stood aside at the nautical command. Two men hurried by me carrying a third on a stretcher.

Torpedoed!

I stepped up to the wet figure nearest me and asked:

"What is it?"

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"Torpedoed," in a flat voice.

"What's torpedoed?"

"City of Leinster."

Good Lord! The boat we had tried to catch! It must have happened at the very mouth of the harbor.

But didn't this mean that the thief on the train might escape? Couldn't he hop off and join the crowd? I went aboard again. A knot of people stood in the passage of my car. An injured man had been brought in. He lay motionless on the long seat, his head swathed in bandages. A blanket covered him to his shoulders.

An irregular area a foot square of the blanket was *drenched with blood!*

The very fat woman and the weak-hearted young Irishman, who had turned out to be a doctor, were working over him.

For the moment I forgot my own disaster. I turned to leave. As I did so the stamp of boots came thudding toward the door. The people standing there were brushed aside and the senior British officer came in. He was followed by a second and larger man in civil uniform, mud-bespattered and hurried. The latter reminded me of a bloodhound I once saw come out of a swamp and by luck fall snortingly into the scent again.

He paused for a moment, eyeing me, the fat woman and the doctor in succession. The last two he dwelt upon sharply. Then inevitably, his eyes, too, fell upon the blood that drenched the blanket.

He began to draw away the blanket. I tried not to look, but the eyes of all of us focussed on the horror we were about to see. I heard one man gulp as if about to be sick.

The doctor and the fat woman fell back paralyzed at what the intruder was doing.

Another blanket lay under the first. It was twice as bloody. Slowly, so as not to disturb the fearful wound, the man drew back the second blanket. Then, abruptly, he threw it clear with a cruel gesture that made us all wince.

"*Haw!*" he exploded. "Thought so!"

Shudderingly we drew up closer. Then to a man we burst into loud and nervous laughter.

Under the blanket lay the dead body of the fat woman's cat with its throat cut!

"Is it Weil, Inspector?" asked the British officer.

Before replying the inspector, a Scotland Yard man I now realized, reached for the prone man's face bandages and roughly ripped them off. It was the priest—uninjured. But his ruddy face had gone pale and sullen.

"Weil," said the inspector nodding slowly, "it's taken some time, but here we are."

"But my papers?" I presently had the courage to ask.

Lady Luck Takes a Hand

They extracted them from under the "priest's" shirt, while the subaltern, a little sheepishly, attended to handcuffing the fat woman and the "doctor" together.

Of course the torpedoing of the City of Leinster is a matter of naval record, and my admiral's indigestion a lucky break for the enemy agents. It gave them a chance to seize my brief case. But when the train was surrounded so promptly, escape became difficult. By that time Weil, "the priest," had his back to the wall. No doubt he did not have my papers on his person at the moment, but he had them near by. The trouble was he couldn't get away with them.

He must have reasoned that the British military would send for the nearest secret service man to go over the passengers with an eye to identification. So his position was a desperate one.

What a stroke of luck it must have seemed when the torpedoed ship's survivors began to stream by. In the momentary confusion Weil, the master spy, showed his genius by contriving to appear as one of the victims. He must have signaled his bewildered accomplices to follow him with the cat. Then with a few swift movements he recovered my papers from their temporary hiding place, slew the cat and threw it under the pair of blankets he had seized off the nearest berth to cover himself with. The "doctor" must have helped him hide his face in strips of toweling.

It was a superb piece of resourcefulness on the part of the enemy agent. But the fact that he was captured nevertheless just shows that when you set out to commit a crime or solve a mystery, Lady Luck sits in with both parties.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Barbasol puts me on the Lot at 8!"

"If I had to coax my beard to come off in the old rub-and-lather way I'm afraid I'd be late on the Lot more often than not—and that's a major crime in Movieland! A quick, smooth, soothing Barbasol shave enables me to face the camera on time and on the top of the world so far as my face goes!"

Jack Holt

Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather No Rub-in
for Modern Shaving
Made only by THE BARBASOL COMPANY Indianapolis U.S.A.
Barbasol
Barbasol antiseptic beard softener for shaving
No brush No lather No rub-in
Barbasol Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL

JACK HOLT, known and loved by millions of movie fans, comes pretty close to being a perfect type of well-groomed American manhood. His latest release, in case you don't know, is "Flight", a Columbia Picture.

JUST try a Barbasol shave tomorrow morning! As smoothly as a modern picture moves on the screen your razor will glide over your facial ups and downs—and in less time than it takes to run off a hundred feet of film your countenance will emerge from its balm-blanket of Barbasol fit to face the most critical of close-ups!

Here's a bit of Barbasol directing

Throw away lather-brush and rub-in-soap. Register Emancipation.

1. Wet your face (leave it wet). 2. Spread on Barbasol (don't rub in). 3. Wet your razor—*shave.* Register Supreme Satisfaction Business of beaming joyfully as your fingers feel the baby-face smoothness of your cool, clean-shaven skin!

Honestly, you won't know what an effortless, easy thing a shave can be until you've tried this most soothing of beard-softeners. It is said that blades last longer when Barbasol is used.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

Barbasol
Skin Freshener

BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

Douse it on whenever your skin seems a little the worse for wear—at once it will feel rejuvenated and glowing! BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER is new life in liquid form for tired-feeling faces and bodies. Try it!

Be fair to your face! Get a big Barbasol Tube from your druggist today so as to be all set for tomorrow morning's hair-harvest. Two generous sizes 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Y and E"

The "Y and E" trade mark is the symbol of 49 years' leadership in the office equipment industry. It is the mark of quality—high standards of workmanship—integrity of purpose—constant service to customers.

Control a *hundred* salesmen as easily as *one*

THE Sales Manager who uses "Y and E" sales records has his entire organization in the "hollow of his hand." He knows the number of calls, the territory covered, the lost motion or the productivity of every man. A glance tells the whole story! He keeps control of every man in the field.

Phone for the "Y and E" Representative

"Y and E" ready-made sales systems fit most businesses, or special forms can be quickly designed if needed. Phone or write the "Y and E" store in your city or write us, and a trained representative will give you immediate service—without obligation to you.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
852 JAY ST. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.
Export Dept., 368 Broadway, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

"Y and E"

OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILES ✓ STEEL SHELVING ✓ DESKS ✓ SAFES ✓ OFFICE SYSTEMS AND SUPPLIES ✓ ✓ BANK AND LIBRARY EQUIPMENT ✓ ✓

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 9

rest didn't live long, but their fame did. Yet they wasn't any worse than the cattlemen and sheepmen who fought thet war. I've never had a real honest job since."

Stone kicked a stick into the fire and watched it crackle and flame.

"An' thet fetches me down to this day an' the Hash Knife Outfit here," he went on. "There's a heap of difference between fact and rumor. Old Jim Traft knows we're rustlin' his stock, but he can't prove it—yet. Bambridge knows we're stealin' cattle, but he can't prove it because he's crooked himself. An' same with lesser cattlemen hereabouts. If I do say it myself I've run this outfit pretty slick. We've got a few thousand head of cattle wearin' our brand, most of which we jest roped out on the range an' branded. We knowed the mothers of these calves had Traft's brand or some other than ours.

"But no posse or court can ever prove thet onless they ketch us in the act. We're shore too old hands now to be ketched, at least at the brandin' game. But . . . an' men, here's the hell of it: we can't go on in the old comfortable way, if Traft sends thet Diamond Outfit down here. Yellowjacket belongs to *him. An' don't you overlook this Diamond* bunch if Slinger Dunn is on it. Slinger is even more of an Indian than a backwoodsman. I know him well. We used to hunt together. He's run a lot in the woods with Apaches, an' no outfit would be safe while he prowled around with a rifle.

"I'm tellin' you—if Slinger would ambush us—shoot us from cover like an Indian, he'd kill every damn' one of us. But I'll gamble Slinger wouldn't never do thet kind of fightin'. An' we want to bear thet in mind if it comes to a clash between the Diamond an' the Hash Knife."

"If," exploded Anderson, as the leader paused. "There ain't no ifs. Any kind of reasonin' would show you thet Traft has long had in mind workin' up this Yellowjacket. It'll run ten thousand head, easy, an' will be a fine ranch."

"WAL, then, we got to figger close. Let me make a few more points an' then I'll put it to a vote. Bambridge has been playin' a high hand lately. How many thousand unbranded calves an' yearlin's we've drove over to him I can't guess. But shore a lot. Anyway he's figgerin' to leave Arizony. Thet's my hunch. An' he'll likely try to drive some big deals before he goes. If he does you can bet he'll leave the Hash Knife to bear the brunt.

"Traft has come out in the open. He's on to Bambridge. There's no slicker cowman on the range than Traft's man, Ring Locke. They'll put the Diamond down here, not only to watch us but Bambridge too. . . . Wal, I reckon it'd be wise fer us to make one more drive, sell to Bambridge, an' clear out pronto."

"My Gawd!" croaked Malloy, in utter amaze.

"Boss, do I understand you to hint you'd leave the range your Hash Knife has run fer twenty years?" demanded Stoneface Carr.

And the Texan rustler Pecos asked a like question, drawling and sarcastic.

"Men, I read the signs of the times," replied the leader, briefly, and not without heat. "I'll put it up to you one by one. . . . Anderson, shall we pull up stakes fer a new range?"

"I reckon so. It ain't the way of a Hash Knife Outfit. But I advise it fer thet very reason."

Sonora, the sheep herder, leaned significantly and briefly to Stone's side, but the gambler was stone cold to the plan. Malloy only croaked a profane and scornful refusal. The others came out flat with derisive or affronted objections.

"Wal," said Stone, "it's settled. The Hash Knife stays until we are run out or wiped out."

That ultimatum seemed to be final. One by one the men unrolled their beds and turned in.

Jed Stone remained in the darkening shadow by the chimney, and thought of the past. He saw pictures in the glowing embers. . . . Twenty years ago he had been a cowboy riding the ranges, free, honest, liked, with all the future before him. . . .

He went back to unroll his bed near the fire, and he for one pulled off his boots. Throwing more chips and bits of bark on the coals he stretched his long length, feet to the warmth, and his head high, and watched the blaze rise and fall, the red glow pale, the ruddy embers darken and the shadows dim and die.

THAT same stormy night in early November, when the members of the *Hash Knife gang had their fateful colloquy* in the old log cabin on the Yellowjacket range, Jim Traft sat with his nephew in the spacious living-room of the big ranch house on the edge of Flagerstown.

It was a bright warm room, doubly cozy owing to the whine of wind outside and the patter of sleet on the windowpanes. Old Traft had a fondness for lamps with rosy globes; and the roaring fire in the great stone fireplace attested to his years on the open range. A sleek wolfhound lay on the rug. Traft occupied an armchair that looked *as ancient as the hills, and he sat back* with a contented smile on his fine weather-beaten face, occasionally puffing his pipe.

"Dog-gone it, Jim, this is somethin' like home," he said. "You look so good to me these days. An' you've come through a Westerner. . . . An' the old house isn't lonesome any more."

He nodded his gray head toward the far end of the room where Molly Dunn curled in a big chair, her pretty gold-brown head bent over a book. Opposite Molly on the other side of the table sat Mrs. Dunn, with an eager, expectant look of enchantment, as one who wanted to keep on dreaming.

Young Jim laughed. It looked more *than something like home to him, and* seldom was there a moment his eyes did not return to that brown head of Molly Dunn.

"Yes, Uncle," he drawled, in the lazy voice he affected on occasions. "You wouldn't think we're only a few weeks past that bloody fight. . . . Gosh, when I think! . . . Uncle, I've told you a hundred times how Molly saved my life. It seems like a dream. . . . Well, I'm back home—for this *is* home, Uncle. No work for weeks! No bossing that terrible bunch of cowboys! You so pleased with me—though for the life of me I can't see why. Molly here for the winter to go to school—and—and then to be my wife next spring. . . . And Slinger Dunn getting well of those awful bullet wounds so fast. . . . It's just too good to be true."

"Ahuh. I savvy how you feel, son," replied the old rancher. "It does seem that out here in the West the hard knocks and trials make the softer side of life—home an' folks—an' the girl of your heart—so much dearer an' sweeter. It ought to make you keen as a whip to beat the West—to stack cunnin' an' nerve against the wild life of the range, an' come through alive. I did. An' Jim, if I'd been a drinkin', roarin' cowpuncher I'd never have lasted, an' you wouldn't be here tonight, stealin' looks at your little Western girl."

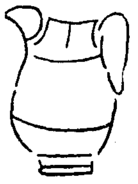
"OH, UNCLE, that's the—the hell of it," exclaimed Jim. "I'm crucified when I realize it. Those weeks building the drift fence were great. Such fun—such misery! Then that fight in the cabin! Oh, Lord! I could have torn *Hack Jocelyn to pieces with my hands.* Then when Molly was fighting him for possession of his gun—hanging to him like grim death—with her *teeth*, mind you—when he lifted and swung her and beat her—I was an abject groveling wretch, paralyzed with horror. . . . Then when Slinger leaped past me round the cabin, as I sat there tied and helpless, and he yelled like an Indian at Jocelyn. . . . I thrill and shiver now, and my heart stops. . . . Only since I've been home do I realize what you mean about the

(*Continued on page 50*)

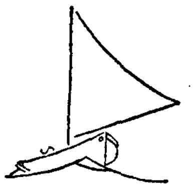
Nameographs

Self-expression is the order of the day. It's only fair that words should have a chance at it, too. Give some worthy word a helping hand! Let it show what it means.

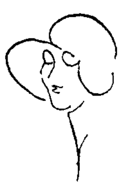
We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



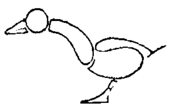
"Pitcher," by Ruth Taylor, 1120 Kenneth Ave., Beaumont, Texas



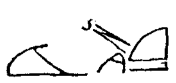
"Sailboat," by C. L. Shippherd, 412 South Alexandria St., Los Angeles, Cal.



"Female," by Earl P. Miller, 837 Fourth St., Lancaster, Penn.



"Goose," by Alden Hall, 520 Foerster St., San Francisco, Cal.



"Sandal," by E. Leith, 2242 35th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Farm Trade Tips

Volume I

A Farm & Fireside Service to Small-City Dealers

Number 6

THESE 11 IDEAS INCREASED SALES FOR OTHERS

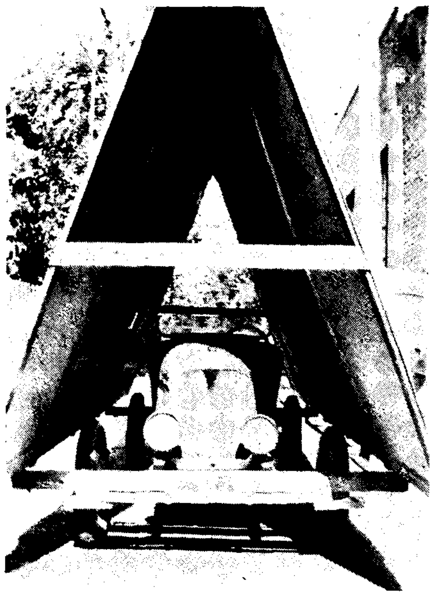
Soap Ship

A window contest idea that was successful in increasing sales of household supplies and other merchandise is the tip from the general store of Mrs. Geo. A. McNeil, Piggott, Ark. The first of April, the clean-up month, she built a miniature battleship out of bars of a nationally-advertised laundry soap. The guns were made of round cans of a widely advertised brand of cleanser. And a background of soap bars extended to the ceiling of the window. With every order of groceries the customer was allowed one guess as to the total number of soap bars used in the display. Lively interest in the contest increased business in all lines during the month. At the end of April the customer who had guessed nearest to the number of bars of soap on display (800) was awarded a box of 100 bars.

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

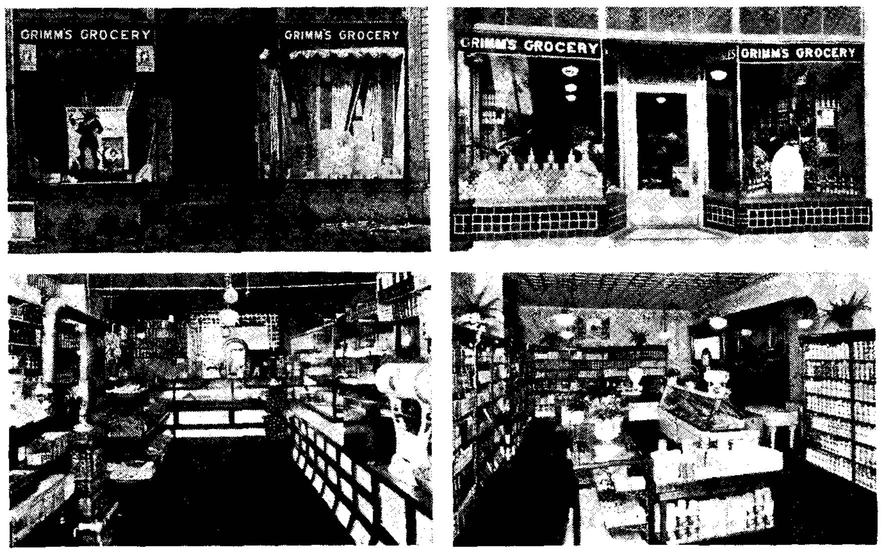
Free Taxi

A Florida automobile dealer, agent for a low-priced popular car, wanted to introduce a new model in a new way. He ran an advertisement saying that one of the new cars would go into taxi service the following day free to the public. The "taxi" was chauffeured by one of the dealer's salesmen. Every ride was a demonstration. Seven new cars were sold in two weeks, says C. C. Belk of Washington, N. C.



Travelling Ad

Gordon Holford, manager of the Crescent Theatre of Garland, Texas, uses the travelling billboard shown above to advertise his motion picture offerings to farm people. He says farmers are too busy during crop seasons to come to town during *daylight* hours, and that therefore they miss seeing billboard advertisements. His travelling billboard has two advantages—striking appearance and low cost. An old car stripped down for the purpose cost him only $40 and it more than paid for itself the first week. He thinks other merchants can use the idea with equal success. His display carries standard 24-sheet posters, 9 feet by 20 feet.



Courtesy of Hardware Age.

Presto — Change! Modernized Grocery Nets 25 Per Cent Sales Increase

THE above photographs show Grimm's Grocery, Louisville, Ky.—as it used to be—and as it is today. The store was modernized according to recommendations from the Domestic Commerce Division of the Department of Commerce, and for the first three months of operation shows a 25 per cent increase in net sales. Principal changes are—new cement sidewalk—removal of steps—tile trimmed window bases—floor level brought to sidewalk level—new pressed steel ceiling—new 7-ft. shelving around three sides of the room—redecorated walls reflecting more light—modern lighting system—and the use of plants and flowers to add to the atmosphere of charm and tastiness. The pictures tell the story—to the left the *old*—to the right the *new!*

More Attention

Walter Engard, London, O., suggests this idea to get better attention value for the store's local newspaper advertisements. Select two automobile license numbers—get them from the local registration bureau—and feature them in a display box in each advertisement. Offer a dollar in trade each to the owners of these license plates if they will call at the store during the week the ad appears. A lively interest in the store's advertising follows where this idea has been tried, he says.

STOCK NATIONALLY KNOWN LINES

Extra Sales

George Smedal says a Minnesota general merchant has a last-minute reminder on his wrapping counter that sells a good volume of extra sales each month. The glass top on the counter is removable. And each week a large piece of cardboard headed, "What have you forgotten?" is slipped under it. A dozen or more last minute suggestions are listed to catch the customer's eye while she is waiting for her purchases to be wrapped.

Garden Window

In a general store in Cimarron, N. M., early last spring, Margaret Ward installed a home-made hot-bed in the front display window. By the time the selling season on seeds and garden tools arrived she had ripe growing vegetables on display against a background of tools and packaged seeds. After the vegetables came nasturtiums. The store had its biggest year in sales of seeds and garden supplies.

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Machine Talk

The Standard Mercantile Co., of Circle, Mont., finds that vivid, between-season display sells more farm implements. Recently they had a satisfied owner bring in his harvester-thresher for a ten-day exhibit on the lot adjoining the store. A big sign across the front of the machine read: "JUST FINISHED CUTTING 2000 ACRES. SEVENTY DAYS IN THE FIELD. LOOK ME OVER — I AM READY FOR NEXT SEASON."

—*Harvester World.*

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

Guess-Coupons

A county newspaper in Baker, Ore., runs weekly "guess-coupons" to draw farm trade to local stores, says F. L. Hubbard. The coupon carries a slogan previously featured in a local store's newspaper ads. Readers are invited to guess the name of the store from its slogan. All coupons are delivered in person at the newspaper office. Correct guesses are awarded gift cards which when presented at the store win prizes. A drug store whose slogan was thus featured had over two hundred callers bearing gift cards, most of them country people. The gift was an assorted package of samples of face powder, cream, etc., and a large bottle of hand lotion.

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Sell the Boy!

Start your tractor sale with the boy on the farm, advises O. L. Steensland, successful automotive dealer of Lake Andes, S. D. "As a rule," he says, "the man who has farmed with horses for years does not take kindly to the tractor, due to lack of expert mechanical knowledge and a natural love for horses through long association. The boy on the other hand has a keen interest in all things mechanical and is mighty quick to see into the care and repair of a tractor. Sell the boy on the idea of a tractor and he will sell his father as no other sales influence can."

PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Used Cars

Fenton E. Wright of Lodi, Cal., sells used cars through barber shops. He tells about it in *Motor.* He displays his list of used cars in frames like picture frames, 24 inches high by 16½ inches wide and open at the back so that strips of cardboard listing the cars can be slipped in and out. He has about twenty-five of these display frames in barber shops in surrounding small towns, offers the barber shop proprietor $5 for every prospect sent in providing a sale is made within 30 days, and has found the plan a money maker. One barber in a town ten miles away sent in four sales in six months.

$10 For Your Tip

We pay $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. Send in your idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. We may use them all. You do not have to be an experienced writer. It's the idea that counts. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

Send your idea to *Farm & Fireside,* Department C-6, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Farm Trade Tips" appears regularly in Collier's and The American Magazine as part of *Farm & Fireside's* service to national advertisers and their small-city dealers.

READ IN MORE THAN 1,350,000 FARM HOMES

"CRAVENETTE"
MALLORY
HATS

The Hats Of Youthful Smartness

A Spruce And Sportsmanlike
MALLORY STYLE

The rich fur felt, almost electric with life, "snaps" in a most natural and graceful sweep. This is the "Baypath", a hat of renowned Mallory quality.

Mallory Hats for Fall in twenty-five styles and colors are on sale at the better hat stores and hat departments throughout the United States.

$6.50 to $20
Including The "Mallory Fifteen"

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York

"Cravenette"
MALLORY
HATS

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 48

West. It's wonderful, it's glorious, but terrible, too."

"You've had your eyeteeth cut, son," said Traft, grimly. "Now you must face the thing—you must fight. I've fought for forty years. An' it will still be years more before the range is free of the outlaw, the rustler, the crooked cattleman, the thieving cowboy."

"Uncle," called Molly, plaintively, "shore the West's not as wicked as you make out."

"Ha! Ha!" roared the rancher, rubbing his hands. "That's funny from Molly Dunn. My dear, if *you* hadn't had all the Western qualities I'm tryin' to inspire in Jim, where would he be now?"

Even across the room Jim saw her sweet face blanch and her big, dark eyes dilate; and these evidences shot an exquisite pleasure and happiness through him.

"Uncle, I'll answer that," he said. "I'd be in the Garden of Eden eating peaches."

"Maybe you would, Jim Traft," retorted Molly. "A little more bossin' the Diamond Outfit an' your chances for the Garden of Eden are shore slim."

Mrs. Dunn spoke up, exclaiming how strange and delightful it was to hear the sleet on the pane.

"Wal, this is high country, Mrs. Dunn," replied Traft. "Down on the Cibeque where you live it's five thousand feet lower. There's seldom any winter in the Tonto. But she's shore settin' in here at Flag."

"Will there be snow on the ground tomorrow?" asked Molly, wonderingly.

"I reckon, a little. Couple of feet."

"How lovely! I can go to school in the snow."

"I'm sorry, Molly," interposed Jim. "Tomorrow is Saturday. No school. It will be very tame for you, I'm afraid. Only wading out to the corrals with me. A snowball fight or two. Then a sleigh ride into town."

"*Jim!*" she exclaimed ecstatically. "I never had a sleigh ride in all my life."

Her rapture was reflected in the old cattleman's face. Jim imagined it must be pure joy for his uncle to see and hear Molly. What a lonely hard life the old fellow had lived! And now he wanted young folk around, and the children that had been denied him. Jim's heart swelled with longing to make up to his uncle for all that he had missed.

LATER when the ladies had retired, Ring Locke came in with his quiet step and his intent eye. Since Jim's return from the disastrous failure of the drift fence (so he considered it, in contrast to his uncle's opinion) and the fight at the cabin below Cottonwood, he had seemed to be in the good graces of this Westerner, Ring Locke, a fact he hugged with great satisfaction. Locke was a keen, strong and efficient superintendent of the old cattleman's vast interests.

"Some mail an' some news," he announced, handing a packet of letters to Traft.

"How's the weather, Ring?" asked the rancher.

"Clearin' I reckon, but we won't see any green round Flag till spring."

"Early winter, eh? Wal, we got here first. . . . Son, letter for you from home—two. An' in a lady's fancy hand. You better look out Molly doesn't see them. . . . Ring, help yourself to a cigar an' set down."

Jim stared at the first letter. "By gosh, Gloriana has written me at last. It's coming Christmas, the little devil. . . . And the other from Mother. Fine."

"Glory must be growed into quite a girl by now," remarked his uncle.

"Quite? Uncle, she's altogether," declared Jim with force.

"Wal, I hardly remember her, 'cept as a pretty little kid with curls an' big eyes. Favored your mother. She shore wasn't a Traft."

LOCKE lit a cigar. "Some of the Hash Knife Outfit been in town," he announced, calmly.

Jim forgot to open his letters. Old Traft bit at his cigar. "Nerve of 'em! Who was it, Ring?"

"Madden and a greaser whose name I've forgot, if I ever knowed it. Reckon there was another of the gang in town, but I couldn't find out who. They bought a lot of supplies an' left Thursday. Curly Prentis swears he saw Madden comin' out of Bambridge's, after dark Wednesday, he says."

"Funny, his comin' out of Bambridge's," growled Traft, and the bright blue eyes narrowed.

"Awful funny," agreed Locke. "Anyway, it started me off. An' the upshot of my nosin' around was to find out that the Hash Knife crowd are at Yellowjacket an' all of a sudden oncommon interested in you an' young Jim, an' the Diamond, an' Slinger Dunn."

"Ahuh. Wal, they'll be a heap more so by spring," replied Traft. "Funny about Bambridge."

"He bought all the forty-five caliber shells Babbitt's had in stock. An' a heap of the same kind, along with some forty-fours for rifles, at Davis'. He bought hardware, too. Some new guns. An' enough grub to feed an outfit for a year."

"Mebbe the Hash Knife are in for another war."

"It shore doesn't look like peaceful ranchin'," drawled Locke.

"Damn these low-down outfits anyway," growled the rancher. "I fought them when I rode the range years ago, an' now I'm fightin' them still. Locke, we'll be runnin' eighty thousand head of stock in a year or two."

"Eighty thousand! Then you can afford to lose some," replied Locke.

"Humph. *I* couldn't lose a calf's ear to those thievin' outfits without gettin' sore. They've kept me poor."

"Uncle, we appear to have the necessities of life around the ranch. Nice warm fires, and some luxury," remarked Jim, humorously.

"Just you wait," retorted his uncle. "Just you wait! You'll be a darn sight worse than me, pronto."

"Locke, who is this Madden?" asked Jim, quietly, with change of tone.

"One of Jed Stone's gang. Hard-ridin', hard-drinkin' an' shootin' hombre. Come up from the border a few years ago. The murder of Wilson, a rancher out of Holbrook, was laid to Madden. But that was only suspicion. In this country you have to catch a man at anythin' to prove it. Personally, though, I'd take a shot at Madden an' ask questions afterward."

"Tough outfit, Uncle tells me," went on Jim reflectively.

"Boy, the Cibeque was a summer zephyr to thet Hash Knife Outfit. Stone used to be a square-shootin' cowboy. Rode for your uncle once. That was before my day here. He's outlawed now, with crimes on his head. An intelligent, dangerous man. He's got a Texas gun-fighter in his outfit. Pecos something or other, an' I reckon he's most as bad as any of the killers out of Texas. Croak Malloy, though, is Stone's worst an' meanest hand. Then, there's Lang an' Anderson, who've been with him for years."

"Is Slinger Dunn the equal of any of these men?" queried Jim.

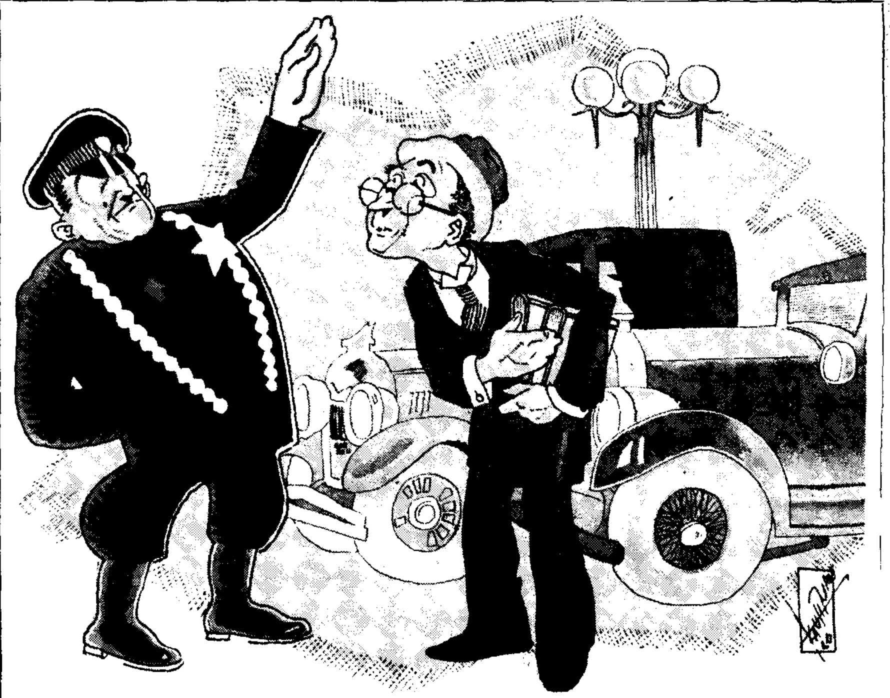
"Equal? I reckon. Yes, he's ahaid of them in some ways," replied Locke, thoughtfully. "But Slinger is young, an' he has no crimes on his haid. That makes a difference. None of this Hash Knife Outfit could be arrested. They hang together an' you bet they'll die with their boots on."

"Then we're in for another fight," mused Jim, and though he sustained a wonderful thrill—cold as a chill—he did not like the prospect.

"TRAFT," said Locke, turning to the rancher, "strikes me queer that Stone hangs on in this part of Arizony. He's no fool. He shore knows he can't last forever. If the Diamond doesn't drive him out it'll break up his outfit. An' other riders will keep on his track."

"Wal, you know, Stone will never be run out of anywhere. But he's an Ari-

(*Continued on page 52*)



The Professor—"What is the question, please?"

Up
258 pages

TO COLLIER'S ADVERTISERS:

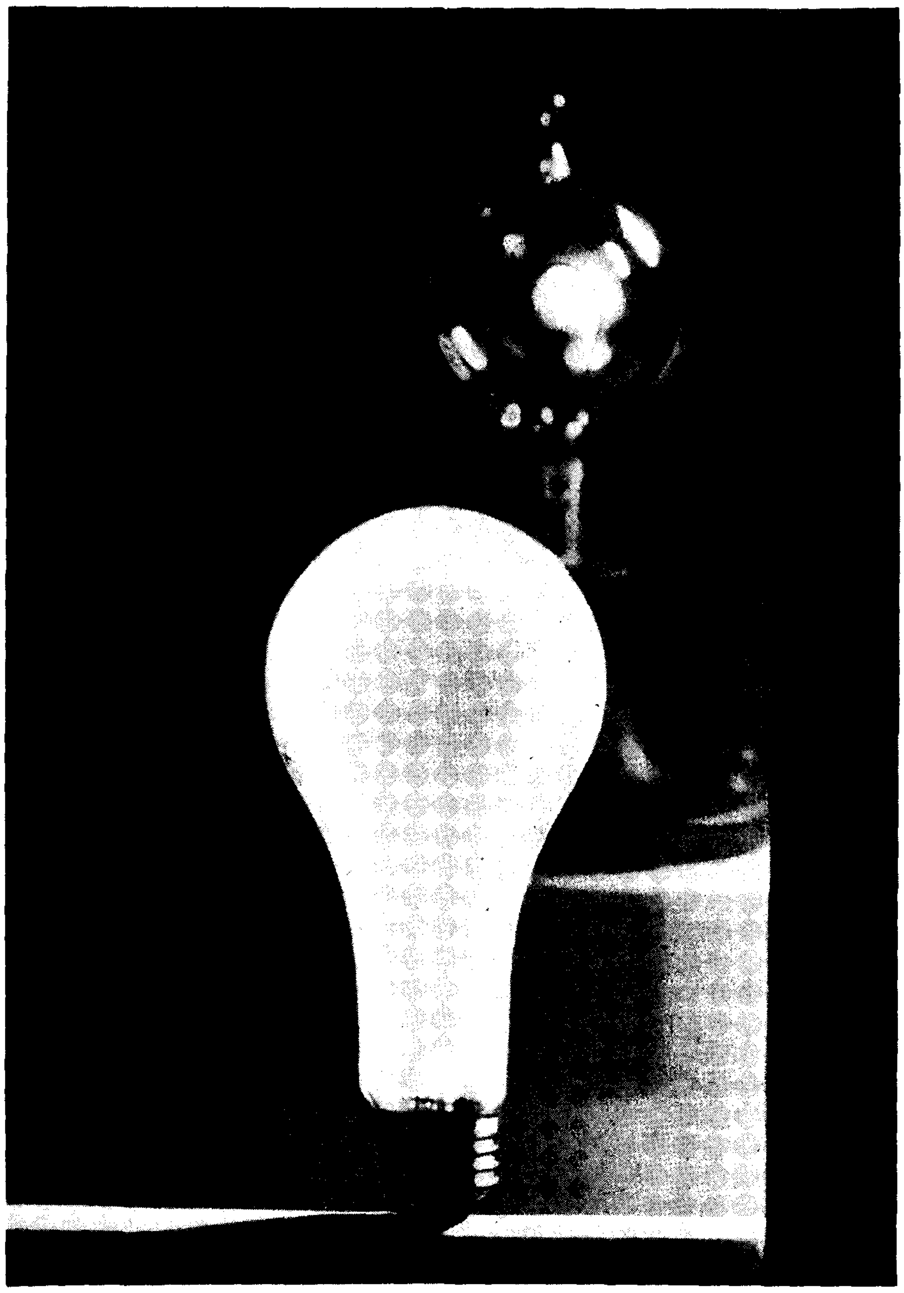
During the first eight months this year advertisers' investments in Collier's have increased by $1,965,259. This is a net gain in space of 258 pages — 41% above the same period last year.

These gains represent increasing investments by advertisers who have used Collier's in the past — and new business. Since January 1, 1929, for example, a total of 208 new advertisers have come into Collier's.

These striking increases—which come on top of similar gains last year—are a direct reflection of the quick returns on their advertising investments business institutions are getting in Collier's. They are the proof of the phrase "Collier's — for ACTION!"

Collier's ~ for Action!

now more than 2,000,000



1879 **Edison's early lamps were made in two sizes—8 and 16 candle-power—and based on present money standards cost over $2.00 each.**

1929 **Today's 100 watt, inside-frosted, National *Mazda lamp gives 76 times as much light per dollar as the early lamp. It sells for 35 cents and gives the light of 136 candles for less than one cent an hour. Insist always on National Mazda lamps which come to you in the familiar blue carton.**

National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

*MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service

GE
NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 50

zonian, an' this range is home, even if it has outlawed him. He's bitter an' hard, which is natural enough. Stone ought to be a rich cattleman now. I—I feel sorry for him, an' that's why I've let Yellowjacket alone."

Jim thought his uncle spoke rather feelingly.

"Wouldn't it be better to drive off what stock's left there, an' let the land go?" went on Locke.

"Better? Humph! It can't be done. We've got to organize against these rustlin' outlaws or they'll grow bolder an' ruin us. Take that case over in New Mexico when a big cattleman—crooked of course—hired Billy the Kid an' his outfit to steal cattle, an' he sold them to the government. That deal lasted for years. Everybody knew it, except the government officials. Wal, I'm inclined to think there's *some* ranchin' man backin' Stone."

"Ahuh. I know how you incline, Traft," returned Locke, dryly. "An' it's likely to get us into trouble."

"Wal, if Bambridge is buyin' in our stock we ought to find it out," said Traft, testily.

"SUPPOSE your suspicions reach Bambridge's ear. He *might* be honest. In any case he's liable to shoot you. An' I say this Yellowjacket isn't worth the risk."

"Ring, I don't like the man. I suspect him. We've clashed from the first. He was hoppin' mad when he found out I owned Yellowjacket an' had the range rights there. It'll be interestin' to see what move he makes."

"Like watchin' a game of checkers," rejoined Locke, with a laugh. "Reckon I'll go to bed. Good night."

In the silence that succeeded after he had gone, Jim slowly opened one of the letters he had been idly holding and read it.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, blankly.

"Son, I hope you've no bad news. Who's the letter from?"

"Mother," replied Jim, still blankly.

"Wal?"

"Uncle, what do you think? Mother is sending my sister, Gloriana, out here to stay with us a while. Doctor's orders. Says Gloriana has a weak lung and must live a year or more in a high dry climate. . . . By gosh, Glory is on her way right now."

"Wal, wal. I'm shore sorry, Jim. But Arizony will cure her."

"Cure! . . . Cure nothing," snorted Jim. "Gloriana has no more lung trouble than I have. She's the healthiest girl alive. It's just a trick to get her out here."

"Wal, I reckon there ain't no need of tricks. We'll be darn glad to have her, won't we?"

"Uncle, you don't understand," replied Jim, in despair.

"Tell me, then."

"Gloriana will upset the ranch, and break the Diamond and drive me crazy."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"It's no laughing matter."

"But, Jim, you've been away from home most a year. Your sister could have failed in health in much less time."

"That's so. . . . Oh, I hope not. . . . Of course, Uncle, I'll be glad to have her, if she's really sick. But . . ."

"Son, don't you care for this little sister?"

"Gosh, Uncle, I love her. That's the worst of it. I can't help but love her. Everybody loves her, in spite of the fact she's a perfect devil."

"Humph. How old is Gloriana?"

"She's eighteen. No, nearly nineteen. And she's the prettiest girl you ever saw in all your life."

"Shore then it'll be fine to have her," replied the rancher. "An' we'll never let her go back again. We'll marry her to some fine Westerner."

Jim felt it his turn to laugh. "Ha! Ha! Ha! . . . Uncle, there're not enough *men in Arizona to marry Glory. And* I'm afraid not one she'd wipe her feet on."

"Sort of stuck up, eh? That ain't a Traft trait."

"I wouldn't say she was stuck up. But she's certainly no plain everyday Traft, like you and I, or Dad or Mother. She's not conceited either. Glory is a puzzle. She changes each moon. I wonder what she's like now. . . . Jerusalem—suppose she doesn't take to Molly!"

"See heah, young man," spoke up Traft, gruffly. "Mebbe it'll be the other way round. Molly mightn't take to her."

"Molly? Why, Uncle, that adorable child would love anybody, if she had half a chance."

"Ahuh. Wal, that accounts fer her lovin' you. . . . Jim, it'll work out all right. Remember your first tenderfoot days. Would you go back East now to live?"

"Gosh, no."

"Wal, *the West will do the same for* Gloriana, if she has any red blood. It'll go tough, until she's broke in. An' if she's a high-steppin' Easterner, it'll be all the tougher. But she must have real stuff in her. She's a Traft, for all you say."

"Gloriana takes after Mother's side of the family, and some of them are awful."

"She's got to have some Traft in her. An' we'll gamble on that. For my part I'm glad she's comin'. I hope she burns up the ranch. I've been so long without fun an' excitement an' deviltry around heah that I could stand a heap. Good night, son."

JIM slid down in his chair and eyed the fire. "Gosh! It's a good bet Uncle Jim will be apple pie for Glory. But if she really loves him why, I reckon, I'll be glad. And I might get along with her, in a pinch. But there's Molly. . . . Heigh-ho, I'd better dig into Glory's letter."

He opened it, held it to the dying glow of the fire and read:

Dear Brother Jim:

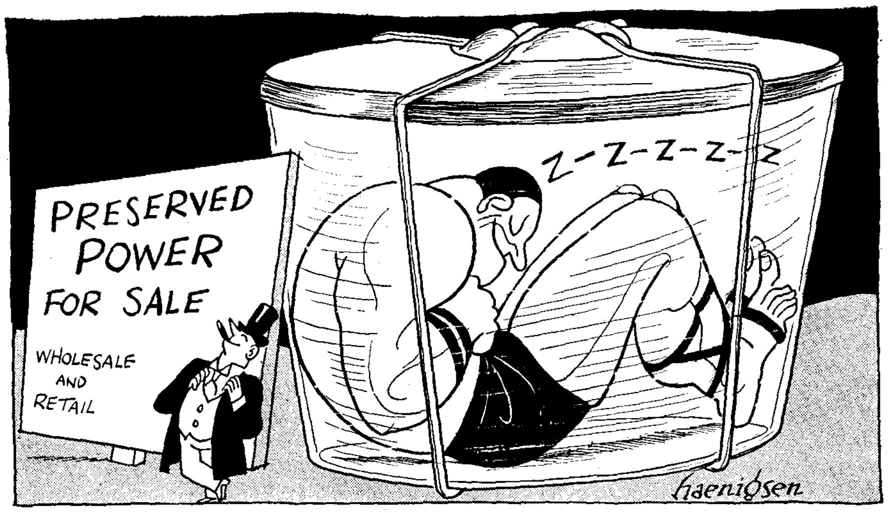
Don't let Mother's letter worry you I'm not very sick. I've planned to star West the day after I mail this letter, s you won't have time to wire me not t come. I'm just crazy about the West Your letters have done it, Jim. I've devoured them. Dad is so proud of yo he almost busts. But Mother thinks it' terrible. I'm sorry to spring this o you so sudden. I hope you will be gla to see me. It seems ages since you lef You'll never know your Gloriana Ma

Expect me on the Western Specia November 7th, and meet me with bunch of cowboys, a string of horse and one of those tally-ho things you ca a chuck-wagon. I'm starved to deat

Love, GLORIANA.

Jim read the letter twice and th stared into the fire. "Sounds like Glor yet somehow it doesn't. . . . I wonder she *is* really ill. . . . Or in any kind trouble. . . . It was Glory's affairs wi boys that stuck in my craw. . . . We November the seventh. *By jinks, i* Monday! What shall I say to Molly

(*To be continued next week*)



Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

THE electric current is the most convenient and cleanly means of conveying power. But it has one grievous fault. It is a current and has to keep running. And if the electric current is produced by a water current, then that has to be kept running, too. Either the unwanted water runs to waste over the weir, or, if it can be stored, the hydroelectric plant and its investment are idle much of the time. North American plants costing twenty billion dollars are marketing only about half the electricity they are capable of producing. Then there is all the wasted power of the winds and waves that might be utilized if there were any convenient and compact way of storing energy.

There is of course the familiar storage battery, convenient enough for flashlight or bell, but too bulky, heavy, expensive and non-durable where great power is employed. The most needed of inventions today is a cheap and convenient way of storing waste power.

Whenever this question comes up somebody suggests decomposing water.

But this is a cumbersome and expensive method of storing energy, for the gases produced take up nearly two thousand times the space of the water they come from, and to compress them by pumping them into steel cylinders for transportation requires the expenditure of yet more power.

Now enters a new factor in the old problem. Two German engineers, Paul Hausmeister and J. E. Noeggerath, have come forward with the announcement that it is cheaper to make compressed gas than gas under ordinary atmospheric pressure. This sounds absurd, but is in accordance with well-known physical principles, and it is obvious, when we think of it, that the gases n expanding from liquid water and shoving the air aside to make space for hemselves, as in inflating a balloon, nust use up a lot of energy which vould be saved by releasing the gases rom the water without letting them xpand and then having to compress hem afterward.

So these inventors dispense with a oomful of electrolytic cells for decomposing water, big tanks to hold the ases, pumps to compress them and tall eavy steel cylinders to ship them in, nd substitute a single, small, steel vessel for the decomposition of the water nd the storage of the gases. The walls the retainer serve as one pole and an sulated electrode in the center forms e other. Between them is placed a aphragm if it is desired to keep the vo gases separate. But this is not always necessary, for—here is another surprising thing—the mixed gases can be burned in a jet without exploding the reservoir.

This oxy-hydrogen mixture can be used directly for cutting or welding metals, or can be fed into the cylinder of an internal combustion engine to enrich its fuel. The addition of these gases makes it possible to use cheap and heavy fuel oil instead of gasoline in the engines of automobiles, trucks, busses, motor boats and airplanes. The engine itself makes the oxygen and hydrogen it needs from water as it runs.

The compact, portable apparatus can be conveyed to the spot where needed, and by simply attaching it to a direct-current electric light wire, either or both the gases can be turned out continuously under a pressure of 150 and 200 atmospheres in unlimited quantities. The gases are 99.5 per cent pure and suitable for manufacturing purposes; for instance, the hydrogen for converting cottonseed oil into fats for soap or margarin, or for making ammonia fertilizers.

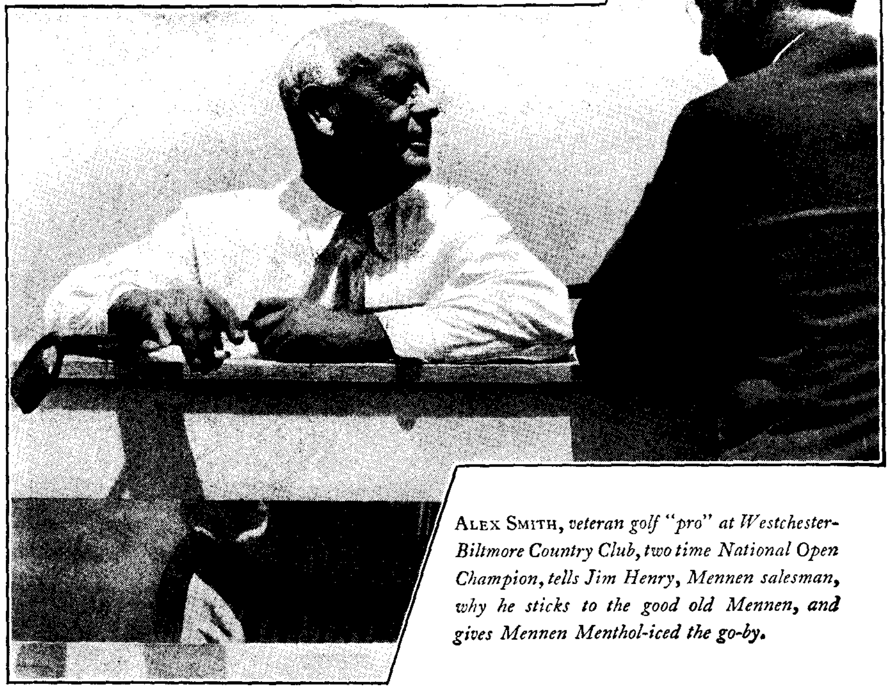
Writing Speed Laws

The interpretation of the significance of handwriting is still shrouded in superstition, and fakirs in the field are not few. But by applying modern scientific methods of experimentation, especially the employment of the slow-motion camera, some facts have been established as to how we write and why we write that way. Certain of the speed laws of the new science of graphology are summed up by Dr. Robert Saudek in Science Progress.

Whenever you change the direction of your stroke, you stop the pen for a twelfth of a second or more. You change the speed of movement of your pen constantly during every stroke; you accelerate it during the first half of the stroke and retard it toward the end. You always write long strokes more rapidly than short ones.

In rapid writing you do not move your pen in a straight line from the end of one word to the beginning of the next, but in such a curve through the air as to start the direction of the first stroke before your pen strikes the paper. You can make more speed with less effort by a rhythmical alternation of thick and thin strokes than by an unvarying, even pressure of the pen. It takes more time to make a period than a comma. That is why, when you are in a hurry, your dots become dashes.

Writing with a slanting hand is more rapid and easy than with an upright or backward hand. The lower projections are written more easily than the upper; that is, g is more easily written than b.



ALEX SMITH tells Jim Henry

ALEX SMITH, *veteran golf "pro" at Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, two time National Open Champion, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he sticks to the good old Mennen, and gives Mennen Menthol-iced the go-by.*

"D---!! your new Shaving Cream!"

"I'VE been a Mennen fan for fifteen years, so when I first read about your new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, I had to give it a try-out. It's the same great Mennen shave, Jim, that you sold me years ago—but the lather's too cool to suit me. I see you call it the 'young man's' shave. Let the young fellows have it, Jim. I'll stick to the good old Mennen that I've used for years."

Funny thing about this new Mennen Menthol-iced. Either you like it better than any cream you ever used—or you don't like it at all. No half way about it. In fairness to your face, try Mennen Menthol-iced. Maybe you're missing something. It gives a triple-cool tingle that is a brand new thrill for those who like a menthol lather.

Of course, if like Alex Smith you don't like menthol you don't have to keep on using it—for the good old Mennen without menthol in the familiar green stripe carton is still on the job . . . and always will be.

Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, and tones the skin. Oil-coats surrounding every hair are dissolved, so that whiskers wilt in no time. Your razor shaves close and clean. Then the fine soothing, healing emollients tone up and condition the skin for the day.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS
TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

For your Face and your Disposition

MENNEN SKIN BALM
THE MENNEN COMPANY

Here's the finest after-shave "tonic" I know of—Mennen Skin Balm—a cream-like lotion in a tube. No oil or grease in Skin Balm. Dries in a second.

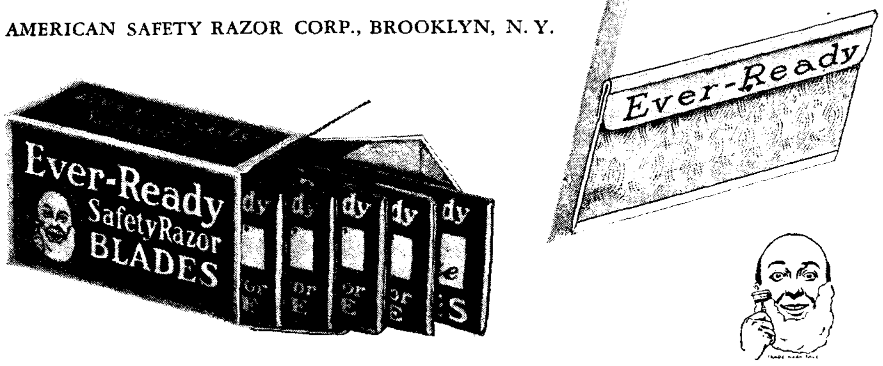
It's really different—try Skin Balm just once is all I ask. Wow! What a bracing, million dollar tingle it gives your skin. Heals tiny razor nicks. Cleans out the pores, preventing pimples, blackheads, and blotches. Leaves your skin smooth, cool and comfortable.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

The Singing Shave
the high note in shaving

Is your morning shave a trial? The Singing Shave will transform your day. For the Ever-Ready gives you a *clean* shave *comfortably*—and puts joy into your heart. It is so keen—one touch and the hair is off! It is so durable, each blade gives you *many* Singing Shaves. For a happier morning and a well-groomed day, buy yourself Ever-Ready Blades. At all dealers.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Ever-Ready BLADES

Mastering the Mike

Continued from page 18

fails to suffer the strain of self-selling. It is an instant test of mental elasticity, especially at a formal début, and most emphatically when the speaker or singer wishes to improvise in any way. The endowed succeed; the unendowed flop.

The mild terror that strikes a man or woman when first confronted with the mike carries dangerous compensation. Meeting Jack Dempsey shortly after his radio appearance, we compared notes on his success. Jack was elated. His swart face split in an infectious grin.

"Glad I did it," he said. "It's proved something I never knew before."

"Namely?"

"I'm an actor. Belasco has just hired me to play in a show opposite my wife."

To such untoward ends may chance betray a man.

Inaudible Jingoism

The late Eddie Foy prepared faithfully over a period of two weeks for his first radio appearance. He spouted a speech of his own composition, written with zeal and a brushy pen—rehearsed ten times a day in odd nooks of the Lambs' Club until the Lambs, who can occasionally turn with more vigor than worms, persuaded him that the acoustics of the cellar were more suitable to Foy's sprayed delivery.

Eddie came to the studio an hour ahead of time to try the mike. The real trial came when he hit the air. The sibilant Foy roar that rolled drolly over footlights was a problem for the men at the mixing panel in the control room. As Eddie progressed with his jerky biography, frequent alarms were sounded. He was far, far too loud. I whispered this to Eddie. He interrupted his talk to bawl, "Eh? What?" Finally—we didn't know he was partially deaf until afterwards—he interpreted prods in his ribs as intimations to talk louder. He did. The result was an asthmatic storm. Everybody in the studio was relieved when Eddie reached his final paragraph. But he didn't finish. Instead, he plucked a piece of paper from a vest pocket and announced to the radio audience that he had written a poem on Mexico and would recite it.

At that moment American relations with Mexico were far from cordial. What they would have been had Eddie been permitted to deliver his poem to millions of fellow-citizens, cannot be conjectured. He was fiercely Spanish-war-like in his jingoism. But only the first line reached the ether—a line about "sending some teasers to wallop the greasers." Eddie finished the poem in an ecstasy of ranting; but in a mike abruptly stricken dead.

This example can be profitably compared with perhaps the most conspicuously successful radio talk yet given, considering the circumstances. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had agreed to make his formal radio début in Collier's Hour, and Lincoln's Birthday was selected for the occasion. The day before, February 11th, Mr. Rockefeller had testified before a Senate committee in Washington during investigation of the notorious Continental Trading Company. His appearance at the studio the following evening was a matter of national interest.

Naturally he wanted to sit during a rather long speech. The stationary mike was too high. Functionaries dashed to and fro for cushions to elevate the multi-millionaire. None seemed available, and the young man who should have thought of such matters was rapidly graying when Mr. Rockefeller himself walked quietly out of the room and walked quietly back bearing two plump telephone books. These he placed where they were most effective and so made his address.

Gushing compliments showered on him.

"Expert," pronounced a radio executive. "You talked, Mr. Rockefeller, as though you'd rehearsed for a month."

"More than a month," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I've been preparing for years, ever since I knew that by nature I was no public speaker and studied and labored to become one."

This calmness of poise during the ordeal of a national hook-up was equally apparent in a speaker more practiced, if not more prepared, than Mr. Rockefeller. When ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York made his first bow in a formal radio address to the country he intimated that his address would be extemporaneous. His topic was "George Washington," and that seemed safe enough. But improvising before the mike is dangerous—even to a resourceful spellbinder. The suggestion was made to the ex-governor that it would be wiser to read from manuscript.

"I'll make notes on an envelope," he replied. "That'll do."

On the night of the broadcast a crew of mechanics installed machines in the executive mansion at Albany to "step-up" the ex-governor's voice for land wires that conveyed it to New Jersey for retransmission to the country over the air. The ex-governor sat quietly by, watching them work. When they were set and tuned-in with fifteen minutes to go on he pulled a wad of manuscript from his pocket. The speech was perfectly composed; perfectly typed.

Speakers devoid of headline fame receive proportionately the same favorable response when they know their stuff and do it well. No cleaner-cut radio success has been achieved than a single talk by Angelo Patri, the child psychologist. Mr. Patri is more at home with a visible audience, when his wide experience serves him well. He wanted to make his radio début without benefit of script. At the last moment he changed his mind and insured success. Offsetting this, and providing the usual exception to the rule, was Mrs. Martin Johnson, the petite, brunette, big-game huntress. Mrs. Johnson pouted prettily and rebelled at the idea of reading a manuscript.

The Worst Night Sound

"No," she declared. "I won't do it. I makes me sound like an amateur preacher reading a Bible lesson."

Yet for one who had shot roarin lions on the hoof, she approached th mike with trepidation. She began un easily and swung into her stride, lost t the stuffy confines of the studio, whe she began imitating sounds of wild lif in the African jungle by night. Elate by amused attention on the faces of th orchestra before her, she had momen tary inspiration, and concluded wit what theatrical folk call a "wow."

"The worst night sound of all," sh finished, "isn't made by wild life, b by my husband. Listen."

And she mimicked a robust, chortli snore.

Only a vivacious and witty wom can get away with impromptu "gag and even then she must be so thorough familiar with her material that there no painful pause for the next thing say or to do.

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of t

reat "J. P.," Sr., exemplified the opposite extreme of overpreparedness. She vas so familiar with her subject and ad delivered so frequently the same octrine of organized social facilities r women wage-earners that phrases olled from her masculine tongue with antalizing speed. Nervousness, both llayed and accentuated by a score of igarettes during her studio visit, gave er a dazzling tempo marvelous to those ho heard her speech direct, but conusing to air-listeners.

Even the professional, habituated to chnique, suffers when radio appearnces are not scrupulously prepared. Iaria Jeritza was saved from failure nly by the floating charm of her higher egisters when she arrived at the studio f WJZ too late for detailed dress reearsal. With John McCormack she ad been billed for one of the banner erformances of the season. John's oice was affected by a foggy, drizzly ay. He decided, just a few minutes bere the concert was to start, not to ng. But he consented to make a eech. Indeed he insisted on it.

"A Frenchman or a German or an alian can disappoint an audience, and ey believe he's ill," he dryly explained ist as the mikes were opening for the erformance. "But when an Irishman ils to show up, everybody says he's runk."

Madame Jeritza

Whereupon he proceeded to make the est two-minute talk of his career. Just s he finished and the writer was strugling through a difficult introduction of iuseppe de Luca, dragged from his nner to substitute for McCormack's nor with his fine and fluent baritone ice, Madame Jeritza romped into the udio. She embraced McCormack and egan waltzing in the narrow alley beeen orchestra and mikes, bumping to the announcer at every turn until cCormack halted proceedings. Then e stepped up and sang, but not effecvely until she had composed herself, dered the studios cleared and got wn to the realization that entertaing her public was a serious job.

This was foremost in Amelita Galliurci's mind when she consented to oadcast. Three days before the sched-ed evening, Madame Galli-Curci spent urs in the studios, acquainting herlf with acoustics in a plaster-walled rn whose ripples and echoes are deaded by draperies. She was in one room d Pablo Casals, the cellist, in another, enty feet distant. The announcer had rush between the two studios as one tist finished and the other began.

Galli-Curci had every motion percted, every lift of phrase, every surge song. She measured perfectly the stance between her mouth and the icrophone, and paced exactly to the ch, back and forth, as she opened her roat—eyes closed fast, head thrown ck, hands clasped over midriff, for e full strength of the finest living male voice. Her triumph was justid. During the course of a hectic hour, intruders were crashing gates and ing expelled, (with no concern to alli-Curci) Pablo Casals, in the other udio, caused perturbation. From the oment he seated himself before the ike to the end of the hour, he played ntinuously, puffing steadily at one four pipes, all loaded for the period. required deftness to switch him off at e end of the number, and no small hletic prowess to bolt to the other udio and announce the end of a number Casals and the beginning of another Galli-Curci—for Casals, one of the orld's greatest cellists, went on playg regardless of live mikes or dead. hat was preparedness with a vengence.

Preparedness not with a vengeance, but with a virtuosity that gave radio something strikingly new, distinguished the work of three front-rank stars of opera—Lucrezia Bori, Beniamino Gigli and Giuseppe de Luca.

They had accepted the difficult assignment of singing Verdi's La Traviata in forty minutes—the remaining twenty being absorbed by overtures and narrative announcements of the opera's tearful story.

The three notables seemed daunted when they finished their final and fifth rehearsal. But the moment the music sounded they came to the mikes alive and eager.

Smoothly, their voices blended in duets and trios, dropping out and in with consummate ease for arias.

Emergencies that are rare with well-drilled professionals never mar the routine of a program because the fitness of practice offsets error. On a gala Victor Herbert night there was a fraction of a second when panic loomed. Through shuffling of numbers the announcer called a chorus out of turn. Sixty musicians and forty singers stared in amazement. The program had gone through to this climax without a hitch. Retraction by the announcer would have spoiled the record. Without a moment's pause Nat Shilkret, the conductor, swung his baton into the number announced, although the musicians didn't have the music before them, and the choristers were unkeyed to it. The orchestra watched the lips of the conductor as he leaned far over his stand to avoid the faintest whisper reaching the mikes. Their memories unanimously responded. The first bar brought the massed chorus into line and what might easily have been a scrambled mess became a magnificently vivid finale.

If persons, no matter what their fame, unfamiliar with radio would study the painstaking perseverance of those who combine talent and labor to reach professional status, there would be fewer failures in radio entertainment. Bad starts through lack of drilling mean bad endings, and unforeseen intrusions by accident can only be countered by quick wit, rarest of radio virtues. Don Marquis gave a timely display that saved his first appearance. He had taken Tom Daly, the poet, with him. Daly sat back in the studio while Marquis was being interviewed.

After a series of questions, quickly asked, quickly answered, Daly wearied of the performance. He and Marquis had had no dinner and, when the catechising reached its end, Daly was ready to call it a night.

"When Do We Eat?"

"One more question, Mr. Marquis," said the interviewer, and Daly's bass boomed across the room:

"When do we eat, Mr. Marquis?"

Don blandly replied:

"I work steadily without letting meals intrude. I have to starve myself into submission before I can work at all."

Which made as good a conclusion as the program had called for. Many things are forgiven to humorists. Milt Gross, booked to appear before a visible audience of several thousand in Pittsburgh, watching a hook-up to the millions that forty stations comprise, dashed to the stage one minute before the dead-line to report that he had lost what he called his "act"—written with pain during an afternoon in a stuffy hotel room. He begged to be excused, but was rushed before the audience and the mike.

For a moment he shivered in agony. Habit saved him.

"I've been out muttering," he began, "and lost my speech." As the visible audience seemed puzzled, he interpreted:

(Continued on page 56)

Eliminate Tobacco Yello

...the most harmful element in smoking

....with a

Drinkless

"TOBACCO YELLO"

cigarette holder

Upset stomach? Feel groggy? No appetite? Do cigarettes taste "flat?" Nine chances out of ten you "lay off" smoking for awhile. *There's no need to*—you can smoke as much as you like with the Drinkless Cigarette Holder. It protects your mouth, lungs and stomach from Tobacco Yello, the brownish, staining substance carried by all cigarette smoke. Tobacco Yello upsets the stomach, kills appetite, makes cigarettes taste "flat." *Ask your doctor, or*

Write to us for an Authoritative, Convincing Booklet on Tobacco Yello—It's Free

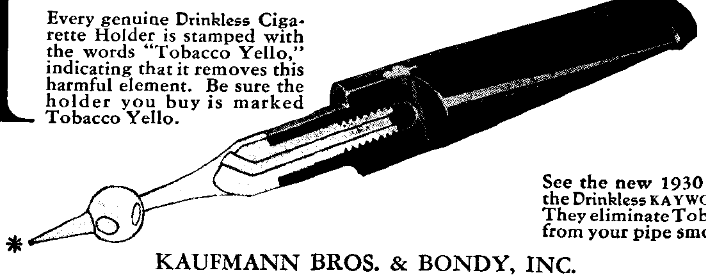
New evidence about smoking and health. What is "Tobacco Yello"? Chemical analysis proves the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder takes harmful contents out of smoke.

Smoke As Much As You Like!

Smoke five cigarettes through this holder, then remove the mouthpiece and look at the "Drinkless" attachment. There it is—a moist, yellowish-brown coating. This is the Tobacco Yello that ordinarily enters your mouth, lungs and stomach. The Drinkless Cigarette holder is the only holder that has the new Drinkless Attachment,* which removes Tobacco Yello from your smoke. You can smoke as much as you like through this holder. And it's a cooler, sweeter, pleasanter smoke—see it at your dealer's today, $1.

$1

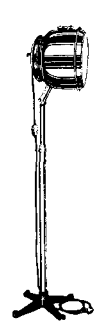
Every genuine Drinkless Cigarette Holder is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello," indicating that it removes this harmful element. Be sure the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.



*

See the new 1930 models of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
Established 1851
120 Fifth Ave., New York



A modernized Reducer —of higher quality and lower price

The Reducer that the more discriminating have waited for—new in design—a real innovation in exercisers—moderate in price. And now you can have it—a Tower Reducer—in a handsome console cabinet that you will be proud to own—complete in every detail—with wide and narrow belts—with Adjustable massage-stroke and variable speed for every form of vibratory massage. Compact, quiet, dependable. A Reducer that is truly modernized in quality—and at a price you can afford. $59.50, complete. Set aside a few minutes today for your demonstration.

On sale by leading stores.
Write for interesting booklet.

TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
118 Brookline Ave.
Boston, Mass.

$59.50* Complete

Tower Sunshine Arc brings all the benefits of pure sunshine at the snap of a switch! $39.50, complete. Table or pedestal model. Denver and West $42.50.

Tower
EXERCISER and REDUCER
Variable speed—Adjustable stroke

*Denver and West $64.50. 110 volt 50-60 cycle only. Other 110 V motors $5 extra.

(Continued from page 55)

"Muttering in mutter-car," and rippling laughter sent him on his way to success with impromptu gags.

That is dangerous for all but the nimble-minded. Two instances only among hundreds I have introduced to air audiences over a period of four years stand out as survivors of the cruelest of radio emergencies—the instantaneous cut-off. Anna Case, the soprano, had her song—a none-too familiar song—to sing, when the clock allowed only two minutes for a four-minute number. Singers train their memories by ordered stanzas of lyrics. To drop verses is riskful. Miss Case cut that song mercilessly, thinking fast as her voice and beauty betrayed no symptom of disturbance.

Quick Editing

An editor showed that a mental blue pencil works as effectively as the actual, murderous article. William L. Chenery, editor of Collier's, entering the studio with a prepared five-minute talk was told that three minutes' worth must be dropped. The speech was nicely balanced for continuity. But without hesitation he stepped to the mike and by swift elision finished in two minutes without breaking thread or sense of thought.

There is only one reason for success under adverse circumstances—mastery of matter or training in form.

William Wickwire, the deep-sea diver of the S-51 and S-4 disasters, summoned to the mike from the icy waters of Provincetown, galloped gloriously through his first job of broadcasting because he was so full of the terrible subject that sheer emotion gave him a precious sense of drama. Then, again, Thomas Nelson, the youngest U. S. air-mail pilot, with hundreds of thousands of air miles on his record—as steady as steel in his cockpit riding rains and storms, became dumb with fright on facing the mike only getting through his speech by sheer pluck. And Graham McNamee did the best bit in his brilliant career when at a moment's notice he stepped up to describe a fictional cestus-fight in the Coliseum at ancient Rome with the typewriter ink still damp on the pages. He was and is always in form.

Ranging through the roster of great and small, amateur and professional, who essay the ordeal of the tin ear that pours sound into millions of human ears, this is the unconditional requisite for a good job—to have something, to be prepared.

Quitting Time

Continued from page 32

material were early dissipated in the eyes of the packed house that night. But most quickly in the eyes of his own father. In the powdery glare of the shaded central arc lights the boy's ability seemed ridiculously limited. His movements were slow, awkward, wavering, his punches weak and half-hearted. His little black opponent, vivacious, fast, clever, offered remarkable contrast. He kept pressing always, his fine set of teeth a confident, constant gleam in his jet countenance.

New York boxing law prohibits a father acting as second in his son's corner. Johnson, the trainer, and a stocky colored man were Buddy Smith's seconds that night. During the first round, Old Man Smith, writhing in his seat at the ringside, could be heard having what seemed to be a bitter quarrel with Johnson. Once he seized the breast of the trainer's shirt, as if about to strike him. And when the whistle blew just before the second-round bell, those near by heard Smith call to his son through clenched teeth:

"Damn you, get in there and fight. Get in there and fight, I say!"

The second round the story was the same. If anything, the white fighter's showing was even poorer than in the preceding round. One thing was evident: he couldn't take much more of that body punishment without wilting. The fans began to lose patience with Smith. He didn't seem to be trying. There were derisive cries. The gallery began their ominous, cadenced stamping.

And then, just before the bell, a short right to the jaw, a blow seen by few people, even at ringside, dropped Buddy precipitously. A chorus of boos greeted the knock-down. It seemed so palpably the white man was throwing the fight. Buddy levered himself to one knee and listened to the count. A man in a derby, seated near the boy's father, cried out loudly in disgust:

"Take him out. He's yellow! He don't wanta fight!"

Before anyone could stop him, Old Man Smith had yanked the water bottle out of the pail at his feet, and jumping up, crashed it against the head of the scoffer. For a moment a riot seemed imminent. But Barnes was on the spot immediately. A policeman stationed at ringside quickly escorted Smith from the building. The injured man's head was swabbed. Then he was quietly taken into Barnes' office, where Dr. Kennedy treated him and then sent him home in a taxi.

The bell rang for the third round on scheduled time, and the fight went on.

The next morning, while his lawyer was trying to arrange bail for Old Man Smith, Barnes dropped in at the West Forty-seventh Street station to talk to him. Smith had spent the night in the cell, and he was sitting on his cot, disheveled and bleary-eyed. Barnes sat down on a corner of the cot and observed the other through slitted eyes.

"I don't figure you, Smith," he said with some vehemence. "I don't get you at all. What the hell kind of a man are you anyway, sending your own son in when he's so sick he can hardly keep on his pins? And then flying off the handle and getting yourself pinched just when he needs you most!"

SMITH lowered his head and rubbed his knuckles across his forehead so savagely that they left a momentary white streak, like a brand of despair, behind.

"Oh, he wasn't sick," he spoke passionately but quietly, as though the words were wrung from him.

"The hell you say," began Barnes belligerently.

"He wasn't sick," repeated Smith with conviction. There was an anguished timbre in his voice. "I know my boy, and I know myself. Oh, I knew it was coming, Barnes. I felt it all the time. It had to happen."

"What the devil are you talking about?" said Barnes with impatience.

Smith shot his head around to face his visitor. His eyes held the wild light Barnes had seen in them the night before.

"Did you ever hear of Battling Smithers, Mr. Barnes?" he asked. "Probably not; it was a long time ago. But Colonel Reese did. Smithers fought for him in Nevada twenty years ago. Well, I'm

Battling Smithers. I thought Reese recognized me last night, but I guess he didn't. Battling Smithereens, they used to call me. I had a record of twenty-eight straight knockouts. Pretty good, eh? They called me a wonder. They said nothing would stop me from getting the championship. . . ."

He broke off and swallowed, then continued more quietly:

"But it did. I was yellow. Yellow, do you understand, yellow! I didn't know it myself till the crash came. But when it did . . . I was fighting in Baltimore. A practice fight, a fourth-rater. It was near the bell, first round. I'd put my man down twice for short counts, and was coming in after the second knockdown to finish him. I never knew what happened exactly, but I guess I was too sure and left myself wide open. I woke up stretched on the board in my dressing-room. Accident, you'll say. It was, but it finished me. It brought out my yellow streak.

"My next fight I lost to a guy I ought've put away in half a round. After that it was down, down, down. I got so scared of being hurt, I actually shivered while I sat in my corner waiting for the bell."

Barnes sat tearing a paper-backed pack of matches, waiting for Smith to go on.

"I WENT out to the coast after that," Smith continued. "I knew something of the machinist's trade, and I got a job easy enough. I got married, and then the boy was born. His mother died soon afterward. I never married again, and I brought him up myself. I never mentioned a word to him about my fighting.

"Well, the boy grew up. When he was fifteen he begged me to let him join a 'Y.' I let him, and he used to spend a lot of time in the gymnasium there. It was about two years later when he told me one night that the boxing instructor—it was Johnson, his trainer—wanted him to enter an amateur tournament.

"I spent a hell of a night tossing around in bed. I felt there was something I had to think out, and I nearly went crazy trying to do it, and the whole next day at my job. At supper I told him I'd see him in hell first. . . .

"He went in and won the prize for his weight. He was only a 'fly' then. I sat there watching him, and every move he made reminded me of myself. Except he was better-looking.

"When he got through high school, I talked to him about college, but he didn't get at all excited with the idea. I asked him what he was going to do. He looked me in the eye and said, 'Fight.' I told him I'd see him in hell first. . . .

"He won out in the end, of course. I knew Buddy cared for me a lot, but I was sure if I stood in his way, he'd leave me. I knew if he had his way he was doomed. Like father like son. He'd go along like a streak, and then it would happen.

"But I gave in. What could I do? And I hoped against hope. I thought if he was going to fight, there was nobody who could help him like his father. So I took him in hand. Johnson was willing to come along as trainer. I began to teach Buddy all the little tricks I knew. Was he surprised? He never quite got used to seeing me use my dukes so well. 'Gosh, Dad,' he'd say, 'where'd you ever learn it? You know more about fighting than I'll ever know.' 'Oh, I fooled around a little when I was a kid,' I'd say.

"Now I could see Buddy was a better man than I was. It looked like he had everything. Yes, everything. I knew it was too good to be true. He'd go along like a house afire, and then some fine night he'd go bang, and crack up for good.

". . . Well, you know what happened. You know his record. Why, I myself was beginning to think all my worry was foolishness—that the boy was different from me. I began to think he was real honest-to-God fighting stuff. Three weeks ago he fought Tony Barberi in Frisco. You know Tony is a Class-A boy, a terrific body puncher. You know Buddy put him away in the eighth, but he took some awful wallops in the stomach.

"We came East and signed for the fight for you. This black lad has a reputation as a body punisher, we both knew that. But I didn't notice any signs in Buddy. When he weighed in yesterday afternoon he looked all right. You saw him. And the Doc said he was O. K. We went back to the hotel. I noticed he was fidgety and his color didn't look good. I made him lie down. He couldn't sleep. He was too nervous. I pretended not to see, but I saw all right. I had that feeling like ice on my heart.

"When he got up I asked him how he was feeling. He said all right, but he was trying not to look me in the eye. . . . Then just before the fight, when I was taping him, I saw his hands shake, just like mine used to. Johnson said the boy was sick. Yeah, *he* said he was sick, too. Sick! Yellow. A streak a mile wide! He was so scared of the little coon he could hardly lift his arms—" he broke off with a sob, and buried his head in the old blanket on the cot.

Barnes seized him by the shoulder and drew him up roughly, glaring at him angrily.

"Yellow! You're crazy, Smith. Your kid's the bravest little warrior I ever saw in action!"

"Cut it out, Barnes. Don't try to kid me. I'm too sick already."

"*You* cut it out," retorted Barnes. "You heard me. I say your kid's the gamest fighter I ever laid my eyes on. As far as my opinion goes, he's the next lightweight champion right now. Why, after last night's victory—"

"Victory? Do you mean to say Buddy won?" Smith's voice vibrated with unbelieving emotion.

"Sure he won. He knocked Bucky Payne kicking in the sixth round. You left early, you see—" he could not forebear to shoot this dart of sarcasm. "Buddy came out for the third and from then on gave the black boy the boxing lesson of his life. And when he'd cut Payne down to scale—and man, he certainly did cut him—he flattened him with the prettiest uppercut I've seen in a flock of Tuesdays. I tell you, Smith, your boy's a wonder. Just think of him climbing in the ring sick as a dog and doing to Payne what he did! He told me after the fight that when it started he was so logy he could hardly lift his gloves. He said it was that smash on the jaw that dropped him that really saved him. It cleared his head, started the circulation going right. He says he felt like a new man coming out for the third. I asked him why he didn't say anything about feeling sick before the fight. Do you know what he said? He said he didn't want to disappoint *you!*"

SMITH bent his head, moving it from side to side, and repeating piteously, "My God! My God!"

"Buck up," Barnes admonished him. "You've a son to be proud of. The Colonel wants to sign him on for a fight as soon's he's well again."

Smith looked up in alarm.

"Well? What's the matter with him? Where is he?" he cried breathlessly.

"In bed," said Barnes, laughing for the first time during that interview. "The lad's coming down with the measles."

To the man who is 35 *and* DISSATISFIED

WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of this magazine in order to address this page directly to *men in their thirties.*

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say, "I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.

They say, "There is no future for me here," but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now," they say, "but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will *do* something and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot *make* a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly *urged* into anything.

Now what can happen to a dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine, of Hagerstown, Md.: "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year *for life.*)

"The study of your Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure, because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The *method* of the Institute makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study, but thru *practice.* You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Institute's work," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning the necessary fundamental principles of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

We attach a coupon to this advertisement. It is a little thing, but our experience proves that it separates out of every hundred readers the few who can act. If you are one of these let us mail you that wonderful little book, "Forging Ahead in Business." For thousands it has turned dissatisfaction into immediate progress. Mail the coupon today.

Announcing Three New Management Courses

The rapid developments in modern business have brought increasing demand for an extension of Institute service.

To meet this demand the Institute now offers three new Management Courses in addition to its regular Modern Business Course and Service. These are a Course and Service in:

1—Marketing Management
2—Production Management
3—Finance Management

These new Courses are of particular interest to younger executives who want definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

The details of this interesting development in business training are included with the booklet which the coupon will bring you. Send for it.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 895 Astor Place, New York City
In Canada: Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," together with full information about the new Management Courses.

Signature ....

Business Address ....

Business Position ....

"This extra hour of sleep every morning makes me feel simply great!"
"Yes — and just think of all the drudgery our heat regulator saves me."
MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL
100
90
80
70
60
50
60 70 80
12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control ▲ ▲ ▲

The man of the house enjoys his extra sleep and those luxurious, lazy evenings free from janitor duty since the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator took charge of the heating plant. But he gets even more satisfaction out of the magic this automatic age has worked in his wife. She has new color in her cheeks, new sparkle in her eyes, since the fire-tending responsibility was lifted from her shoulders. Now she is free to go visiting or shopping or to a matinee whenever she wishes, knowing that the house will be warm and comfortable—always 70 degrees—and safe from fire danger.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways . . . Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls) . . . Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service . . . May be purchased on modern finance plan . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators)
Executive Offices: 2720 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn.
and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 17

own loveliness woven into one. The wine had flushed her cheeks and lips and brought the luster dimmed by her unshed tears back into her lucent eyes.

They were both changed since they had last met, and changed by disillusion—he by his disillusion about her, and she by her disillusion about Delphicus de Haverbeck. Madelon advanced and spoke:

"Your Highness has just escaped the storm."

And he almost forgot her treachery, as she smiled on him with a gratitude, with a welcome that was not wholly feigned; for she honored him for his coming to Arnsdorf.

WHEN Johann Georg had first met Madelon such a delicious agony of enchantment had taken possession of him that he had nearly forgotten his schemes of hatred; they had nearly passed from him like a squib of wildfire. Yet when he had met the men—von Neitschütz, gloomy, sullen, yet fawning and servile, his two sons with their dissipated faces and profligate air, and their exaggerated courtesies—then the young man's resolves had flamed up again in his heart, and he became more resolute to put through what he had come to Arnsdorf to do.

This scheme now seemed to him noble and worthy of a great prince.

He sat at table with the woman and the four men; and more candles than the meager household could well afford had been lit to dispel the darkness of the stormy summer night. The thunder rolled in the distance and now and then a faint fork of lightning disturbed the purple-black where the window was open, for none could endure the shutters to be drawn, so intense was the airless heat.

The Elector was at the head of the table, and by his side Madelon in the white sarcenet and the coral-colored ribbons and beads, the gaudy scarf over the exposed bosom and shoulders, too wanton for her rank and state. Either side, Casimir and Clement, and at the end, von Neitschütz, uneasy beneath his exultation and his cringing servility. Even now at the culmination and climax of his wishes he detested having to bow the knee and bend the head to this flushed youth, who tonight was so arrogant, sullen and cold.

The Elector scarcely touched his meat (too sick with love, thought Casimir, with a sneer), but he drank again and again from the green rummer filled with Rhenish wine.

"He has been drinking before he came," thought Clement, who remained the most sober of the four of them.

He drank and laughed and replied stupidly and shortly to the remarks made to him, and stared at Madelon, so near, so temptingly adorned, and drank again.

Clement pulled the bottles from without His Highness' reach.

"He'll be so drunk, we shall have to hold him up while they are marrying them."

But the heavy youth took his wine well. He seemed animated by some passion so intense that it resisted the fumes of the alcohol. He appeared not confused and overcome by what he had drunk, but rather exhilarated and inflamed.

He felt, indeed, remarkably clear-headed. He had perceived, on his first entry into the room, on a side table, a branch of candles, papers and an inkhorn, in casual readiness, no doubt, for the marriage contract. They were within reach of his hand where he now lounged in his armchair at the head of the table.

They would spare him all trouble, no doubt; above the table, he observed the huge shield of wood, painted with the full achievements of the House of Neitschütz, displaying in haughty quarterings all the insignia of honor and antiquity, all the emblems of an unblemished descent and an untainted integrity, crowned by the knightly helm and the flowing lambrequin of azure and ermine.

Johann Georg stared at this achievement where the bright, worn paints gleamed in the candlelight; he stared at it again and again, and, more than once, he caught von Neitschütz's sunken glance upon him.

"The thunder is coming nearer," breathed Madelon.

Johann Georg roused from his black thoughts to glance at her, and with eyes of a gross desire which he had never turned on any woman before.

"Nearer, eh, the thunder!" and leaning sideways, he pulled aside the enticing gauze about her bosom.

Madelon drew slightly away. Her watchful brothers sat still and alert in their places.

Johann Georg grinned: "Major-General von Neitschütz," he demanded, and his voice rose with a tone of command that seemed beyond his years, "do you know why I have come here tonight?"

The old man touched his harsh and haggard face with thick fingers and replied in as steady a voice as he could contrive:

"Because of the feelings Your Highness does me the honor to entertain for my daughter, Magdalena Sibylla."

"Precisely," grinned the Elector, "because of Magdalena Sibylla." And he picked up the inkhorn—

"So eager to sign!" thought von Neitschütz with a sneer. "I did well to have all in readiness."

The Elector raised the inkhorn, opened it, and cast the contents full at the escutcheon of the House of Neitschütz.

The ink, hurled with this deliberate force, made a hideous blot on those emblazoned honors, and dripped in black drops down the glittering achievements.

THE three men whose arms had been thus insultingly defiled, sat motionless, but Madelon moved a little and whispered:

"Your Highness has drunk too much. The wine is new and strong and the night dangerous."

Johann Georg rose to his great height. The other three men, rigid, kept their seats:

"I have not drunk enough, Madelon," he said, "to find oblivion in my cups. If I had, you might have had me yet." He glared at the three wincing, lowering faces.

"Up, I say, am I not your prince? To your feet, I say!"

They rose, stiffly; von Neitschütz leaned against the table stupidly.

They all waited for the young man to speak. He took from his breast pocket, fumbling underneath his stars and crosses and ribbons, the three letters, somewhat soiled now. He put them down before Madelon on the table; kept his finger on them and looked at her.

"Whatever it is," muttered von Neitschütz in broken tones, "it can be explained, I can assure you, Your Highness. I can assure Your Highness, it can be explained."

"No more explained than that!" cried the Elector, looking up. He pointed to the blot that he himself had cast on the achievement of von Neitschütz; the wood had soaked up the ink—a stern abatis on the blazon. "This is my letter to your daughter, and these two are hers to your son Casimir."

Casimir caught his head in his hands with a groan; he saw the whole disaster in the most ugly of flashes.

Madelon leaned toward the youth towering in his agonized rage, his outraged pride and vengeance, and, plucking at his sleeve, forced him to look at her beauty.

"Does this make any difference?" she asked. "If you want me, Johann Georg; I am not less the creature who has always pleased you, who knows how to please you always. . . ."

He considered her and the three wretched men waited, daring to hope that even now she might reëxercise her powerful seduction over his infatuate mind. The young man considered her. She was Leda—the goddess of the Italian picture, but a goddess uncrowned.

"YES, I want you, Madelon," he answered brutally, "but your value has sunk."

He turned to the father, to the brothers, and said in tones of the bitterest and most contemptuous insult:

"I am your prince, not your fool."

Then to the old man:

"Major-General von Neitschütz, send your daughter to my room within the hour, or look for no toleration from me."

"To your room?" stammered the old man, leaning heavily on the table. "I have not heard aright."

"You have heard well enough—I will have the room I had as a child sometimes, near the library—you remember it? If not, there are those who will show you the way. I think you are in a mire of difficulties—you and your two sons. You may sink and strangle in them if you keep Madelon from me tonight. Come, yours is not the first ancient house that has bred a harlot."

Major-General von Neitschütz leaned heavily on his hands which rested on the table; he seemed absorbed in an effort to hold himself upright. His eyes were cast down, and their sockets seemed blind and hollow. His two sons did not speak. The nearer grumbling of the thunder filled the room.

"You have not seen," added the Elector, "tonight's Gazette, I think? In it is the announcement of my marriage to the Margravine of Anspach—that will be by now concluded. My proxy left Dresden two days ago."

"Oh," said Major-General von Neitschütz. "Oh!"

Johann Georg stretched out his hand toward Madelon, who still remained mute and rigid, leaning toward him.

"Come to me, or let me come to you, within the hour—I give you one hour or tomorrow your father and your brothers will be cashiered. And you," he added with supreme bitterness, "you, Madelon, you must look to some other man to pay your price."

Even then she would have caught at his sleeve and endeavored to detain him. She tried to speak but he put her aside, and not gently. Sweat had broken out on his forehead and round his lips. He wiped it away, but the drops started again immediately. The brilliants on his stars sent out winking rays of malicious light.

"An hour," he repeated thickly, "an hour."

He passed her and strode away. Madelon did not look after him. As he left the room she fell into his empty chair and clutched at the tablecloth.

"Blast him!" muttered Casimir, as the door shut somberly in the shadows. "Damn and blast him!"

General von Neitschütz, looking up, made a shaking gesture with an unsteady hand toward the blotched escutcheon.

"Take that off," he ordered. "Wipe that off—quick! Clement! Casimir! one of you—cleanse the achievement!"

Clement staggered round the table, snatched out his lace handkerchief, and fumbled it over the ink: the stain had laid there too long, it was already deeply ingrained into the wood where the paint was worn away.

With a trembling curse, Clement von Neitschütz poured some wine over his handkerchief and daubed that over the ink so that a vile smear of black and red mingled over the entire shield—the black and red together stained his own fingers and ruffles.

"It won't come off," he snarled, "it won't come off."

He returned to his place tearing at the handkerchief and wiping his fingers on a napkin. "What does that matter? Why do you think of that?"

"No," said the old man, "it won't come off."

He sat down, fingered his lips, stared round him. "What are we going to do?"

"Kill him," sobbed Casimir, wildly. "I'll do it. We have no one here except a few lackeys in the kitchens—they're shut away."

"Have you a mind to hang on the wheel?" demanded Clement, fiercely. "There was a man last week lived three days, broken, begging every passer-by to put him out of his agonies. Do you fancy that?"

"We've got to kill him," insisted Casimir. "There's no other way."

"The torture chamber in the Königsberg," replied Clement, "do you fancy that?"

Madelon spoke, in a strained, thin voice.

"Since you speak of killing, my brother, why did you not strike him down at once!"

"He is a big drunken animal," groaned Casimir.

"You couldn't face him," whispered Madelon. "You'd get him from behind, I suppose?"

"A pistol shot," breathed Casimir, "from the doorway—it might pass as an accident. . . . We need one of Madame de Rosny's philters." He pulled himself up sharply. "Don't stare at me like that, my father. It is not my fault."

THE old man broke into swift fury: "Whose fault is it then, you lying weakling, you boasting coward, you ruffling rake and puling fool? Who but you, you small-witted profligate, chambering in a gambling hell, would have thought of showing those letters to a trull like Fani von Ilten?"

"It was Count Stürm," protested the frantic young man, shuddering. "It was his devilish work. How was I to know? I was desperate. How do you expect a man to live in a city like Dresden?"

"Count Stürm," interrupted his father, stupidly, "yes, this is all the work of Count Stürm."

Clement broke into ferocious recriminations against his brother; he was still endeavoring, with frantic gestures, to cleanse his hands of the mingled ink and wine.

He began to spit out his agonized rage in reproaches against his brother, and gave foul glimpses of their common life. He recalled nauseous follies on Casimir's part, disgraceful entanglements, dishonorable debts. And Madelon listened.

She had guessed much of this, but much was new.

But the old man heard not a word of

(Continued on page 60)

FINALLY—
finish the job with

Aqua Velva

for

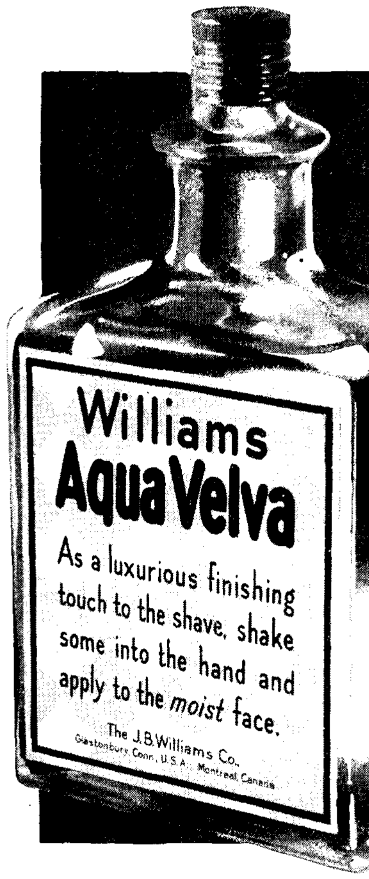
After-Shaving!

When the razor is laid down, the lather washed off (and the face still moist) put on Aqua Velva. Then, the day's begun,—with a sparkle!

¶ Aqua Velva was made for after-shaving. Just for that. Many years of study and experiment are blended in its tingling coolness. It meets certain definite needs of the newly shaven skin; needs that our research makes us well aware of. And every skin is the better for its stimulating touch.

¶ Aqua Velva makes the skin feel awake, alive. It cares for tiny nicks and cuts (often there, though mostly unseen). Mildly and pleasantly astringent, it tends toward firmness, away from flabbiness. Guards against dust and germs. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, and so keeps it flexible, comfortable, Fit!

¶ The last touch in sensible good grooming for millions of men today, Aqua Velva deserves a place on *your* bathroom shelf. Take a bottle home tonight. Small chance you'll be without it again.


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. C-89, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

Stands Up!
MONOGRAM OIL

"I knew you'd come back"

"WHEN I refilled your crankcase with Monogram I knew you'd see the difference. My customers all come back. It's such blamed good oil!"

The Monogram man speaks with conviction. His business is not controlled by any oil manufacturer. And he picks Monogram for his customers because he sees the wisdom of building repeat business in constantly growing volume of this quality oil.

Monogram gives extra-lubrication service. It is made from the highest grade premium crude. It is refined to develop the finest lubricating qualities. There is no lowering of standards for greater quantity and greater profit.

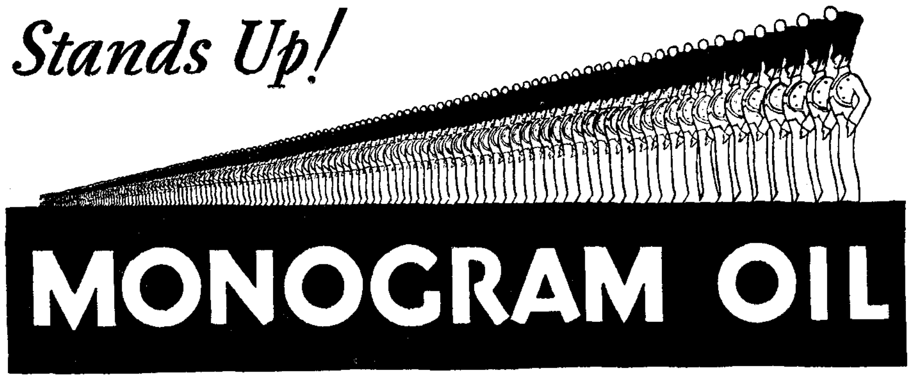
Have the Monogram man refill your car. And when you have seen the difference you too will buy your oil from real knowledge and conviction.

NEW YORK LUBRICATING OIL COMPANY

Makers of Monogram—Estab. 1893

General Offices: 116 Broad Street, New York City

Jobbers and distributors in open territories are invited to communicate with us.



(*Continued from page 59*)

what his elder son raved of; with closed eyes he peered into the blackness of unfathomable misfortune, every hope frustrated, every expectation laid low, the last and most intolerable of insults hurled at his head—in a moment when he had hoped for triumph. . . . Stürm's work!

Stürm's delight at this!

"He relied on me," thought Madelon. "All of them relied on me, and I have failed them: they spent their all on me for nothing."

THE door opened slowly, partially closed, and opened again, and a young Lutheran clergyman entered, and hesitated on the sill, dismayed and frightened by the scene before him—the tumbled cloth pulled awry, the four figures round it, sunk by some weight of woe, on their elbows and palms—for so they all held themselves, their faces in their hands, their arms on the table. The two young men in the gaudy uniforms—one green-faced, mottled, sick seeming; the other with a scar creeping purple across his cheek as if it had been fresh made; the old man huddled, gaunt, in his place, and the girl in the great chair of honor, small, frail, like a cowering child.

The pastor, contemplating this scene, did not dare move. He knew something of his errand; Major-General von Neitschütz had confided to him a wide hint of the importance of his mission. He had the marriage service by rote; he had done exactly as he was bid, disturbed no one, come through the open gates, the open door, straight to this imposing room: a little awed, a little excited, curious to see the Elector; apprehensive yet flattered by his interference in these secret State affairs. A thin, fair, earnest man of middle age and decent aspect, he stood on the threshold absorbed in his awed curiosity, forgetting even his errand, but merely gazing at those four figures.

"My lord, sir," began the minister—the words faded on his lips, he cleared his throat. Again he tried:

"Major-General von Neitschütz—"

It was Madelon who answered him. She turned in her chair, and, for the first time since he had entered the room, he beheld her face.

He had never seen her so close before, and until he died, many, many years afterward, he never forgot that lovely countenance, and often spoke of it—sometimes with compassion and sometimes with horror, but always with a trembling admiration.

Madelon looked over her shoulder and stared at him.

Her fairness was outlined against the bronze darkness of the candlelight; her scarf had fallen, and her shoulders and bosom were bare.

"We shall not need you tonight," she said quietly, "there has been some error—I am sorry."

The pastor bowed and backed from the room, but still stared at Madelon's face. As he did so he observed behind her, and above the branch of candles, the proud escutcheon of the House of Neitschütz, that he had so often admired and even humbly and distantly envied, and he remarked with horror how it was blurred and veiled with dark, and dripped with moisture, red and black—like soot and blood, like darkness and flame, like sin and death.

Her eyes impelled him to speak, though the three silent figures of the men filled him with terror and apprehension, and she seemed (and always in his recollection of her) like a fair creature doomed.

"It is a fearful night," he stammered. "A great storm comes up over the fields, but it does not rain."

"A fearful night," said Madelon.

He left them; he closed the door; he crept away, glad to return to his homely hearth through the thunderous dark.

The girl spoke down the table:

"Father, have we nothing that we can do? We have relied entirely on this?"

"We have nothing," he replied, hoarsely.

Madelon smiled slowly:

"What did he say, Father? Did you hear, my Father, what he said? 'Not the first harlot to come from an ancient house'!"

"O God, my God!" groaned von Neitschütz. "He must die, we must kill him, Casimir."

Madelon considered them all curiously.

"I believe," she thought, "I could bring them up to murder tonight—I believe I could bring myself to murder too. I am so changed. I could stand at the door and hold it while they did it—and afterward—the torture chamber in Königsberg . . . the rack, the wheel—"

"Let him live," she said aloud, "to serve our ends. Do you think he is free of me, even now? His torment is little less than ours while he waits."

"Do you still think," sneered Casimir, "that you will enchant him?"

"It is," whispered Madelon, "it is because he loves me that he is so furious."

Clement jerked toward her across the table, oversetting a rummer of red wine, of which neither of them took any heed.

"Perhaps, even now," he muttered, "you might, supposing his senses were stirred enough—"

"He is married," said Madelon. "Count Stürm has seen to that."

The three of them, even her father, were looking to her now, relying on her judgment and decision; she was the coolest of them all; like a little light of hope in a smoky darkness.

"Shut the window," she bade Casimir, "even if we choke and stifle in the heat; I'll not endure this lightning."

Casimir rose and clumsily clattered the shutters together; the candles were guttering, flaring with the stench of coarse fat.

"Despite it all," said Madelon, "his very heart's core aches for me."

"How to get out," snarled Clement, "how to get out of this."

"There are no doors in hell," smiled Madelon.

"I'll shoot myself," swore Casimir, "before this story flies round Dresden. . . ."

"THE hour for our deliberation goes fast," said Madelon. "Hush! we must be quiet and wise."

"We have nothing to deliberate," replied her father.

"No." Madelon rose, could rise, even from this. "I could so countermove that he, his wife, Count Stürm, and all their creatures, all who have brought this about and who have hated us, should be the subject for our mirth."

"How?" demanded von Neitschütz, hoarsely. "How, girl, how could you accomplish this?"

They all looked at her, waiting, half in expectation, half in horror.

"What have we left to save?" mused Madelon, as if she had not heard her father's harsh fierce question. "We are degraded from all worldly honor. He could not hold us lower than he does. After all, is not this the game I have been always taught? Are not these the very rules that I have learned so well?"

The thunder shook among them, the untended candles flared a ragged light on their intense and affrighted faces. The three men stared closer and closer at the girl who, standing, appeared to command them all.

"What do you mean?" whispered the old man, fearfully.

"He asked you to be your daughter's

pander," said Madelon. "Ask him then a pander's price. Tell him to come to my room, and be you there to bargain with him."

Johann Georg endeavored to control himself by listening for the continual roll of the thunder, which came with but a few seconds' interval, yet with every clap was more hushed. He had opened his window on the sable melancholy, the deep menace of the night. The stifling heat had been somewhat relieved. The air, though still sultry, seemed to hold a large and fair expectancy of rain.

The curtains eddied inward from the open window in a sudden gust of rising wind, and steadily, through the more distant mutter of the thunder, came the patter of the rain on the leaves of the great trees without. Johann Georg picked up his watch which, shaped like an egg of silver and crystal and attached to a long ribbon of blue velvet, lay among his toilet appointments. It was nearly an hour since he had left those four figures round the disordered supper table beneath the stained escutcheon. For the first time in his life he noted how little time, as marked on clocks, mattered. If he had not glanced at the small silver dial he could not have said if the interval had been one hour, or two, or three, or all of night. The rain fell steadily into a blackness so complete that it seemed a void.

NOW there was someone at the door, a human, muffled step, a human, muffled knock.

The Elector, who had bidden all his servants keep away from him, opened the door and looked into the corridor, which was lit only by one small lamp.

A servant handed him a letter—a small piece of paper folded over and sealed.

The Elector took it, closed the door, and returned to the window, where the night air, now wild and wet with rain, rushed about his ears. The candles were flaring in this same melancholy gust, and by the light of them the Elector broke the seal.

"From Madelon! And I shall scarce be able to read it for the trembling of her hand."

But, no! it was written steadily with a precise and flying pen.

> I am in my room now and waiting for you here. MADELON.

So easy, after all! A von Neitschütz—and no more difficult than one of those creatures of whom Madame de Rosny had told him—creatures whom, in his passion for Madelon, he had scarcely known to exist. He stood amazed, ashamed.

At once, within the hour. . . .

The splashing of the rain had reminded him of the splashing of the water in that fountain long since dried up, where they had played together as children—the four of them: those two trim young men braced into their uniforms, their dissipated faces—they were little children then and pleasant playmates, but now vile, cold hypocrites, as she was . . .

Here was her letter—steady, cool and clear. If he had married her, how soon would she have been sending such messages to other men?

Johann Georg closed the window against the dashing onslaught of the rain, put out the candles, and went into the corridor and, without hesitation to her chamber.

He heard no sound from either his servants or those of the house, but lights, mean and scarce, were put adroitly to illuminate his way.

At the door, before which he paused now, he had ventured once to lay flowers, when he was still young enough not to be ashamed of such folly. He could remember the painful care with which he had made up the bouquet—little buds and bells and trumpets, fine leaves, exactly arranged in circles of color. Blue and yellow, white and rose. He glanced where the bouquet had lain, and turned the handle, and entered the room which had once been to him like a shrine.

It was brightly lit. There were candles on the bureau and on the mantelshelf, and at the foot of the bed with the drawn curtains sat her father and her two brothers, their bare swords across their knees.

"Ah, murder!" the young Elector, exclaimed.

He closed the door, quite fearless, and glad of action, glad that he was to deal with the men who would arouse him from his hateful dreams into a robust passion of scorn and anger. He believed they meant to murder him, but it never occurred to him to leave the room or call for help.

"What hazard do I stand here?" he asked.

The two officers rose out of instinctive respect for their prisoner, and some fear in the presence of a brave man. They retained their bare swords in their unsteady hands.

The old von Neitschütz remained seated, with both his swollen and knotted hands on the guard of his weapon. He had taken off his heavy periwig and his hair shaven close, showed like a gleam of hoar frost on his large head. His yellow features were furrowed and shrunken, and his light brown eyes, that had once been of that gleaming golden hue, were but the ashes of extinguished fires. He had pulled his habit awry. His coat was open, his neckcloth undone. His massive bulk, at once huge and gaunt, obscured the bed curtains worked by Madelon's own hands, which hung directly behind him.

"You have demanded my daughter," said General von Neitschütz, thickly, "in such a way, as I think, no man's daughter was ever asked before."

"Do you resent it?" demanded the Elector, violently. "You who have spread birdlime for me, since I was in petticoats?"

HE WAS conscious, even as he spoke, of her room, defiled by this. The thought of this place had once been as sweet to him as open sunshine. He had envied the jasmine that waved at her window . . . the window from which she had often looked down at him, supplicant below for her smiles—

General von Neitschütz grinned, lifted his gaunt, shaven head. There seemed to be a cast or twist in one of his eyes, and a wryness on one side of his features. He looked like a man who had been paralyzed by a blow on the head or trepanned.

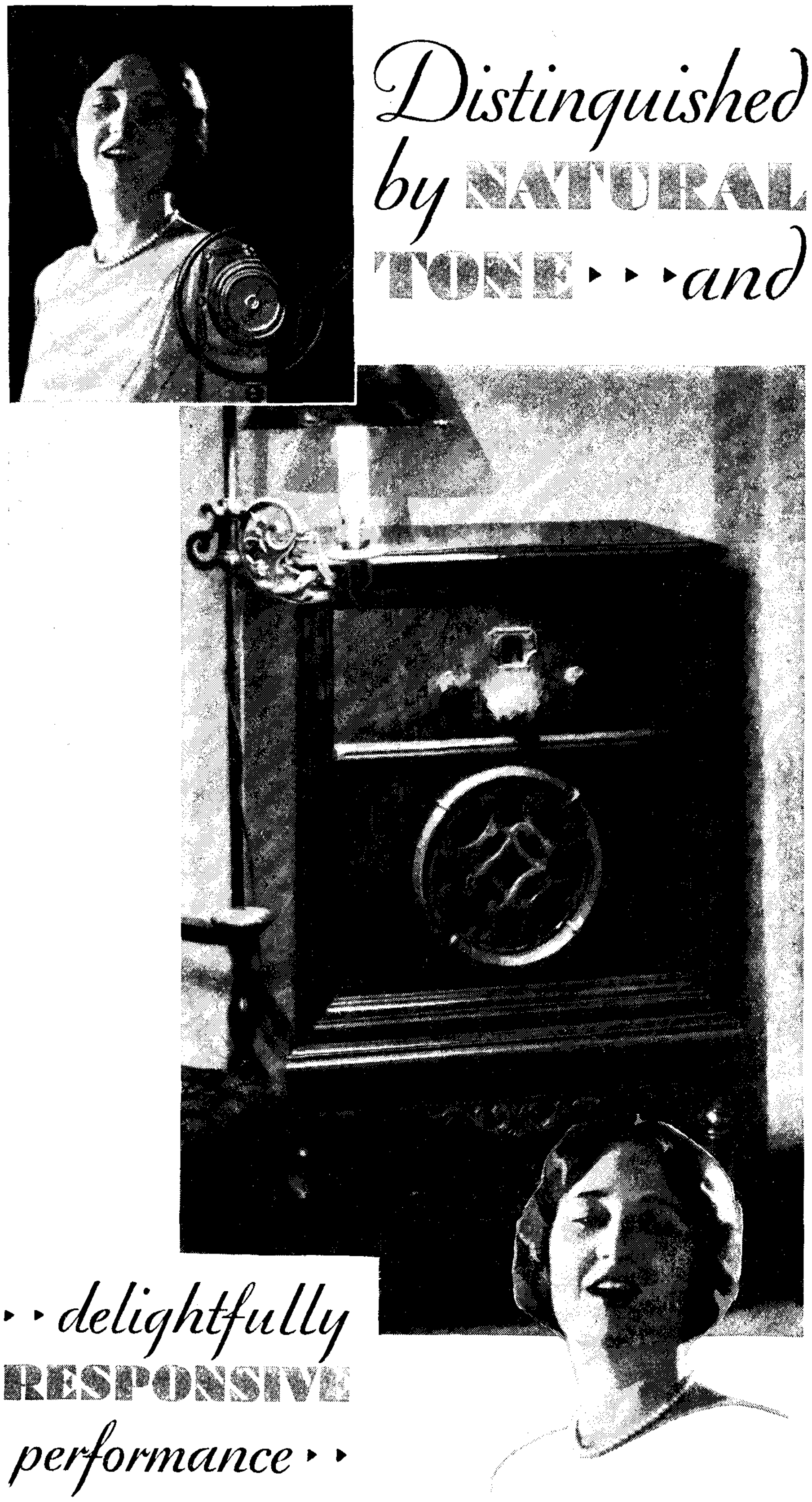
"I do not resent it," he stammered. "It is well known that this is the best fashion to catch the favor of princes . . . I, Your Highness, have always been very unfortunate. . . . You know my shameful poverty, my long trouble. As you say, I and my daughter and this house have been very long familiar to you. And," he added, with a ferocious wildness, "you ask me to give you my daughter. I tell you, Your Highness, she is for sale."

"We stoop lower than we need, all of us," replied the Elector, somberly. "You make this bargaining stink even in the devil's nostrils."

Clement von Neitschütz now spoke; it seemed indeed that his father was unable any longer to do so, for the old man swayed and groaned in his place.

"Why should we?" he sneered savagely, "when Your Highness has treated us as men without honor, friends or resources, behave in any manner grand

(Continued on page 62)



Distinguished by NATURAL TONE ▸▸▸and

▸▸delightfully RESPONSIVE performance▸▸

Listeners marvel at the glorious tone of the new Day-Fan Radio.

Along with all the depth and the richness of music, this instrument presents another quality of the original—*Brilliance*.

Fidelity in the reproduction of silvery high notes . . . . and the elusive overtones . . . . distinguishes the performance.

Naturalness in Day-Fan Radio is achieved by detecting all the frequencies and correctly amplifying them—without overemphasis—in the improved audio system.

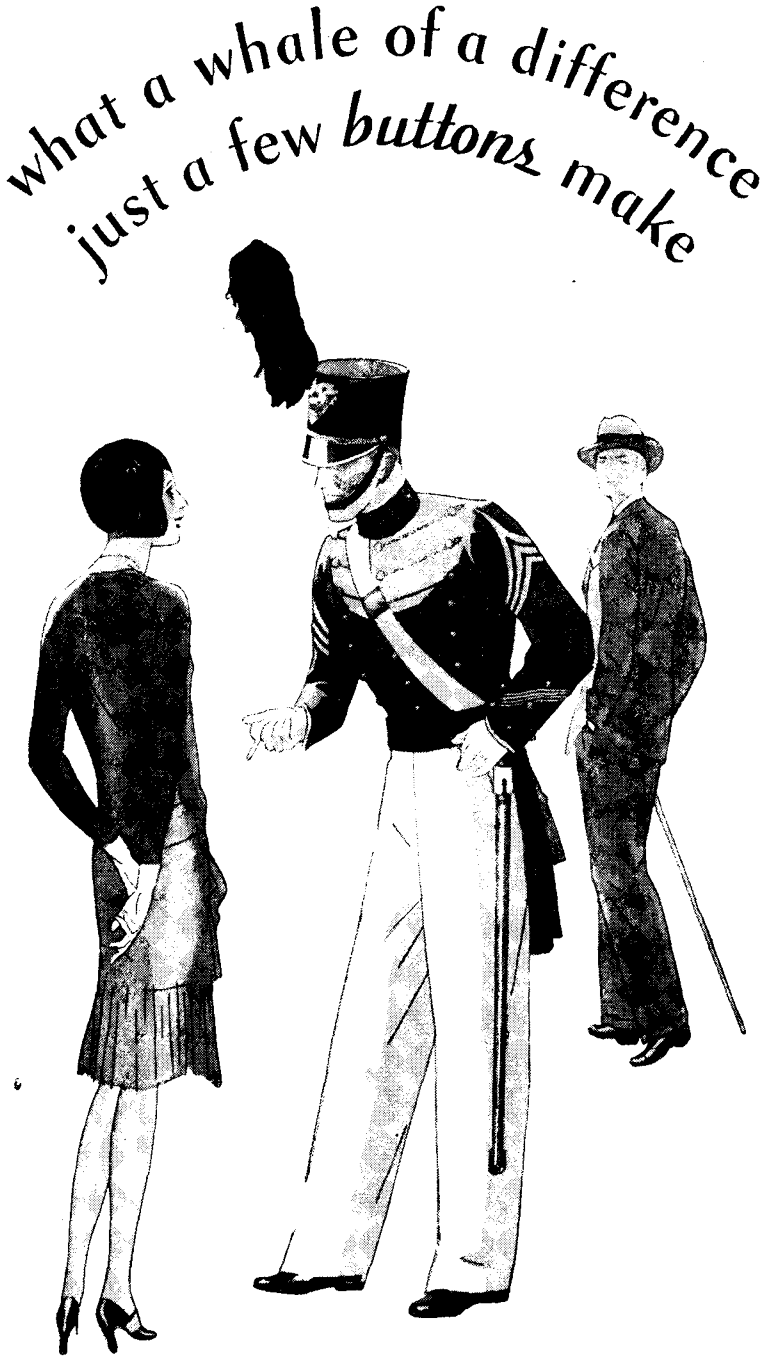
This set responds! It is sensitive. It is powerful: capable of great volume amplification—without distortion. It is sharply selective.

Day-Fan Radio is modestly priced. In the beautiful walnut console as shown above, the 9-tube set (two 245's in push-pull) with matched electro-dynamic speaker is $175 less tubes (higher in Far West).

Day-Fan RADIO

DAY-FAN ELECTRIC CO., 2009 Wisconsin Blvd., Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me descriptive literature on Day-Fan Radio.

Name.. Address..



what a whale of a difference
just a few buttons make

YES
*and what a whale of
a difference just a
few* cents *make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

Fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

(*Continued from page 61*)

and decorous? We are ruined, as you know, and we have nothing left to sell but this girl, and if you want her why should we lower the terms?"

"I will pay nothing—nothing!" cried the Elector, with rage. "All she will gain from me is that I shall leave you unmolested, blackguards that ye are."

"But life," cried Casimir, "is worth nothing to us on those terms. Perhaps your Highness does not realize what it is for a man to be desperate. Here are our terms."

He pulled some papers out of his laced pockethole. "Until you sign them you do not get Madelon—even if we have to kill you where you stand."

Clement had, meanwhile, stepped adroitly behind the Elector and bolted the door.

The Elector arrogantly refused to take the papers from Casimir or to move his hand from his side; he stood erect, defying them.

WITH a bitter bow the younger von Neitschütz proceeded to read aloud the terms: Money, pensions, employment, precisely stated, quietly and clearly defined—a businesslike document.

"Who drew up those in so short a time?" demanded Johann Georg.

"Madelon herself, sir," replied Casimir. "She was the only one who had so clear a head, so steady a hand."

"Madelon!" cried the Elector, "Madelon! We are all drunk, or damned, or in a dream. . . ."

"We're all drunk," grinned Clement, from the door. "Who could put this through sober?"

"Drunk or sober, I'll be your sport no more," flared Johann Georg. "I refuse to sign; I will pay you no price. Tomorrow you can come and ask my favors."

General von Neitschütz spoke:

"These are our terms. Does your Highness expect niceness or delicacy? You have treated me like a dog," he repeated; "my God, like a dog!"

"My terms were stated first," cried the Elector in an open fury. "The woman tonight or tomorrow—ruin for all of you! I shall lift no hand against you, it will be sufficient to leave you to your own coils."

He turned his back on the two by the bed and made an arrogant gesture for Clement von Neitschütz to leave the door. He believed that they would all attack him—they were desperate to the point of murder, and he rejoiced that it might be so. He was willing to fight them all, and confident that he could defeat them all. . . . The old broken disabled man, who could hardly hold himself on his feet, who must sit there groaning and struggling for the breath with which to voice his infamous sentences—the two young men, soft and slack from vicious living, he could strive with them all. And more than this, he felt in himself something grand and generous that would sweep them all into the filth to which they belonged. He repeated his passionate order to Clement to step aside.

"Your Highness leaves?" said a woman's voice.

He turned swiftly.

The bed curtains had parted behind von Neitschütz's old, bowed figure, and there was Madelon, bright against the warm shadows, kneeling against the wooden bedpost, in a night rail of muslin, her hair fallen to its natural length.

"Do you go away, after all?" she asked.

She looked at him across the candlelight as if they were alone in the chamber; he was conscious of the sound of the rain, heavy, steady, without.

He took a step back toward the bed, and the three swords quivered in his direction, upward, toward his heart; even old von Neitschütz had got to his feet now and stood there squarely and resolutely confronting him with the drawn weapon; the candlelight flickered on the blue steel.

"Unless you sign." . . . They all said together.

The young Elector looked without a tremor at the menacing faces and the threatening forms.

"I made my bargain downstairs," he replied hotly, and folded his arms across his breast.

"Am I worth so little?" asked Madelon; she pulled the curtains farther apart. "Ah, me, so little!"

"It is your infamy and my shame," broke in the Elector passionately, "that you are worth nothing, Madelon."

But he spoke in defiance of himself, for the ancient enchantment was returning.

She seemed so sweet, so cool, so infantile, so remote from all this squalid horror, this pitiful evil, that she seemed to flash him into other worlds, to lift his disgusted and outraged soul into peace—and this, though she was the cause of all the horror and the tumult.

"Am I not worth something to you even yet?" asked Madelon, in a still voice. "I who was once your young dear and your sweet darling? Give my father what he asks, and let them go."

The Elector stared at her appalled, as if this was some frightful madman's dream, enacted before him, through which he might in vain strive to touch cool sanities again.

Madelon stepped from the bed, half-unclothed and glowing in the candlelight; he had not known she was so beautiful. . . .

"The storm has passed," she smiled, looking at him as if the others were not there, "and tomorrow will be a fair day, fresh and pleasant after the rain."

THE young Elector was breathing heavily, unevenly. His face was hotly flushed. Again the sweat started on his brow and lip. He heard the level beat of the rain; sweet, monotonous, enchanting.

"I will sign nothing," he muttered desperately, "nothing; I will promise nothing."

His bright blue eyes, blood-injected, met the pallid, malign glance of Casimir, the cold and bitter fury of Clement, and, more deadly than either, the blank stare of the old man still seated at the end of the bed.

He thought they all looked insanely wicked, and evil, and terrible. He kept his arms folded above his breast, above his laboring heart; his was a splendid yet pitiful figure in his glittering silk and gleaming decorations, with his bright hair and candid good looks, so young, so strong, so powerful, so defeated and miserable.

"Come to me!"

Her voice was fine and delicate in the ugly din and confusion of his thoughts. He stared at the bed with the embroidered curtains—he could remember seeing her work them by the fountain and the fluted pillar with the urn; remembered her little basket of silks, and the neat cords knotted with all the niceties of a woman's minute labors.

She leaned against the bed board, her light garments falling open, and slipping from her shoulders, and made a little gesture of her hand forward, and then said to the three men, who appeared with a bitter, hard, desperate and cynical patience, to await her commands:

"Put up your swords and leave him to me."

"I can't move—I can't go," groaned General von Neitschütz. "I've had a stroke or a palsy. My legs won't move."

"Take him away," she said to her brothers. "He is well enough. It is but stress of mind."

The two young officers put their swords into their scabbards, without looking either at the Elector, who remained standing in the center of the floor, or at their sister, who remained leaning against the bed board.

They helped, half-dragging, half-supporting, their father from the room.

Casimir had left the papers which he had offered to the Elector on the bed coverlet. Madelon picked them up and slipped them under the pillow; moving easily, lightly, with bare feet.

"How violent the rain is!" she said, quietly.

They could hear nothing else but that steady sound beyond the window.

Relieved of the odious presence of the men, the young Elector drew an easier breath. With a stumbling step he crossed the room and, avoiding the chairs that had been occupied by the von Neitschützes—father and sons—he took a taboret by the dressing table, and sat down, pulling aside the curtains from the rainy night. The shutters had been set wide, and the atmosphere of the chamber was cool and sweet.

"You are perturbed," said Madelon, gently. "Tonight has overthrown all of us. But why need we be so changed one to the other?" She approached him. "See, I have sent them away—we are alone together. I make no bargains with you, I ask for nothing—we are entirely in your hands."

He looked at her—the Madelon of his long adoration—and the miserable beclouding of pain, of agonies, of rage and disillusion left his senses.

"WHAT has there been between you and me," she asked, "that you should wrong me as you did—what if I wrote desperately to a brother who tormented me with his misfortunes? Did you not set me rather too low in what you said tonight? I am still Madelon."

He became ashamed of his violence, of his brutality; as he gazed at her sorrowful, candid face, so pure in line, so radiant in coloring, with an expression of such resigned suffering, he wished to go on his knees and ask her pardon for the wrong he had done her—the foul and unforgivable words with which he had branded her. He wished to wash away with tears all the frightful visions of this horrid night.

Madelon took from her dressing table which was set with flowers in tall glasses, a green flagon and a small rummer, and poured him out some liquid and offered it to him. It was, she said, a cordial she had made herself—new wine and spices.

Johann Georg drank it. Through the fatigue of his emotions and his passions, the shapes of the flagon and the glass were impressed on his mind, the color and the line of them; the taste of the liquid seemed to him peculiar—but he dismissed the thought from his mind as swiftly as it had come.

He remembered, however, afterward and often enough.

THE drink which was both sweet and potent gave him back something of the composure that he had lost, when the three men had left the room and he had been relieved from the strain of facing them. He pulled Madelon down toward him. He asked himself why he had been so agonized—what had he wanted but Madelon? And she but him? It did not matter in what way or what fashion. The dream-maiden of his folly had vanished but the earthly woman remained; they could not take her from him. . . . Here was definite joy and repose and oblivion. . . . He had been cheated of everything else, but not of this.

He snatched her hands and kissed them, half weeping, and begged her never to leave him, to remain with him through everything. He could not tell her what she meant to him. Without her he was unhappy—with her he was happy. That was all! How express the felicity of her enchantment? He could not now believe that she was a hypocrite and traitor to him.

If she was, he scarcely cared.

(To be continued next week)

April Escapade

Continued from page 37

"Mary—" Chris said.

She went over to him again, to take her old position, her shoulder against his, his arm halfway about her.

"It's just happened!" she told them. "I know that all that you say is true, I know that it isn't sensible. All the women of his world are the beauty-parlor, bridge-playing sort, who get divorces and drink cocktails and know all the restaurants in Paris. They'll despise me—his mother won't like me! But what *of* it?"

"Molly, Molly," Martin pleaded, "think what you're saying! You're crazy. Don't let his money—"

"Oh, Mart, hush up!" the girl commanded him, good-naturedly. "You don't think it's his money? You know it's not! That'd be like saying that I'd sell you and the girls and Pat and Tom for money!"

"Mary," Chris said, hoarsely and gently, seeing nothing but the blue eyes that she raised to his, as he clasped her hands together, and lifted them to his heart, "do you mean it? Will you take a chance?"

"I have to!" she whispered.

"And you're not afraid, dear?"

"Yes," she said, with the first flash of natural laughter she had shown tonight, "I'm horribly afraid! I know I'll make mistakes, I'll be snubbed—

"And after a few years, you may not love me any more than lots and lots of men love their wives after a few years," she added, suddenly grave.

"But this thing," she said, her fingers in a clutching pressure, over her heart, "this thing has got—to be quieted. It is like a pain!"

He dropped her hands, and turned toward her mother; he was on one knee, beside the older woman's chair.

"Mrs. O'Hara," he said, "may I have her?"

THERE was a long pause, and in it Cass Keating slipped quietly from the kitchen, without anyone noting his going.

"How would you know your own heart?" Mrs. O'Hara said then, slowly, dubiously. But she had laid one hand upon the big square shoulder of the coat, just the same. "How would she know hers, and you and she strangers this fortnight a-gone?" she asked.

"I'll be very good to her, she'll be the most spoiled—the most loved woman, in the world." Chris promised humbly.

Suddenly Mrs. O'Hara's face quivered, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

"It'd be what Mary Kate wanted, in the long last!" she said, unsteadily. She got up and went into the bedroom that adjoined the kitchen.

Tom kissed his sister, laughed a raw, bewildered laugh and lumbered on his own way to bed.

(Continued on page 64)

How to settle the shaving cream argument

finally and forever

Never before have men been so deeply concerned about shaving creams as they are today. They want far greater comfort. They want speed. They want convenience. And manufacturers, quick to sense the situation, are pouring forth oceans of words in behalf of their own products.

But Talk Means Little—So, we urge that manufacturers dispense with talk as far as possible. Let each one merely offer his shaving cream free for a week's test. Let each product sell itself. That is our way. We are so sure of MOLLÉ, that we will send you a week's supply free.

It's a Different Cream—whether you choose MOLLÉ *(Mō-lay)* or not is a question for you, and you only, to decide—after testing it. One thing is certain, however; you'll find MOLLÉ different, *very* different, from all other shaving creams. MOLLÉ requires no brush. It makes no lather and no bubbles. It contains no soap, no alkali, no caustic, and no menthol.

MOLLÉ Is Not a Chemist's Compound—MOLLÉ was discovered by a learned physician—a skin specialist. MOLLÉ is a true emollient. After-lotions are never used. The discoverer of MOLLÉ sought to accomplish three things:

1—Gentle, easy shaving that would forever end razor-pull.

2—A positive beneficial effect upon the face instead of rough, burning, smarting, irritated skins.

3—Quicker, more convenient shaving.

How well he succeeded is not for us to tell you. A week's trial on your part will bring you the answer.

Some Men Won't Send Coupons—we hope you are not one of those men, because in your interest, as well as ours, we want you to get acquainted with this *different* shaving cream—MOLLÉ *(Mō-lay)*. Our free trial offer has made us more than a million new customers.

However, if you never send coupons, and wish to try MOLLÉ *this very day*, do this: Go to your nearest druggist. Buy a regular 50c tube of MOLLÉ. Use it liberally for one week. If then you are not satisfied in every way, return the remainder to us and we will refund your purchase price.

Here is the Free Coupon—And equally convenient is a nearby druggist.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 39, Cleveland, Ohio

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather

A Whale of a Tube

50c

MOLLÉ
SUPERIOR TO LATHER FOR SOFTENING THE BEARD
THE MOLLÉ CO. CLEVELAND, O. U.S.A.
MOLLÉ
(MŌ-LAY)
INCOMPARABLE FOR QUICK, EASY SHAVING WITH PERFECT COMFORT. NO BRUSH—NO LATHER
MOLLÉ

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 39.
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLE without cost to me.

Name

Address

Teeth
HARD TO WHITEN ?

Then Try
This SAFE Way

IODENT No. 2 has a reputation for succeeding where all other means have failed.

It whitens teeth that have not flashed their original brilliance for years, and it achieves this miracle (which is really no miracle at all) by the simplest and *safest* of means.

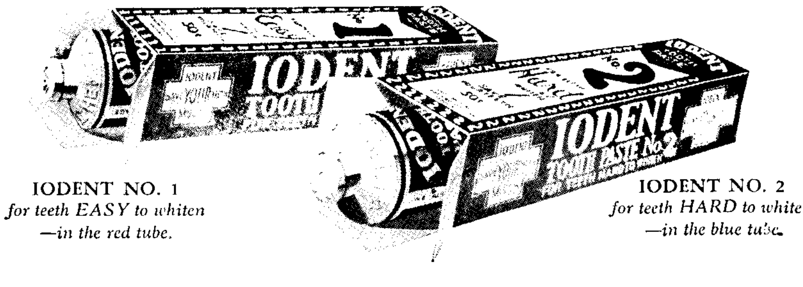
Squeeze out a brushful tomorrow morning and you'll understand. There'll be no explosion of froth in the mouth — no nerve-wracking grit — no hazardous chemical "bleaching." Iodent ingredients come out of the dentist's laboratory.

But you will perceive — instantly — the efficiency of the special No. 2 texture; the firm, wholesome body it maintains in the mouth; and the way it goes vigorously to work on every tiny enamel surface, clinging 'til it cleans, and producing, in due course, the whiteness of nature.

Try it. You'll like the Iodent flavor. You'll get swift results — *safely*. And your gums will respond to the well-known therapeutic values of calcium and potassium iodides contained in both Iodents. Iodent No. 1, for teeth Easy to Whiten, is specially recommended for children.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY · IODENT BUILDING · DETROIT

IODENT No 2



IODENT NO. 1
for teeth EASY to whiten
—in the red tube.

IODENT NO. 2
for teeth HARD to whiten
—in the blue tube.

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Don't you care, Molly!" he said.

"It's the darnedest break I ever saw!" Martin commented, from his chair. He gripped the chair-arm with his right hand, got to his feet, balancing himself carefully, because of the wounded arm. "I'm going in to talk to Mother," he explained.

Mary Kate, her sapphire eyes starry, was standing by the sink, watching the emptying room as a child watches a Christmas tree.

"Mother'll be all right," Martin predicted.

"Oh, yes, she'll be all right!" Mary Kate whispered back.

"She's worried about Uncle Robert. Wouldn't you know he'd choose Holy Week to die in!" Martin commented.

"Wouldn't you know it!"

But in her aching heart she thought: "It doesn't matter what Uncle Robert does now, or whether Regina writes her composition, or Lennihan has a grocery sale. It doesn't matter whether the Geary Street car is crowded or not, on a week-day morning. The rents of the new apartments don't matter to me any more. And my best slippers with the loose heel I was going to have fixed, and mother's new meat-chopper, and being in the play of the Church Dramatic Club —all gone! All gone!"

SHE and Chris were alone in the kitchen.

"Do *you* think it's the darnedest break you ever saw, too, Mary?" Chris asked.

"I'm a little—scared," she admitted, with a laugh.

He held her hands, and her bright hair fell back as she looked up at him.

"Are you scared, Chris?"

"I'm happy," he answered, simply.

"Yes. I'm terribly happy, too. I'm—" Mary Kate turned away with a little shrug, despairing of expressing herself. "It had to be like this," she said.

From the pegs in the little passage she caught a loose brown coat, Tom's coat, as it happened, and slipped into it.

"Come out in the yard a minute," she said.

They went out into the narrow space between the shabby fences, where there were barrels, clotheslines, sheds, poles, and the children's scooters and coasters.

But millions of stars throbbed overhead, and the soft scarf of the Milky Way hung low and glittering, close to the warm spring world. The Banksia rose by the kitchen doorway, the great gnarled lilac by the fence, the "mock-orange" that, covered with creamy blooms, stood close to the porch steps, all helped to scent and make magical the April dark.

Chris and Mary Kate stood silent, breathing it in, their hands locked, her upflung head resting against his shoulder, for a long while.

"What are we going to do next, Chris?"

"Get married, aren't we?"

"I suppose so." Her voice was dreamily confident, like the voice of a protected child.

"Tomorrow, don't you think?"

"Tomorrow!"

"Well, why not? You see, the longer we delay, the more time there is for reporters and fuss and cablegrams and telegrams and whatnot—"

"Oh, horrors!" Mary Kate shuddered.

"Ought you do anything about Keating?"

"About—?"

"Keating—Cass Keating."

"Oh—? Oh, yes; I ought to write him. I'll write him tonight."

"And tomorrow night we'll go to—where? Where do people go, here in California? Shall we go in the car?"

"Ha! We have a car." It amused her.

"You'll have your own car."

"I can drive it," she reflected aloud, simply.

"In summer you can. In winter you'll have to have a driver."

"Chris!"

"Don't you like that idea?"

It had silenced her. She was reflecting.

"Will I have to have a maid?"

"Oh, I think so, Mary."

"Ha!" she exclaimed again, this time with a sigh.

"What time do you think the City Hall opens?" Chris asked.

"Ten."

"Then I'll be here at quarter of ten. And if there's any special person you want to marry us—"

"There is."

"Then telephone him, and arrange it, will you?"

"Will your mother hate me?"

"She'll neither hate you nor like you. We'll visit her, and the count, in Paris. He'll like you, never fear. He's fifteen years younger than my mother. She'll want to talk clothes with you, any gossip you can pick up about persons she knows, and they'll take us to the races, and to dinner at some Russian place."

"And your father?"

"Dad's absorbed in Madeleine. She's about twenty-six, and rather large, and blond—regular Swede blond, and she lisps. She's the girl who—but you wouldn't remember that. She's the girl who sang Wouldn't You Choose the Blues to Lose your Heart To? two years ago. But you'll like Dad. He's very businesslike and square and all that.

"And I have a sweet old grandmother, who runs a cattle farm, over in New Jersey," Chris went on, with sudden enthusiasm. "You'll love them all —I mean the people who work for her, and the calves and the horses and everything! Your little sisters—we ought to get them on there, some time—"

FOR a long minute she was silent. Then she asked: "Chris, are we crazy?"

"I am," he admitted. "I intend to remain so. I feel as if I was born again! I start fresh tomorrow. I'm going to do different things, go after different things. There's something to work for —I tell you I'm different. And besides, what do we care if they all fuss and talk and get photographs and rant around?" he demanded, courageously. "And what do you care if my mother and aunts like you or not?"

"Oh, but I do care!" Mary Kate answered promptly. "That's going to be part of—the fun," she predicted, youthfully. "I'm going in for all this—*tremendously*, Chris. I'm going to dress smartly—but plainly, you know. I'm going to speak French and German like a native—"

"French like a German native, and German like a French native—"

"Ah, well, you can be funny, but you wait and see! And I'm going to have a houseful of children—boys in linen suits, and girls in fuzzy hair and smocks, and a fat baby with a colored nurse—"

"Why colored? To save the child's eyes?"

They were both laughing, and for an instant his brown lean cheek touched her satin-smooth fair one, and her silky hair brushed his cheek.

"No, but because they're so kind to babies," she explained seriously. "We'll have a country place—"

"My grandmother Vreeland's place—"

"Well. And this troop of Irish-American roughnecks will be perfectly famous," Mary Kate continued. "And I'll be the sort of—oh, well, plainly dressed smart woman, you know, who knows all about books and plays and German and Italian—"

"It was French, a minute ago."

"Oh, well, French, too. And I'll study the operas, too, Chris. Do you like the opera? Do you go to the opera?"

"Sometimes. I like some of them."

"At the Metropolitan?"

"At the Metropolitan. The old man has a box."

"A box!"

"Certainly."

"At the Metropolitan Opera House?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, heavens!" Mary Kate said, on a gasp. "Should I have to wear evening dress?"

"You would. You could wear that thing you wore Friday night, and my Aunt Minnie's pearls."

"Oh, sure enough! Those pearls are yours, aren't they, Chris?"

"They are yours, now. I present them to you."

She gave a frightened laugh.

"Chris, we may have lots of fun!"

"We will have."

"We didn't think our adventure would turn out like this, did we?"

"Rather not! I didn't know," Chris added, "that there was ever a woman in the world like you."

"I have to go in," Mary Kate said. "My mother's going over to Aunt Julia's, and Mart'll need me to help him getting to bed."

Chris, tipped her head back, under the spring stars.

"I love you," he said. "I've never done anything to deserve you, and that country house full of kids, and those nights at the opera, and all the rest of it. But—"

He stopped, at a loss for words.

"I know you will!" she whispered, as if he had finished his thought.

THREE minutes later, shaken and breathless and bewildered, she heard the side gate click after him. Mary Kate took one more look at the blue dark sky and the stars and the rising tiers of golden apartment-house windows, and the powdery silver of the Milky Way, and drew one more great breath of the lilac and syringa scented night. Then she went into the kitchen. Her mother, once again bonneted and veiled, stood in the doorway between the bedroom and kitchen.

"Mr. Steynes went, did he, dear?"

"Yes'm."

"And you're sure of yourself, Mary Kate?"

"Oh, Mother!"

A long pause. The older woman sighed.

"Well, that's all I could ask," she said at last. "But it seems a far cry from the little room you were born in, in Brooklyn!"

"I know," Mary Kate said.

"Sleep in my room with Pat, dear. He's apt to wake, and I'll be up with Uncle Robert all night," Mrs. O'Hara said. "But I'll stop in at church at seven on my way home tomorrow."

"I'll set the alarm and meet you there, Mother. We'll have breakfast together."

She was alone again.

She sat on, at the red oilclothed kitchen table, staring into space, her arms crossed, her eyes narrowed, her lip bitten. The clock hands moved, the lamplight wavered in the kitchen.

Then suddenly she stood up, and pushed her chair back into place. She took the alarm clock, and busied herself with the little keys on its back, before locking the yard door, darkening the kitchen, and going to her mother's kitchen bedroom.

Little Pat, freckled and thin and tousled of hair, was sprawled half-covered, crosswise on the wide bed. Mary Kate straightened and covered him.

She went into the dining-room and opened Tom's forgotten window. Kneeling beside him, she put her arms about him, mother-fashion, and he half roused, in his first deep sleep, and murmured to her:

"Gee, I'm crazy about you, Molly!"

MARY KATE mounted the stairs, and sat for a long time, in the dark back bedroom, lighted only by the rise and fall of the cigarette advertisement a block away. Little tawny-headed Regina was sleeping like a baby saint, her hair shaken into a halo on the pillow about her unconscious head; Tess had doubled herself, her covers, and her own pillow into a great snarl, and had to be dragged and pushed and pulled into comfort against her own sleepy resistance.

"A spider-web party—" she whispered clearly, as Mary Kate kissed her. The little girls, their big sister remembered, had been promised a spider-web party. They wouldn't have it—now.

Last of all she went into Martin's room. He was propped in pillows—he slept in a sitting position, these nights. As she came in he closed his book, and smiled at her, and she sat down on the edge of his bed, and linked her hand in his free one.

So she had sat, with this friend and confidant and confessor, many and many a time, in the days since her turbulent childhood. She remembered tears and laughter, rebellion, planning, argument—here in Mart's room at night. She remembered reading him her school compositions, here; discussing office affairs. It was here, one night not long after this same new year had begun, that, rosy and confused, she had talked to him about stunning Cass Keating, who was so clever and so successful, and who—well, certainly it *looked* that way anyway, was beginning to—well, to *like*, anyway, Mary Kate O'Hara.

"Hello, Sis."

"Hello, Mart."

"Put the lights out?"

"Yes. I'm sleeping downstairs with Pat."

"Happy, Molly?"

"I guess so, Mart."

"I know better than he does what he's getting," Mart said in a silence. The girl did not answer; she was moving her thumb back and forth across his big hand.

"It'll be funny here, without you."

"But you'll be in Germany, Mart?"

"Yep. Got to keep up with my rich sister, now!"

"Ah, Marty, don't joke about it!"

"I'm not joking about it. It'll be good for Tom to be king-pin for a while, and we'll pull the whole gang of them up, Molly."

"But not together any more, Mart!"

"No. Not together any more."

There was a silence. Then the girl asked:

"'Member playing Indians in the old coal box in Brooklyn, Mart?"

"Do you remember Mother used to take us to church Saturday afternoons, and we used to play house in the pews?"

"Yes. And the day—but that was here—that I brought her home a plant, with my first money."

"A primrose."

"Yep."

"It's still growing in the front garden, Mart."

"I know it is."

"Remember the day the cop pretended to hit me, Mart, and you bit his hand?"

"I was five."

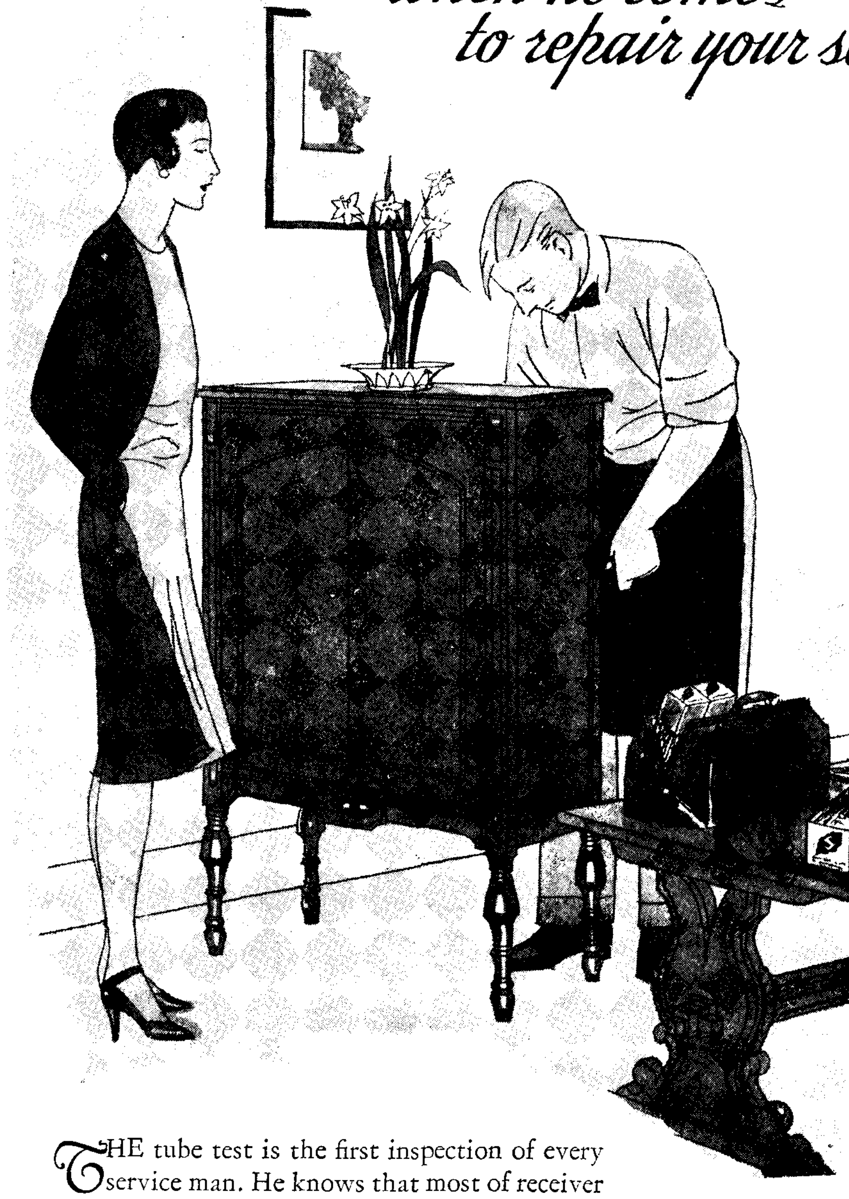
"You would have bitten an elephant, I think, if it had been mean to me!"

"I would have wanted to."

THEY were silent again, fingers linked. After a few moments, Martin felt something hot and wet fall on his hand.

THE END

See that he brings
SYLVANIA TUBES
when he comes to repair your set



THE tube test is the first inspection of every service man. He knows that most of receiver troubles are due to worn-out tubes.

When next your receiver seems out-of-sorts—and you 'phone for the service man—tell him that if it is tube trouble, you'll want *Sylvania* Tubes, and he'd better bring a few along.

Many thousands of dealers now prescribe Sylvania Tubes—just as thoughtful doctors insist on medicines they can trust.

It takes more care, more time, more money to make Sylvania Tubes. And you get more enjoyment, more efficiency, more service from their use.

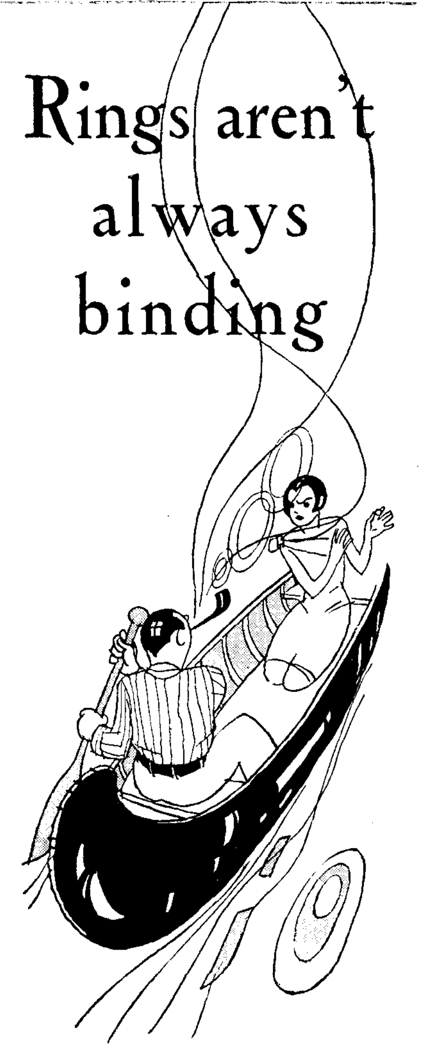
Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening—Over WJZ and KDKA and KWK and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBT and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA.

SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Visit the Dealer Whose Window Displays The Flashing S on a Green Oak Leaf

Sylvania
RADIO TUBES

LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS



BE CAREFUL what sort of smoke rings you blow in the direction of the one and only woman. Why not let Sir Walter Raleigh make that too-powerful pipe of yours an *asset* instead of a home-wrecker? It's mild and fragrant — delightful to the fair one who is smoked at, and a boon to the pipe fan who wants a mixture mild enough to wear well all day long. That's Sir Walter—smooth—cool—mellow. It's the finest blend of choice tobacco—carefully aged and seasoned —that ever came out of the sunny South. Seeing's believing, so's smoking—try a tin.

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 62, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

Who Laughs Last

Continued from page 11

Act as need arises; not one single change can be made in the Eighteenth Amendment, no matter how great the need for change may be, without the action of over 6,000 men in thirty-six different states.

This Eighteenth Amendment was created amid the same problems, uncertainties and tumult of war as the Volstead Act. It had to be gotten out of the way in the midst of wartime legislation so that the great River and Harbors bill, which was pending, and other imperatively important legislation could move along. Penrose's plan of putting it through, with the six-year clause hidden in it as a trick, seemed to him the easiest way of disposing of it.

Years of Plotting

Congressmen, senators and prohibition leaders guessed about these new awesome 105 almost unchangeable words, just as Volstead's committeemen did about the thousands of easily changed words and phrases of the Volstead Act.

But it was the Anti-Saloon League, and not the legislators themselves, that actually made the Sheppard amendment as Sheppard presented it to Overman's committee.

Four years before the portentous conversation on the Senate floor between Penrose and Sheppard, the Anti-Saloon League had the amendment ready for whatever lawmaker they could persuade to present it.

For instance, here in almost the exact wording of the amendment is a portion of a resolution which was adopted at the annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League in 1913, to forever "prohibit the manufacture and sale and the importation, exportation and transportation of intoxicating liquors."

The actual words of the Eighteenth Amendment prohibit the "manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into or the exportation thereof from the United States."

Tricks are buried in the Eighteenth Amendment. They were put there, not by congressmen nor by senators nor by the great wars of Anti-Saloon League members, but almost solely by Wayne B. Wheeler, the Anti-Saloon League lawyer. What was left out of Wayne B. Wheeler's Eighteenth Amendment is almost more significant than what's in it.

Years of plotting, planning, argument, and even quarreling occurred among the Anti-Saloon forces as to what to omit and what to put into the measure.

Wayne B. Wheeler was always on one side of the fence in these struggles. Most of the rest of the Anti-Saloon League officials were on the other. His power over his fellows was tremendous. They hated to fight him. He and Bishop James Cannon, Jr., were czars in the world of the Anti-Saloon League. Wheeler was heading toward the dictatorship over his fellow Drys which he finally reached. It is not necessary for this writer to point out the relentlessness of Wheeler's power over his associates. I have before me, as I write, a book entitled Wayne Wheeler, Dry Boss. It was written by Justin Steuart, who for many years sat in Wheeler's office as Wheeler's "secretary of publicity." Though the book with all its criticism of Wheeler was published in 1928, Mr. Steuart at this writing is still on the payroll of the Anti-Saloon League as assistant to Ernest Cherrington, director of the League's publicity.

From this book I take these extracts showing how members and officials of the Anti-Saloon League, his closest associates, looked upon the Wayne B. Wheeler who with his own deft hand froze a certain 105 words into our Constitution:

"Wayne B. Wheeler controlled six Congresses, dictated to two Presidents of the United States, directed legislation in most of the states of the Union, picked the candidates for the most important elective state and Federal offices, held the balance of power in both Republican and Democratic parties, distributed more patronage than any dozen other men, supervised a Federal bureau from outside without official authority, and was recognized by friend and foe alike as the most masterful and powerful single individual in the United States. . . .

"The advance of Wheeler to dictatorship of prohibition, including a voice in the appointment of enforcement officials, *Federal judges, district attorneys*, etc., in the opening year of the Harding administration, had been so rapid and so complete that he had a natural feeling that this could not last. In 1922 he sounds the only pessimistic note which he was ever known to utter. He knew how slight were the foundations on which his power rested. He was in conflict with some of the ablest men in the Anti-Saloon League, who objected to his plan for 'personally conducted enforcement' through Commissioner Haynes and, equally strenuously, objected to his part in the distribution of Federal patronage. That conflict was hidden but was perilous.

"Occasional hints at it crept into the public press, only to be strenuously denied. The League could not afford to be suspected of discord and division. In the words of one of its leaders, 'It is better to be united in a bad fight than divided in a good one.' The Democrats in the League felt that Wheeler's Republicanism was too robust. The Republicans in the organization felt that he was too dictatorial."

The legal tricks in the Eighteenth Amendment are hard to find, without the aid of those who helped Wayne B. Wheeler to put them there. They don't consist so much of what was put into the amendment as of what was left out. Wheeler proved a clever cutter. For example:

An Important Omission

Senator Morris Sheppard and the Anti-Saloon League, as its very name indicates, were enemies not of drinkers but of the liquor traffic, the saloon, the brewer, the distiller. Senator Sheppard's proposed Eighteenth Amendment, until it fell into the hands of Wheeler, was not *directed against* the drinking or the making of liquor, except for commercial purposes.

Here's how Sheppard's original amendment, introduced in 1913 but shelved, put it:

"The sale, manufacture *for sale*, transportation *for sale*, importation *for sale*, and exportation *for sale* of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, etc., are hereby prohibited."

Senator Sheppard told me about the so-called "1913 Measure."

"I didn't intend to stop the making of liquor in homes," he said. "I didn't even have in mind the idea of preventing gifts of liquor, or the carrying of liquor from point to point, unless these things were done for commercial purposes. Private making of booze and private drinking thereof were not aimed at."

It was Wayne B. Wheeler who, as czar over Anti-Saloon League members, "went the whole hog" and cut out the words "for sale." He wasn't content to go along with his associates in an effort to stop those who were commercializing liquor. He planned and shrewdly saw a chance, by the simple act of cutting out the two words "for sale," to try to stop all drinking of all alcoholic drinks by everybody within the nation.

Already that desperate effort of Wheeler, which was not approved of by many of his fellows, to reach into private homes or to endeavor to compensate for nature's disposition to create alcohol has, in the main, been set aside by many court decisions or even by regulations of the prohibition department itself, which do not hold it a crime for a man to brew his own liquor for consumption, but not for commercial purposes, on his own premises.

"Purchase" and "Use"

Another cunning omission from the Eighteenth Amendment was that of the words "purchase, use." "They said," Senator Sheppard explained to me, speaking of the Anti-Saloon League forces, "that if we made the buyer of intoxicating liquor a criminal we would lose a witness against the seller. The idea was that the buyer would not give information against the seller if such information would brand the buyer as a fellow criminal with the seller."

If you have wondered why it is no crime for your fellow citizens in such goodly numbers to seek out bootleggers and buy hooch from them, here's your answer:

Wayne B. Wheeler, dry boss, cunningly decided to make it not a crime.

I don't say that Wheeler, and a few of his associates who stuck to him, didn't have something of a fight to sneak this evasion into our Federal Constitution. Both Wets and Drys fought him on the ground that it was dishonest not to make it a crime to buy liquor as well as to sell it. Four senators, on the eventful day that Sheppard's resolution was passed, voted to make it a crime to "purchase." One of these four was Warren G. Harding.

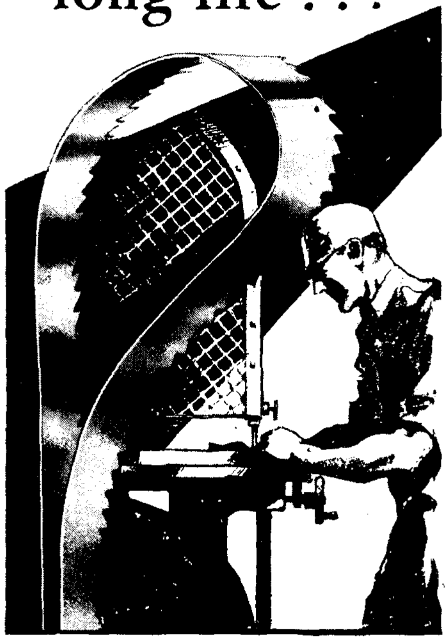
Sixty-two senators, many of them not caring one way or another because of believing with Boies Penrose that the measure would never become a law anyhow, voted to omit the word.

Another trick of the Wheeler school of legislation in the Eighteenth Amendment is the short seventeen-word second section. Wheeler knew, as did legislators who later were called upon to vote on the amendment, that the first section definitely took away from each state *in the Union any right to regulate the* liquor traffic. It killed local option in every town, in every county, in every state.

How could you take away power from states, from state legislators, from state officials and from millions of voters in that fashion without getting into trouble? Wheeler found a way. He made a gesture in the second section of preposterously giving to the states the power (which of course they already had if they wished to use it) of helping the Federal government to take their own power of regulating the liquor traffic away from them. The states couldn't *regulate* the liquor traffic. But they were given the power to *prohibit* it!

"The Congress and the Federal States shall have concurrent power to

Tougher . . .
Safer
throughout a
long life . . .



. . . that's
why Industry
prefers Simonds
Band Saws

THE manufacture of Simonds Band Saws represents a distinct achievement in the production of superior cutting tools. The specially heat-treated alloy steel used in Simonds Band Saws is made in Simonds own steel mills . . . It is unusually strong, tough and flexible—a steel that holds its cutting edge under strenuous service . . . For safety, economy and dependability in saws it pays to specify Simonds.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL CO.
FITCHBURG, MASS.
"The Saw Makers" *Established 1832*
Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities
SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

enforce this (Section No. 1) by appropriate legislation."

"Make your liquor laws," said Wheeler to the states. "You've got the right to do so. But you must make them so that they will prevent all drinking."

By anything that I have written I do not intend to indicate that Senator Morris Sheppard is not satisfied with the Eighteenth Amendment as it was finally made and as it now stands. When he tells of the creation of the amendment, with its evasions, omissions, compromises and compensations, he does so with an obvious pride.

The Webb-Kenyon Act

He is the father of most of the prohibition laws that have been passed by the Senate since he entered it in 1913. His law made the District of Columbia dry during war times. When the great wartime agricultural bill came up in 1918, it was a Sheppard amendment to it that fixed wartime prohibition.

Ten days after the war ended, this wartime prohibition was in effect. It remained so until it was repealed. But Federal prohibition, under the amendment, was on the way. State legislatures, under war pressure, rapidly one after another had ratified the amendment.

It was on December 3, 1917, that Congress passed the Sheppard resolution. Within thirteen months and twenty-six days it had been buried, tricks, evasions and all, in the heart of our Constitution.

The session which passed that law was a special one. It had been called by President Wilson for the purpose of declaring war against Germany.

The amendment was passed at a time when eighty-five per cent of our territory "had outlawed the saloon." More than sixty per cent of our population resided in such territory. Only a few months before, the United States Supreme Court had upheld the Webb-Kenyon act, preventing shipment of liquor into dry states. Thus this once famous act was never given a fair trial at keeping dry local option districts really dry.

The Eighteenth Amendment might have been more soundly, honestly and less trickily made if some of the wisest and best legal minds in the United States Senate had not been misled by Boies Penrose and Warren G. Harding into believing that it never could become a law.

The Eighteenth Amendment was either one of the few good things that Boies Penrose, Republican boss, gave America, or else it was one of the worst mistakes of his years of political sagacity.

Cafeteria Girl

Continued from page 13

cheeks the color of flowering quince—as deep a pink as that.

"Won't tell. But when I'd finished, the old girl said if that's the case she'd knock off five francs more!"

"Liar! But I love to hear you. You tell such lovely lies!"

A cafeteria, Anita said, was no fit place to open a present which came all the way from Le Havre. She would wait till they were in Central Park, sitting beneath a spreading tree, with lots of grass around them.

He went away then, returning at seven. But a change had come over Robert. He kept glancing behind him, a frown on his face, so that Anita, seeing that something was strange, asked him what was the matter.

"I think somebody's following me."

"A detective?" she gasped.

"I guess so."

But he did not seem to be frightened.

"*Why*, Robert? Why should a detective—?" She knew a sharp suspicion. "Have you been smuggling things?"

A quick smile came and as swiftly went. "Anita, I haven't done a thing that I need to be ashamed of. Do you believe me?"

"Of course I do."

That was all, but it seemed to the girl that a subtle tie had bound them. The mystery quickened her curiosity. She wanted so much to know who was following him . . . and why.

By the light of the moon she opened the present, a flaming silk shawl embroidered with patterns and hung with a heavy fringe of white. It clung to her shoulders like soft warm sunlight and made her want to dance on the grass to a gay, wild, pagan tune.

"Looks great on you, 'Nita. I knew it would. Just goes with your eyes and hair."

"Robert, you darling!"

"Darling, am I? Then I must have caught it from you."

He put his arm around her, and even better than the feel of the flaming shawl was the feel of his arm on her shoulder. He told her more wonders that he had seen—and her comments delighted him. Once, he said, he had known a girl who would have yawned at him, bored to death, if he talked to her like that.

"Was she pretty?" Anita wondered and was vexed with herself for asking.

"Yes, pretty enough. But leave her out. You're much more interesting."

He told her how, when the ship was rolling, a star would seem to be moving around in a circle overhead. And, then quite abruptly, he was asking her if she would be his wife!

"But, Robert!"

"You . . . *like* me, don't you?"

"Like you! Much more than that."

"Well?"

"I haven't done anything but think about you all the time you were gone."

"Well?" What else, that one word seemed to ask her, could make her hesitate?

"I'd say 'yes' so quick, dear, if—" She stopped.

"If what?"

MR. STOLP was hovering at her side; his words were in her ears.

"Don't you see? You don't make much money being a sailor, and you're away so much of the time. Oh, I'm not looking for a rich man. I'd rather have you than the richest man in all the world. But it's so hard being poor. I know; I've seen so many poor people, Robert. It makes me scared when I think of them. And—I guess you don't know—I've got a mother that I take care of. That makes it all the harder."

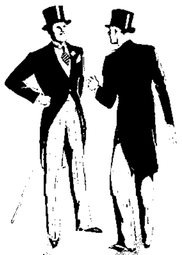
"But I'm bound to make good," he told her. "I'll be a quartermaster pretty soon, and then I'll get to be a deck officer. Anita, some day I'll have a ship of my own and you will go sailing with me."

It was pleasant to think of sailing with him, of steaming to far-off foreign ports, of watching a star as it moved in a circle high in the sky above them.

"Wait until you come back again. You'll maybe want to change your mind."

"I'll not change," was his dogged an-

(*Continued on page 68*)



Bunte WORLD FAMOUS
CANDIES

THE REASON for the subtle smartness and delicious purity of the Mi Choice package need not concern you. You need only know that this "Gift of Gifts" is the perfect social passport . . . the symbol of your discriminating taste. Get acquainted. If your dealer does not have the Mi Choice package, use the coupon below. *Smartly packaged . . one . . two . . three and five pounds.*

Mi Choice
CHOCOLATES

25¢

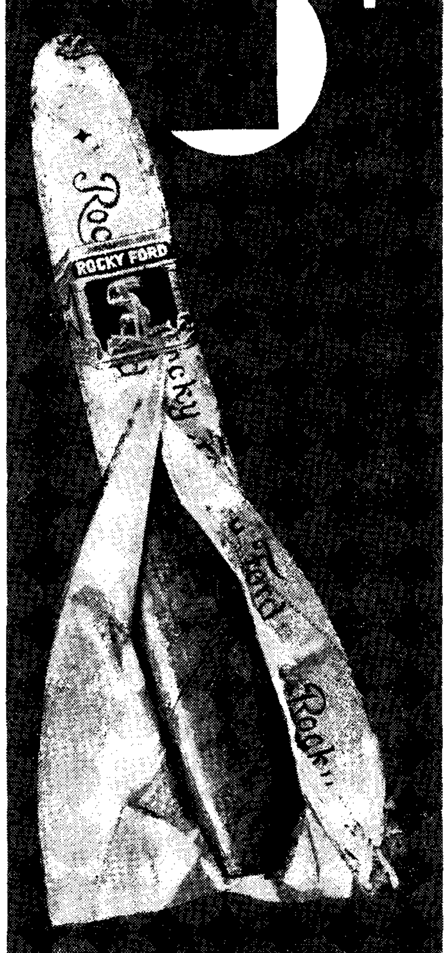
BUNTE BROTHERS
3327 Franklin Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

☐ I enclose $1.50 for a one pound Mi Choice package.
☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name ....
Address ....*City* ....
Dealer's Name ....

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

© P. LORILLARD CO. EST. 1760

(*Continued from page 67*)

swer. "I know what I want, and I'll not change. You get a chance to think of things when you are out at sea."

"But you see I haven't had a chance to think of things—not yet. But by the time that you've returned, I'll promise to tell you, Robert."

He had been holding her close for many magic minutes. Then, abruptly, he rose from the bench and turned with an exclamation. Not half a score of yards away a man was standing, his hands in his pockets, watching them from behind their backs. Anita caught a glimpse of his face, an expressionless face beneath a flat straw hat. Then Robert started towards him, and the fellow, running, was lost among the shadowy trees and the rocks of Central Park.

He was lost but not forgotten. Again and often, sitting behind her cash-till, Anita thought of that man and wondered. He disturbed her . . . and yet there remained the fact that he, not Robert, had run away, as though *his* were a guilty conscience.

A STRANGE thing happened the day after Robert's boat sailed. This same mysterious fellow entered the cafeteria, got a cup of coffee, and, in a moment when no one was near her counter, approached to pay his nickel.

"Sa-a-ay," he said, leaning forward in a confidential fashion, "you want to go easy with that Robert Banning, girlie."

"Oh, I do! Why?"

"He's a bad one with women—that's why."

"Oh, he is! A bad one with men, if they didn't run away!"

The fellow seemed quite unperturbed at her gibe.

"You wasn't thinking of marrying him, was you?"

"Of all the crust! What business is that of yours?"

"Oh, nothing. But you're a nice-looking kid. I'd hate to see you get caught by Bob Banning—that's all."

She got angry and called Mr. Stolp, but the fellow *did* not linger. Some poison of doubt remained, however, and to it was added the daily acid of the manager's family story . . .

Robert Banning returned on a Thursday in June, swinging through the door from Eighth Avenue like a hero of some romance. His eyes were eager and very frank and thoroughly disarming. Another marvelous gift he had brought, a trophy seized in some Old World port and carried to her, like spoils of war to a lovely Spanish princess. Her last misgiving fled; she did not care, when she saw him then, if he were the poorest man on earth; she could have danced on the counter top, she felt so suddenly happy.

They were married in a little Connecticut town overlooking the lazy Sound. They stayed two nights in a small hotel; then back they came on an early train to the city. He hurried at once to his ship on the Brooklyn dock front. Anita, smiling and bright of eye, took her place at the cashier's counter.

Mr. Stolp came over and cast an appraising eye on the stock of cigars.

"I better order some more of those Toms. Hey, what's that you got on your finger?"

"Souvenir," crooned Anita.

"Aha!" A light had dawned on Mr. Stolp. "So that's why your mother was sick in bed! . . . Well, what're you doing back here?"

"I love my job so much I hate to quit it!"

"So you went and married a bunch of pennies! After all the advice I gave you!"

She sat there and took the money from tiresome folk who live on food. Outside, the sun was beating down on wilting collars and bleached straw hats. It shone with dazzling brightness on a handsome machine which was backing into an all but inadequate space at the curb. Anita's eyes, admiring it, caught a glimpse of its "foreign" license. The car was from Pennsylvania.

A familiar figure emerged and peered at her through the window. She saw the same rather heavy, expressionless face beneath a flat straw hat. Another man appeared at his side, and together they passed through the entrance. Anita watched them with apprehension, a feeling of wondering dread. The second man looked so forbidding!

Then he abruptly lifted his chin, a characteristic movement, and in that moment Anita knew that this man was Robert's father.

They strode on past—straight on to Mr. Stolp himself, with whom they were now holding converse.

Then the manager looked at Anita. He ushered the men into his office; he seemed obsequious about it. A moment later he took her place at the cashier's desk, while Anita, puzzled and frightened, approached her unknown fate. Mr. Stolp's excited whisper was still distinct in her ears:

"It's your father-in-law! It's Nelson Banning!" He might have said it was a hungry lion, for all the assurance he gave her.

She closed the door and faced the eyes of Robert's father. Once again she endured his cold, unfeeling, calculating gaze—just as though she weren't a girl at all but a piece of merchandise.

"Where is Robert?" he asked.

"On his boat. He sailed this morning."

The younger man, the one who had spied on them in the park, nodded his head as though he would say, "See, it's just as I told you it was." Nelson Banning's eyes never wavered.

"So you and Robert are married?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm his father," came the curt explanation.

"Yes . . . you look like him . . . some."

SUDDENLY Anita wanted to cry. She had no father; she'd so much missed not having a father; and now, when she finally had one, he looked at her in such a cold, unfriendly sort of way! Fathers were not like that, she knew. Fathers took their daughters on their laps and patted their cheeks and listened to their prattle.

"See here," said Nelson Banning, "my son has done a foolish thing for which he'll soon be sorry. I'll pay you twenty thousand dollars . . . and expenses . . . to go to California and leave no word where you've gone."

"Why—why?"

"Why! Because it's the easiest way out of this mess you two have gotten into."

"You mean by getting married?"

"Exactly—by getting married."

Anita stared at him in silence. In her mind she saw Robert, smiling and eager, just back from sea with a marvelous gift, stride through the door and find in her stead a strange girl counting change. A sailor's first returning to his bride, and not a word to let him know where she had gone and why! This father, this Nelson Banning, did not know what he was asking.

"No, thank you. I'll stay right here."

"I thought so. I'll make it twenty-five thousand, and that's as high as I'll go."

"Keep it," she answered bitterly. "If you offer me twenty-five million—"

"Now keep your shirt on, girlie," spoke up the man who had spied on

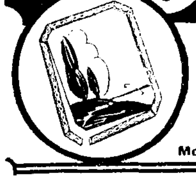
LEADS THE FIELD

Put your money on Planters Salted Peanuts when you want a sure winner. These big, thoroughbred Peanuts from old Virginia put spurs to appetite. They take all the blue ribbons when it comes to genuine wholesomeness and flavor. Crisp, whole-roasted, salted. Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day. 5 cents everywhere. "*The Nickel Lunch.*"

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

IRON GLUE



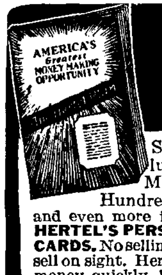
Mends Picture Frames
Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles.
McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

COLLEGE COURSES
at Home

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence*. Select from 450 courses in 46 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
417 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

REWARD! For a little of your spare time between now and Christmas. WRITE TODAY.
Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, Y. Y.

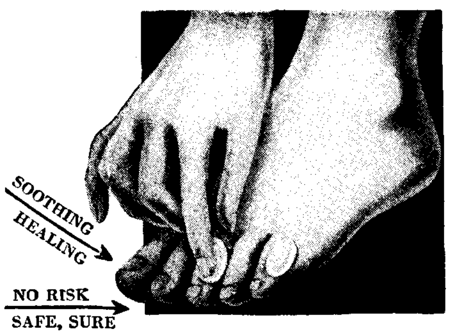

AMERICA'S Greatest MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY

DOUBLES SALARY
During Lunch Hours!

Stenographer made $1000.00 in lunch hours; D. B. Quinn—$2000; Mrs. E. Foss, housewife—$800. Hundreds make $50, $75, $100 weekly and even more in spare time **Taking Orders for HERTEL'S PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS.** No selling experience required. Hertel cards sell on sight. Here is the surest way of making big money quickly. **Weekly Pay and monthly bonus checks.** Write today! **The John A. Hertel Co., 318 W. Washington Street, Dept. E-83, Chicago, Illinois.**

$10.00 outfit FREE *to those able to give references!*

Corns
relief in 1 minute!



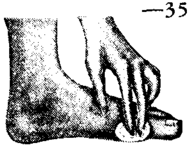
Removes the cause

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads corn pain ends.

Removing the cause—pressure of shoes and the healing medication—is the secret of their healing power. No other treatment acts on this natural principle. You avoid all danger of blood-poisoning as with cutting your corns; all risk of acid burn on the toes from using harsh liquids and plasters. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, cushioning, protective; guaranteed safe, sure. Won't come off in bath.

Bunions and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in sizes for Bunions and Callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores —35¢ box.



For free sample (mention size wanted), and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Soft, Easy Fitting

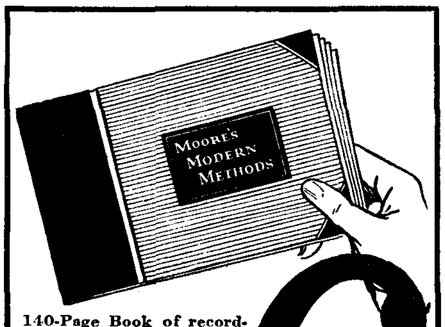
You get handsome appearance with ease that makes your feet rejoice in this remarkable shoe. Genuine black kid, sturdily built for hardest knocks. Latest scientific Arch Support ends aches, foot weariness, relieves ailments. Special heel seat prevents wrinkled lining. Features of shoes twice the price. Sizes 5 to 15. Ask your dealer.

$5 *Little more for sizes 13, 14, 15*

M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 3 Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers *write at once!*

Arch Support



140-Page Book of record-keeping forms, filled in to show you their uses. It answers problems of accounting for office, factory and professions. This Free Book describes and illustrates Moore's Security 4-Post Binders, the simplest, easiest handled on the market. To insert or remove sheets takes but a moment. Low in cost—long in life. Moore's Binders are Different.

Write on your business stationery for this Free Book on up-to-date Loose-Leaf equipment

Free

A great help toward simple and accurate record-keeping

Write for it today!

JOHN C. MOORE CORP. Est. 1839
6025 STONE STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

them. He was tolerant, soothing, almost kindly, a philosopher who knew his world and would give a girl of his wisdom. "You know that twenty-five thousand dollars ain't money to throw away."

"Suppose you keep your mouth shut!" came Anita's tart suggestion.

Nelson Banning looked formidable as a thundercloud when, rising, he loomed above her.

"All right, then. But just bear this in mind, young lady; neither you nor Robert, either, will get a cent of help from me."

He stepped towards the door, but Anita stood before it. Her face was white and her eyes were bright and she was fighting angry.

"You look here, Mr. Banning. I'm going to tell *you* something. I've earned my living all my life, and I don't need to ask help from anybody. That's not all. I took Robert for a poor man, and if he never has a dollar but what he earns himself I . . . I won't be disappointed. It's all I expect. And you leave us alone!"

"Oh, all right," gasped Nelson Banning, and for the barest second a smile had chased all the sternness out of his face.

IT WAS amazing to see what a furore a simple marriage could raise. Reporters came and camera men, and the story was printed on all the first pages, with headlines, of course, in the tabloids. Anita read with amazement. The newspapers knew so much more than she did about the man she had married!

Another girl was mentioned, a society girl from a rich Philadelphia family. He had been engaged to marry this girl; but suddenly, the papers said, Robert had written a note to her and had vanished from the city. It came to Anita that she was the girl who would have been bored, would have yawned in his face, if he tried to tell her about the wonders one saw at sea and in ports abroad. So he had broken off their engagement.

One other note, the reporters learned, had been written to Robert's mother. It told her not to worry about him, because he was only going away to tackle the world as he wanted. He was tired of being a rich man's heir, of selling stuffy stocks and bonds, of being the son of his father. Dad had started with nothing at all; well, then, so could Robert.

But Mrs. Banning, his mother, *was* worried. She asked her husband to hire a detective and find what her boy was up to. The detective had done a thorough job . . . up to a certain point! Twenty-four hours too late he found the Connecticut marriage record.

And what did the Bannings think of their new daughter? Upon this point the father was terse and certainly not to be shaken. "Mrs. Banning and I have no comment to make," was all that the papers reported.

Mr. Stolp, a practical man, had feet on solid ground. After the first shock of learning that Robert Banning of the Social Register once worked for him as a bus boy, he was again the sage who uttered worldly wisdom.

"Now look here, Neets, you want to use your head. This is worth a hundred thousand to you if you only play your hand right. Get a good lawyer and have him go—"

"Oh, hush! You make me tired." Anita turned to contemplate the calendar on the wall. "Ten more days," she said. "Oh, dear, the time does pass so slowly!"

Aye . . . but, after all, it passed. The shipping list in the newspapers showed that his boat was due on this Monday.

Noon passed in a clatter of plates and cutlery, of banging trays and scraping chairs, of a check machine endlessly clanging . . . Mid-afternoon . . . and the smell of mop-water rose with the steam from slippery floors. Anita began to feel restive.

At three-thirty she phoned the steamship office. Yes, his boat had docked at ten o'clock. A suspicion, gray and terrible, came like a cloud to hover and, slowly growing, to threaten. Perhaps his father, Nelson Banning, had met him at the gangplank. Perhaps his father had even convinced him that marriage to a cafeteria girl was the height of youthful folly. Perhaps—she grew faint at thought of it—he had told him, that ruthless man of money, that Anita had already gone away and was lost in California.

Four-thirty. The first of the dinner crowd began to come, like weary cows returning home from pasture. Then something flashed in the sun outside. She saw a Pennsylvania license plate! The machine had stopped on the street-car track, for there was no place left to park. The door burst open as though from an inner explosion. A really violent explosion, indeed, for Robert catapulted out and came like a lusty cannon ball straight for the fly-screened entrance.

What followed caused a mild sensation among the weary cows at the manger. They paused in their munching, open-eyed, at the sight of such startling behavior. Mr. Stolp, for once in his life, was staggered. The service women, behind the counters, stopped as if suddenly petrified with their ladles caught in mid-motion.

"Get your hat and things," ordered Robert. "You're through!"

"But—*what*—?"

"You'll never work here again. You're through. Hurry up, dear; the car is waiting."

"Robert! I think—Oh, you've loosened this earring! Robert, but where are we going?"

He was too excited to answer.

"You know what kept me so long? Oh, you couldn't guess; I'll tell you. The port captain had me up at his office. He said, if I pass the examinations—and I will; I know all about them—then he'll give me a junior officer's berth! Just think; I'll be standing a watch on the bridge!"

"Why, Robert! Oh, you're wonderful!"

IT WAS amazing how fast things were happening. There was Mr. Stolp shaking hands with them and looking sort of silly. There was Dorothy Walsh, who punched the checks, kissing Anita good-by. There was Mrs. Wollman, behind the soup pots, shedding a sentimental tear, which she wiped with a bit of her apron.

Then they were on the sidewalk, Anita still with her hat in her hand, and a fellow wearing a chauffeur's cap was saying, "Just around the corner, sir," as if Robert were a captain.

It was just like a grand moving picture! A lady smiled as she got in the car. The chauffeur stood with his hand on the door. Some people had stopped and were staring.

"'Nita, this is Mother. She came up just to see you."

And then—a most amazing thing—the lady actually kissed her!

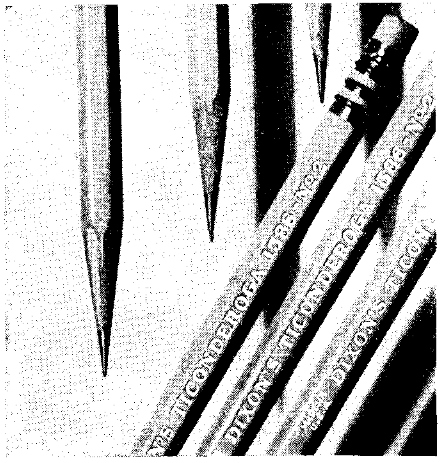
"My dear, what a pretty child you are! Though I knew you'd be. Robert is so particular."

The door banged shut. The chauffeur took his place behind the wheel. The shining car moved forward.

She heard Robert's voice like a voice in a dream:

"Dad likes you, too. He thinks you're great. He told Mother, 'The little girl's got spunk.' And, say, maybe Dad's not particular!"

"FORT TICONDEROGA 1776"



© 1929

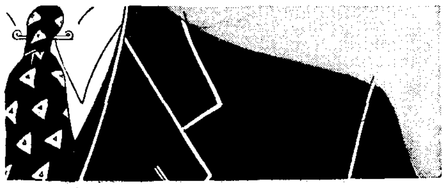
Like a bird taking wing, Dixon's 'Ti-con-der-oga' starts smoothly across the page. Firmly, surely, easily, it writes its way - untiring to the end. It is America's favorite 5¢ pencil

DIXON "TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
PENCIL DEPT. 52-J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.



AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

Why *tolerate* dandruff? It *can* be checked

Here's a simple, sane treatment—recommended by physicians for 60 years and proved effective by millions of men. It combines nature's two most effective remedies for dandruff: *cleanliness* and *pine tar*.

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly. (The final rinse should be cold to close the pores.) Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases, do this every other day until the scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then, to prevent recurrence, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos. You can't reasonably expect now-and-then care to keep your scalp dandruff-free—and it won't!

Sample cake and book on hair health—10¢. PACKER'S, Dept. 23-I, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

Instead of this:

Send 10¢ for sample of

PACKER'S Tar Soap

Ice-Cold Kisses

Continued from page 24

her, the bathing cap in her hand, and her long black hair flowing. I admired her as I would a picture in an art gallery.

Fifty feet away she recognized me, swerved and stood before me. My heart skipped a beat.

"May I sit down?" she asked, rather stiffly, I thought.

"Pleasure."

She seated herself beside me and then opened those great eyes and drenched me with their brilliancy.

"Mr. Torrence," she said in a low, hesitating voice, "why do you dislike me? Is it because of the incident when we were so young?"

"I—I don't dislike you," I stammered.

"I think you made it evident last night," she retorted with her old irritating manner.

"WELL, if you want to know, it's your air of superiority, your arrogance, your Boston indifference, your confounded pride."

"You think I am proud?" she asked softly.

"And how!"

"I'm not. I'm uncomfortable with strangers. I suppose I'm shy. I have no small talk. I'm not interested in what people chatter about. I don't mean to be disagreeable. I guess I can't help it." She sighed. "I tried to talk to you last night and you were unkind."

"You didn't want to talk to me. You were trying to snub my friend, Dave Belham. And he likes you."

"He's rather good-looking but he seemed silly."

"He isn't. You floored him."

Without warning she smiled. Her eyes lit up, those superb teeth flashed and her transformation was magical. I was so thrilled I got gooseflesh, darned if I didn't. She reminded me of Geraldine Farrar when she made her entrance in Carmen, years ago. I wondered if that old grandmother of hers mightn't have been a gypsy.

"Absurd," she said.

"Dave Belham is the finest fellow I know. He is all wool and a yard wide. He's rapidly getting rich. When he isn't knocked goofy by you, he's swell company. Of course, he wouldn't fit in Boston. You've got to be born to bloom in that atmospnere, but if you think you could exist anywhere else—"

"I hate Boston," she said passionately. This was news and I got enthusiastic.

"Then here's your chance to move to a good town. Crook your finger and you can have Dave."

The light went out in her face, her head reared and her eyes narrowed. Her lips drew into a thin straight line and the look she threw me was baleful.

"Are you a marriage broker?" she asked contemptuously. "Is there a commission involved?"

If she had been male I would have struck her. I scrambled to my feet, returned her glance intensified, and walked off with as much dignity as a thin man in a bathing suit could muster. The nasty little vixen! Insulted me for trying to put in a good word for Dave. Just as I had begun to think that she was a nice girl after all. I was so angry I made a stupid job of dressing and it took me twenty minutes to complete the job, and then Dave tore in bubbling like a California gusher.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked sourly.

"I met Prudence, Pete. I'm in right. She asked me over to play tennis this afternoon."

"Congratulations. See you at the house."

So what I said had made an impression, I thought, as I drove home. Though she had snapped at me like a thankless cat, she proposed to take advantage of my proposition.

"We're invited to dinner at the Winslows' tonight," Aunt Dora informed me when I reached the house.

"I'm going to be excused, please. I feel like a solitary diner tonight."

She looked at me searchingly. "Have you quarreled with Prudence?"

"She gives me a pain."

Auntie sighed. "I hoped you'd like her. She is the sweetest girl I know."

"Ha, ha! Dave is raving about her. You and he should get together."

Aunt Dora wagged her head reproachfully and left me to my own devices.

About five-thirty Dave returned from the Winslows' and burst into my room where I was reading a good book. He was in a trance.

"She's a wonderful player. I had a hard time beating her," he declared. "Pete, I'm not worthy of her."

"Who is? Was she nice to you?"

"Charming. We didn't have much time to talk but we're all going to dinner with her tonight."

"All except me. I'm out of sorts and I'm not dining out."

"That's too bad," he said without any real sympathy. "I've got to go dress for dinner."

"Good riddance." His blather was getting on my nerves. I hoped he would win the girl and live unhappily ever after. A man who would be so fooled by a face and figure deserved no better fate.

I refused to go swimming next morning and told Dave I felt like golf. With what he expected to find on the beach, I knew I wouldn't be pestered by him on the links. About ten o'clock I teed off, made a nice drive and did the first hole in par. There was a balmy breeze blowing across the course and I began to feel a hundred per cent. I did the second and third holes at the top of my form, which isn't so wonderful, by the way, but I sliced my drive for the fourth and lost the ball in the rough.

WHILE I was trudging around looking for it I heard a faint halloo from behind and saw a woman a hundred yards back who wanted permission to play through. I waved and she came on. She was wearing a red tam and a blue sports suit which couldn't disguise the most wonderful figure in the world. Confound her. I thought she would be at the beach.

Apparently she recognized me at the same moment and approached me.

Although I was burning with resentment I had to admit that she was the best-looking Puritan who ever burned a witch.

She looked at me unsmiling and with expressionless eyes. I didn't speak.

"I thought you were bathing," she said in her cool even tones.

"I felt like golf," I answered sullenly.

Prudence sat down on a rock, dropped her bag of clubs and folded her hands in her lap.

"I didn't go swimming because I would probably meet you," she stated. "I owed you an apology and I hate to apologize."

"Then let it pass."

"I tried to make amends by being nice to your friend. Did he tell you we played tennis?"

556 PEN
Esterbrook

Schoolchildren write better with these pens!

THIS is one of the most popular school pens in the world—endorsed by writing supervisors everywhere. See that *your* child has the advantage of using fresh, smooth Esterbrook pen points!

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book, **"HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT"** and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our *Inspection and Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Clark's Famous Cruises

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 29 $600—$1750

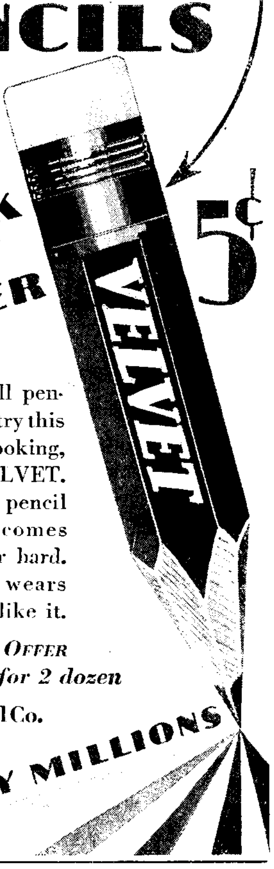
New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc. Hotels, fees, drives, etc., included.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

"Ask Your Garage Man"

Be Sure to Have your Purolator re-cartridged every 8000 miles. Your Garage or Service Station will do it.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR
Licensed under Sweetland Patents



Blue Band
VELVET PENCILS
A SOFT BLACK EASY WRITER
5¢

IF you think all pencils are alike, try this smooth, fine-looking, cedar finish VELVET. It's the favorite pencil of millions—comes soft, medium or hard. Writes black, wears well and you'll like it.

SAMPLE OFFER
Send $1.00 for 2 dozen

American Pencil Co.
302 Venus Bldg.
Hoboken
N.J.

USED BY MILLIONS

WANT MORE CASH?

Do you sometimes have a few spare hours which you would like to turn into Extra Cash? That is just the way Mr. Charles A. Pearson of South Carolina felt and he started in as our spare time subscription representative with so much success that he now devotes his full time to this pleasant and profitable work.

Your Time is Money!

Even if you have only a few spare hours a week, you can easily increase your income by taking care of the local subscription interests of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE MENTOR and FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Your profits start at once. Write for full information and free supplies, now!—today!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 72
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How can I earn extra money?

Name..

Address......................................

Town..

State..

"He did."

"I hoped you would understand from that that I was sorry. I felt hurt that you refused to dine with us last night."

"I wasn't feeling well," I lied. She made me uncomfortable and she was too darned beautiful to be close to a fellow who was human.

"You hate me, don't you?" she said pensively.

"I don't hate anybody. I admire you; your beauty, your intellect, your—your—"

She lifted a protesting hand. "Please. You are still resentful. But you don't realize that you insulted me by assuming that I would crook my finger at a man to escape from Boston. You intimated that I am a designing woman."

"Well, aren't you? You went after Dave right away."

"I HAVE explained, I believe," she said calmly. "I don't know why I want to set myself right with you. You are a rather useless person. I understand you are not very successful in business. You are not athletic. You seem to have no ambition. Yet you led your class in college. I suppose the money you are coming into has had a deleterious effect on you."

"Thanks," I retorted hotly. "You might add that I am a freckled, stub-nosed, carrot-headed person of low birth and no breeding."

"No, I wouldn't say that. You rail about Boston but I happen to know that your grandmother was a Wentworth of Mount Vernon Street."

"I'm exposed. Take away your microscope."

Prudence showed me she could laugh. It had an elfin ring.

"I find myself able to talk freely to you," she explained. "With persons whose good opinion is important I am apt to be self-conscious and stiff but I am really at ease with you. Droll, isn't it?"

"Weird," I said tartly. "You always struck me as convinced of your superiority and puffed up with pride about your funny family. First time I saw you I said to myself, 'What a lovely Spanish girl,' and then I found you were just a Puritan in masquerade, stiff as a poker and quilly as a porcupine. You were standing on a pedestal and I had a small boy's mischievous notion of kicking it from under you. That's why I tried to kiss you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You didn't want to kiss me?"

"Certainly not, when I found out you were a Winslow. No sane man would kiss a Winslow."

She bent her jet brows at me. "You're not even halfway polite. I think your friend Mr. Belham would like to kiss me."

"Huh. He thinks you are a gay señorita from Seville, the poor gump. If you don't take a few lessons in kissing, the first one will undeceive him."

I was conscious that I was being contemptible but the girl was so exasperating. I'd always wanted to tell her a few things but never expected she would give me the opportunity. To my surprise she didn't flare up at this but looked thoughtful.

"That isn't a bad idea," she said gravely. "I've never been kissed in my life and perhaps I need instruction. Can you recommend anybody?"

I grinned, but she kept a straight face. It was possible there was a sense of humor hidden there which nobody had ever suspected. The idea was to persuade me to volunteer as a professor and then to pulverize me.

"You see I feel kindly toward Mr. Belham. If he is in love with me he is the first man I have inspired with such a passion."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"One of the Winslow fetishes is truth, Mr. Torrence. I have had admiration but I don't think anybody has ever loved me."

"Well, Dave does. He's clean off his head about you, but you could never marry him."

"Why not, if I loved him?"

"You just couldn't. You're as far apart as the poles. He's a blatant New Yorker. He drinks. He is noisy. He's a go-getter, a glad-hander. He has red blood, not skimmed milk, in his veins. Your family would call him a Babbitt. The Winslows would say it was a *mesalliance*—"

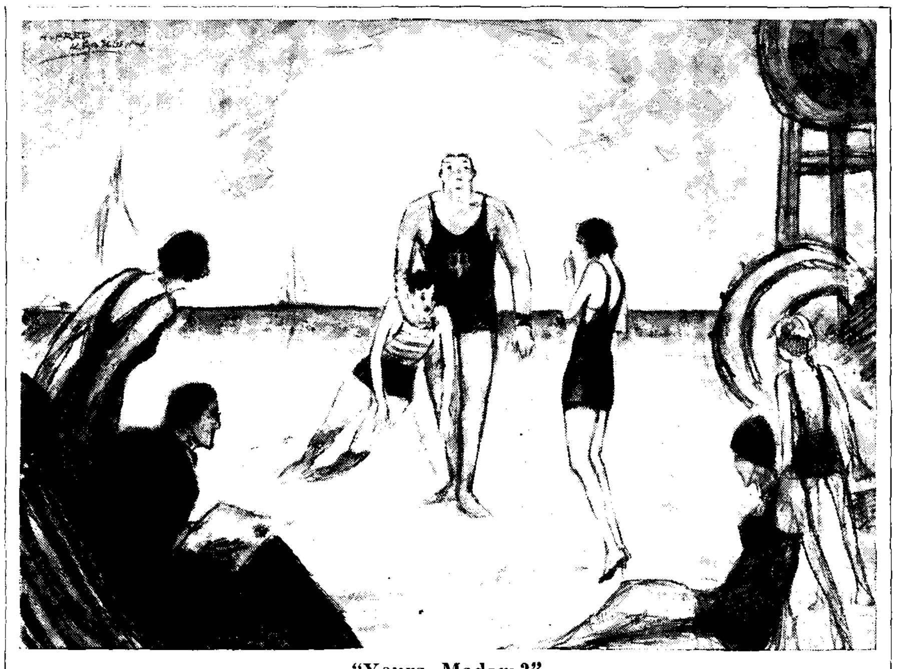
I WAS interrupted. She had jumped up from the rock. Her bosom was heaving, her big eyes were blazing and her marble cheeks were pink. She clenched her hands and stamped her foot.

"Damn the Winslows!" she exclaimed, and then she picked up her golf bag and ran out on the course, leaving me paralyzed.

The incident disturbed me so much it threw me off my game and after piddling over two or three holes more I quit and went home.

Dave was a good skate and I don't know why I had belittled him to her as I did. I would have regretted it except that praise from me seemed to damn him in her eyes and abuse uplifted him. She was ready to condemn all the Winslows for him after a brief left-handed eulogy from me.

(*Continued on page 72*)



"Yours, Madam?"

2c to insure used car satisfaction!

"HOW To Judge A Used Car"—a booklet written out of the experience of men who buy thousands of used cars for resale—shows you step by step how to pick a *good* used car at lower cost! Send the coupon now for your *free* copy.

This booklet, coupled with the famous Studebaker Pledge, provides the greatest safeguard you can find. The Studebaker Pledge, respected the country over for its fairness and honesty, gives you a five day driving trial on any used car you select, a 30-day guarantee on a Certified car, and all prices are plainly marked. A used car bought under the protection of the Studebaker Pledge is certain to give you satisfaction—because you *drive* the car *yourself* before you decide.

Read the free booklet, "How To Judge A Used Car"—then buy your used car where you see the famous Studebaker Pledge. Mail the coupon below—*today!*

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

© 1928 The Studebaker Corporation of America

THE STUDEBAKER CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. 129, South Bend, Ind.

Send me free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car"

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... *State*..........

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

SPARE TIME TRAINING THAT LEADS TO BIGGER PAY

Do you want a better position and a higher salary? You can have them if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems through the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our **salary-increasing plan** enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our **salary-increasing plan**. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the **salary-increasing plan** starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 940-R, CHICAGO — *The World's Largest Business Training Institution*

Tell me about your **salary-increasing plan** for my advancement in the business field checked. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without *obligation*.

☐ Business Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Railway Station Mgmt
☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Law—Degree of LL. B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Telegraphy
☐ Stenotypy
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name.......... Present Position..........

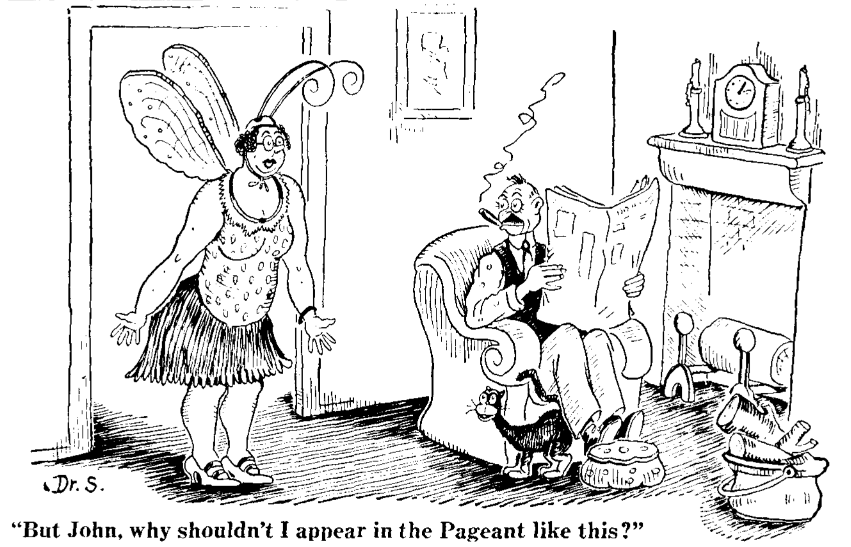
Address..........

Free!

25% INTEREST On Big Cash Commissions!

That's what the special local subscription representatives of COLLIER'S and other Crowell publications receive for their spare time work between now and Christmas. There's an opening for YOU on our Staff. Outfit and instructions FREE. Write today.

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.



"But John, why shouldn't I appear in the Pageant like this?"

"Why Woman, it would be suicide! The instant you came on, the entire audience would race right home for their Flit." (Advertisement)

H-i-s-s-t the Villain!

THRILLS and shudders galore as the diabolic Voice from your loud speaker threatens hair-raising adventures to noble hero and lovely heroine... Collier's Radio Hour this season will introduce new and more villainous villains than the Emperor of America, the Master of Sinister House and Anubis, the Dwarf.

New music, new actors, novelties from all over the world—plus Collier's old favorites, the Love Story Girl, Uncle Henry, Professor Lucifer G. Butts and Mr. Editor—have been assembled to make radio's most original entertainment more enthralling than ever.

Collier's Radio Hour

Tune in Every Sunday Evening

The new 1929-30 edition of Collier's Radio Hour also presents the most prominent guest speakers, including men and women of note in political, social and business life, athletes, scientists and explorers.

Tune in every Sunday evening and listen to your favorite stories and characters dramatized on the air from the current issue of Collier's.

STATIONS

East
WJZ WBZ WHAM KDKA WBZA WLW

West
WJR KYW KWK WCCO WREN KOA

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

TIME

Eastern	*Central*	*Mountain*
Daylight Saving	Daylight Saving	Standard
8.15 P. M.	7.15 P. M.	5.15 P. M.

Every Sunday Evening

(*Continued from page 71*)

"I met your inamorata on the course, Dave," I told him.

"I wondered where she was. She didn't turn up at the beach."

I sat down beside him in a hammock. "I've been unfair to that girl," I confessed. "I had quite a chat with her and when you get to know her she is nice."

"Any fool who saw her would know that," he said ungratefully.

I laughed that off. "From something she said I think you've made a hit. Go in and win, soldier."

"Watch me. What did she say?" he demanded eagerly.

"As a tennis player you were a good swimmer."

"She did not. I'll go over right after lunch and ask her myself."

APPARENTLY he got an encouraging reception, for he was over at Winslows' pretty steadily for the next few days. They played golf together and swam together and I kept away and gave the boy his chance.

I was getting dreadfully bored with Newport. There wasn't a girl in the place who mildly interested me and I was always being cornered by stupid old men who wanted to buy bonds and funny old ladies who knew my lamented grandmother Wentworth. I wondered how I could square myself with Aunt Dora if I left at the end of the week. Having brought Dave down with me to help me kill time he was no more use than a radio with its batteries dead.

Aunt Dora was a dear, fussy, generous old soul who was concerned because I didn't get married and was always slipping me a check in case I wasn't earning enough to pay my bills. I didn't want to discourage her in this practice by making an ungracious get-away.

We had arrived on a Saturday and this was Thursday. I was sitting in the library writing a letter to Bill Dickson asking him to send me a telegram calling me to New York on Monday. Dave was off somewhere, either with Prudence or lurking where she was expected to turn up. When he was around he was repulsively garrulous about his confounded love affair. I doubted if we would ever be real chums again. Nothing like a week at a country house to get on to a person.

The footman interrupted me to tell me that I was wanted on the phone and I picked up the receiver of the library extension.

"Mr. Peter Torrence?" asked a voice that couldn't be mistaken.

"None other."

"I wondered if you could come right over to my house. I wouldn't bother you but it's something very important—to me, at least."

"Yes, I can come. I'll drive right over," I assured her. "No, it's not a bother. I'm just loafing."

I went out and jumped into one of the five or six cars Aunt kept in the driveway for the use of her guests and started for Winslows', which was about three quarters of a mile east. Of course I was curious.

Since the day on the links when she did my heart good by damning all the Winslows, I hadn't talked with her although I had seen her at the beach once or twice and she was at a dinner at the Welchs' which our outfit attended and was taken in by Dave.

It might be that Dave had proposed. I knew she hadn't accepted him because he would have broken down my door to tell the joyous news. She might be considering his proposal and wanted to ask me some questions about him in a canny Yankee way. If it wasn't that, I didn't know what it could be.

I ran up to the front door and disposed of my car and then asked a butler who answered the bell to tell Miss Winslow that I had arrived.

"She is in the summer house in the woods, sir. She wishes you to join her there."

I lifted my eyebrows in what was supposed to be a whimsical expression, crossed the great hall, went out the back door and wandered down to the patch of woods. In the center of the grove was a screened-in summer house but it was empty. I looked about and a tinkling laugh came from behind me. Whirling around I saw Prudence Winslow coming from behind a tree.

She wore a Spanish lace dress with white stockings and quaint buckles on her shoes. Her blue-black hair was piled high on her head and there were round gold earrings in her pink-snow ears. She stood with her hands on her hips and laughed at my astonishment. The girl was actually merry. I pulled myself together.

"Why the masquerade?" I asked with as much indifference as I could assume. Prudence was so stunning she would have galvanized a cigar-store Indian.

She drew near, moving with the undulating gait the peasant girls of Spain acquire from carrying vases filled with water on their heads. She caught the sides of the voluminous lace skirt and made me a graceful courtesy.

"Who shall say which is the masquerade?" she asked in limpid syllables.

"I'll say. You can't fool me with those gold earrings. You are Prudence Winslow of Beacon Hill, daughter of the late Enoch Winslow of Boston, banker and broker."

Her smile faded. "You are so cocksure," she sighed. "Come into the summer house if you're not afraid to. I have something to say to you."

I followed her in and sat beside her on a bench. It was very hard to believe that I wasn't looking at a dancer in a cabaret in Madrid or Barcelona except there were no dancers in Spain so perfectly beautiful.

"You don't dislike me any more, do you?" she began.

"Of course not. I think I know you better now."

"I suppose you are the only man in the world I would dare to dress up for, like this, or to whom I could talk as frankly."

"Was the costume for me? Thanks. I appreciate it. But why do you feel that you can be frank with me?"

"I told you the other day. You don't matter. I don't bother to be Prudence Winslow with you. I'm myself. It's a comfortable feeling."

"It must be," I said acidly. "I have some personal vanity and I don't enjoy not mattering at all to a girl like you. I am not sexless entirely."

"BUT you are so thoroughly convinced that I'm an unpleasant prude that I don't have to try to interest you because it's useless."

"Well, I admit nothing. But go on. What do you want to see me about?"

She bent her head and smoothed a fold in her skirt.

"It's Mr. Belham. I've been seeing a lot of him. He is very nice. He proposed last night."

"Good for Dave. Did you accept him?"

"No, not exactly. I asked for time to consider it."

"Well, Dave is my best friend. I don't think you two are suited to each other, but people in love want no advice. You're going to take him, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" I had not expected that. All along I supposed that her cold common sense would guide her. "Then why didn't you tell him so and put him out of his misery?" I asked hotly.

She cocked her head on one side and

regarded me out of the corners of her eyes.

"Well, if we were engaged, he'd want to kiss me, wouldn't he?"

"He would."

"That was it. I remembered what you said. I don't know how to kiss. He would be disappointed."

I had to laugh at that. "Give him a chance. He'll be glad to show you how."

She shook her head slowly. "I am afraid. Honestly, Pete—er—Mr. Torrence. I want to make a good impression. I thought I might take lessons."

I looked at her incredulously. "You're not really as green as that."

She was crimson and she kept her face away. The profile was enough. A gush of compassion for the poor, proud, ignorant darling swept over me.

"You poor kid," I sighed.

"I thought, if I could find somebody with experience, somebody that was very indifferent to me so that it wouldn't matter, I thought maybe he would give me lessons."

"Try to find somebody like that," I muttered.

SHE turned those great lamps full on me.

"I have. I want you to do it."

I leaped to my feet. "What?" I yelled.

"Yes. I do want to make a good impression on Mr. Belham. Will you teach me how to kiss?"

I stared at her and then I grew so furious I wanted to hit her.

"I'll be hanged if I will. No, no, no!" I shouted. "Of all the rank, brazen impudence!"

"But why not?" she said softly. "Am I repulsive or something?"

"You know damn' well you're not. But if you think I'm going to practice kissing with you so you can show a good time to that big bohunk of a Dave Belham, you're crazy."

She bent her head and her shoulders shook. I never could resist tears.

"But—but you claim to be his friend," she reproached.

"There are limits to friendship. No!"

She looked up and her lips were quivering. They were so full and ripe and luscious. I suddenly trembled with a mad desire to press my own against them.

"For my sake. Please?" she pleaded.

I yielded. It was that or having epilepsy. "All right," I said, trying to make it sound grudging. She gave me a dazzling smile. "Stand up," I commanded. "Come here. Now purse your lips."

I intended to touch them lightly but at their touch the blood rushed to my head and I pressed against them passionately. My arms were at my side and I forced them to stay there, but suddenly her right arm crept up and went over my left shoulder, and I felt the pressure returned. In a second my arms were around her, holding her tight and her left hand had the back of my head and it was forcing me to kiss her harder. What started as a strictly platonic first lesson ended in a passionate and lingering embrace.

I quit first because I had to say something.

"My darling! My beautiful darling!"

"Kiss me," commanded Prudence. Ice? All the bottled sunshine of Andalusia was in that kiss.

We came up for air. "You fraud," I said tenderly. "Teach you to kiss, indeed! If you suppose for a minute you're going to do this to Dave Belham—"

"Bother Dave Belham," she exclaimed. "I never liked the man."

I led her over to the bench and we sank on it, still entwined.

"How the deuce do you happen to be in love with me?" I wondered. "You have only seen me three or four times."

"Apparently you are in love with me."

"I only just found it out. I guess, though, I've been a goner since that first day at the beach but I had a weird idea of you—"

"I've been in love with you for five years," she said. "That day you tried to kiss me began it. Of course I repulsed you like a stupid prude but I never got you out of my mind. Pete, I've never stopped regretting that I didn't let you kiss me. And it was I who asked your aunt to invite you down. I asked her last year and the year before to invite you, but you never came. And when you did come I was so delighted. Then you began doing a John Alden for your friend Miles Standish and it infuriated me. I encouraged him just a little but it was to try to awaken your jealousy. This kissing lesson was my last hope."

"POOR Dave," I sighed. "He probably thinks he's engaged to you."

"Oh, he didn't propose last night. I wouldn't let him."

I looked at her sternly. "I thought all the Winslows spoke nothing but the truth."

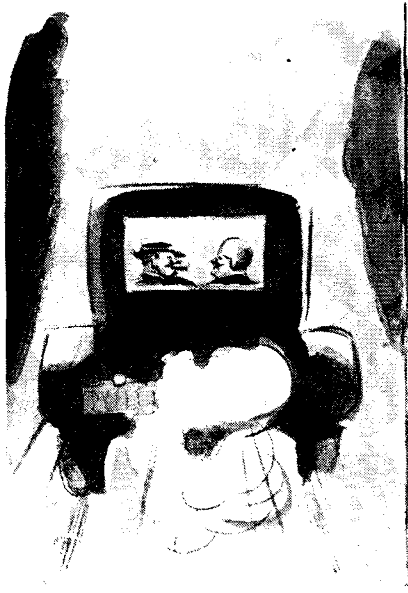
"It's my Spanish blood," she said demurely.

"Thank God for it!" I exclaimed devoutly.

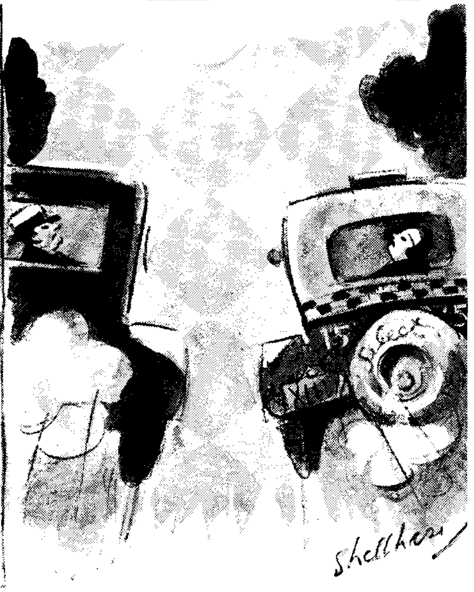
"Pete, you don't really think I am a proud, supercilious, prim, Puritan icicle?" she asked earnestly.

"After that kiss?" I laughed. "Your name isn't Prudence. It's Vesuvia."

She nodded. "And a good name, too."



Mr. and Mrs. Smith are off for a nice long evening of bridge



COMING HOME

Please Accept—

3 Nights' Restful Sleep

This New Way Doctors Are Advising

Not a Medicine, But a Swiss Food-Drink That Brings Sleep Utterly Without Drugs

JUST SEND COUPON BELOW

A Swiss food discovery that not only induces instant sleep but assures the restful sleep that brings you all-day energy tomorrow

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then, *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors.

Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions.

They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store today—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. C-14 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name..........
(Print name and address clearly)

Address..........

City..........State..........
(One package to a person) 516-A

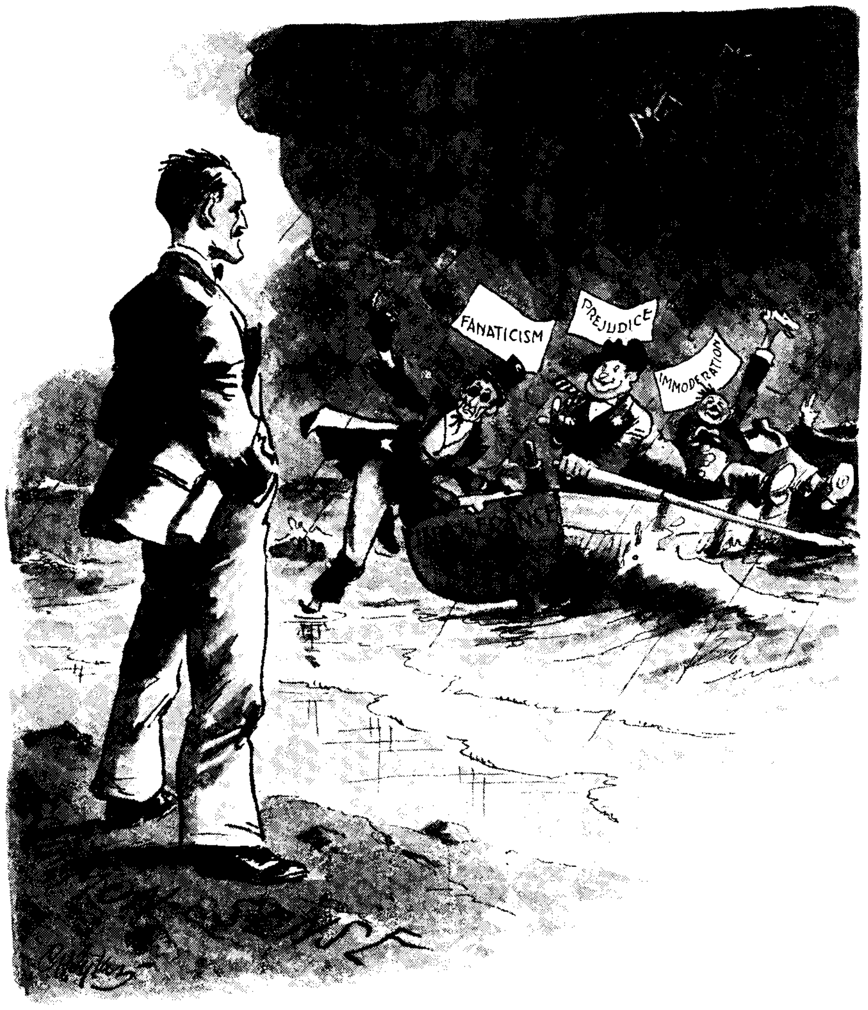
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Drinking isn't Compulsory



"CERTAINLY it would be ridiculous for me to deny that liquor is sold in large and small quantities throughout the country and that practically anyone who possesses simultaneously a thirst and as much as a quarter or a half-dollar can partially assuage that thirst."

In these words Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former United States Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition cases, sums up her knowledge of the alcoholic traffic in the United States.

What Mrs. Willebrandt learned during her eight years in office is amply confirmed by the detailed observations made by our reporters in various parts of the country.

Mrs. Willebrandt thinks that this general disregard for the law is not an argument for its revision or repeal. Collier's Weekly differs.

We believe that a law ignored is worse than no law. We believe that where custom is contrary to the statute, history shows that custom prevails if enough people believe it to be good.

We think further that the experience of the last ten years makes the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment imperative if the dignity of the law is to be restored.

We have suggested concretely an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment for the purpose of restoring to the states their proper responsibility for control of distribution of alcoholic beverages.

All this, however, is governmental. We expect, and we rightly expect, the government, national, state and local, to do its duty in these matters. We hope, furthermore, the government in all its branches, legislature to police, will in time exercise common sense in making rules and show firmness and fairness in their enforcement.

But whatever the law, the real responsibility is personal and not public. Whether saloons, bootleggers or public dispensaries actually sell booze, no one is compelled to buy and no one drinks except by his own choosing.

The really important opportunity at this time is to practice as well as to advocate temperance and sobriety.

We shall certainly never escape from the legislative mire so long as anger, prejudice and fanaticism are allowed to cloud the issue.

Calm, clear thinking, an open-minded and scientific effort to weigh all the facts, and an abandonment of partisan lines are the essential approach. We shall have to deal with the drink problem constructively and not negatively, in the spirit of the New Testament and not in bitterness, before we reach an ultimate solution.

The Sober Man is Safe

We must be sober and temperate in our lawmaking if we are looking for laws which we may reasonably expect to promote temperance and sobriety.

Concede all this and then remember in good humor that in all likelihood national prohibition will neither be enforced nor repealed in the next twelve months. We shall undoubtedly be a long time working ourselves out of the constitutional mire into which we have wandered.

Meanwhile, drinking continues and excessive drinking is an unmitigated evil.

Whatever our opinions about Federal prohibition, every sane man and woman knows that immoderate drinking is a blight upon the drinker, his family and the community.

All can by act and by word stand against that. No one has to serve cocktails in his home or to buy beer in a speakeasy. Not even a man or a woman in active personal revolt against the Eighteenth Amendment has to drink highballs in order to give concrete evidence of the sincerity of his or her sentiments.

Beyond a minimum amount, alcohol is an admittedly poisonous intoxicant. No man or woman, intoxicated even slightly, has the moral right to drive a car, an airplane, a locomotive, or to handle any piece of complicated machinery. Ethyl fluid may be good for gas engines, but ethyl alcohol in the brain of a motorist is a sure invitation to disaster.

Yet the debate over prohibition has become so violent that vast numbers are now drinking to excess merely to vent their views or to be fashionable.

In a mechanical age it is hard to conceive a greater folly.

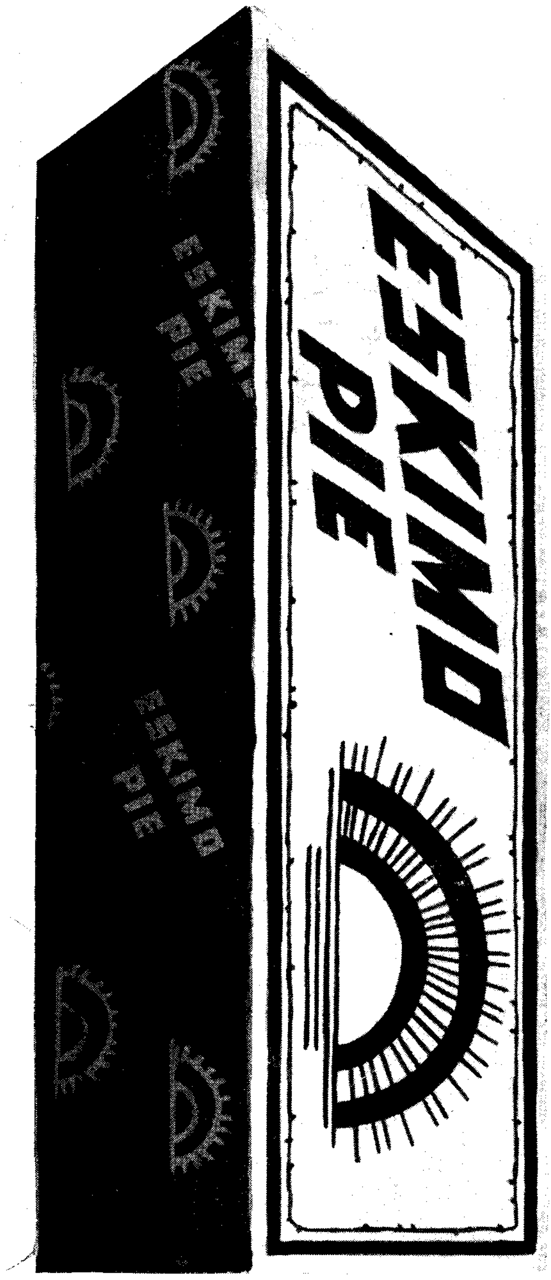
Moderation is a good rule in all things. Sobriety is desirable in itself. Any man or woman, sober and in complete possession of mind and body, is happier than the same person drunk with liquor, or gorged with food, for that matter.

Remember these ancient fundamentals. Prohibition will be enforced, repealed or forgotten sometime, but during the interval lives must be lived and careers made or broken.

The best chance of happiness and of usefulness lies along the road toward temperance and sobriety.

Practice sobriety and advocate temperance and most of the evils we now find so irritating will vanish.

After all, we have the final responsibility for our own lives and nothing that the government, or any other agency does or fails to do, is in the long run so important as what we do ourselves.



© 1929, Eskimo Pie Corporation

Eat Ice Cream for Health

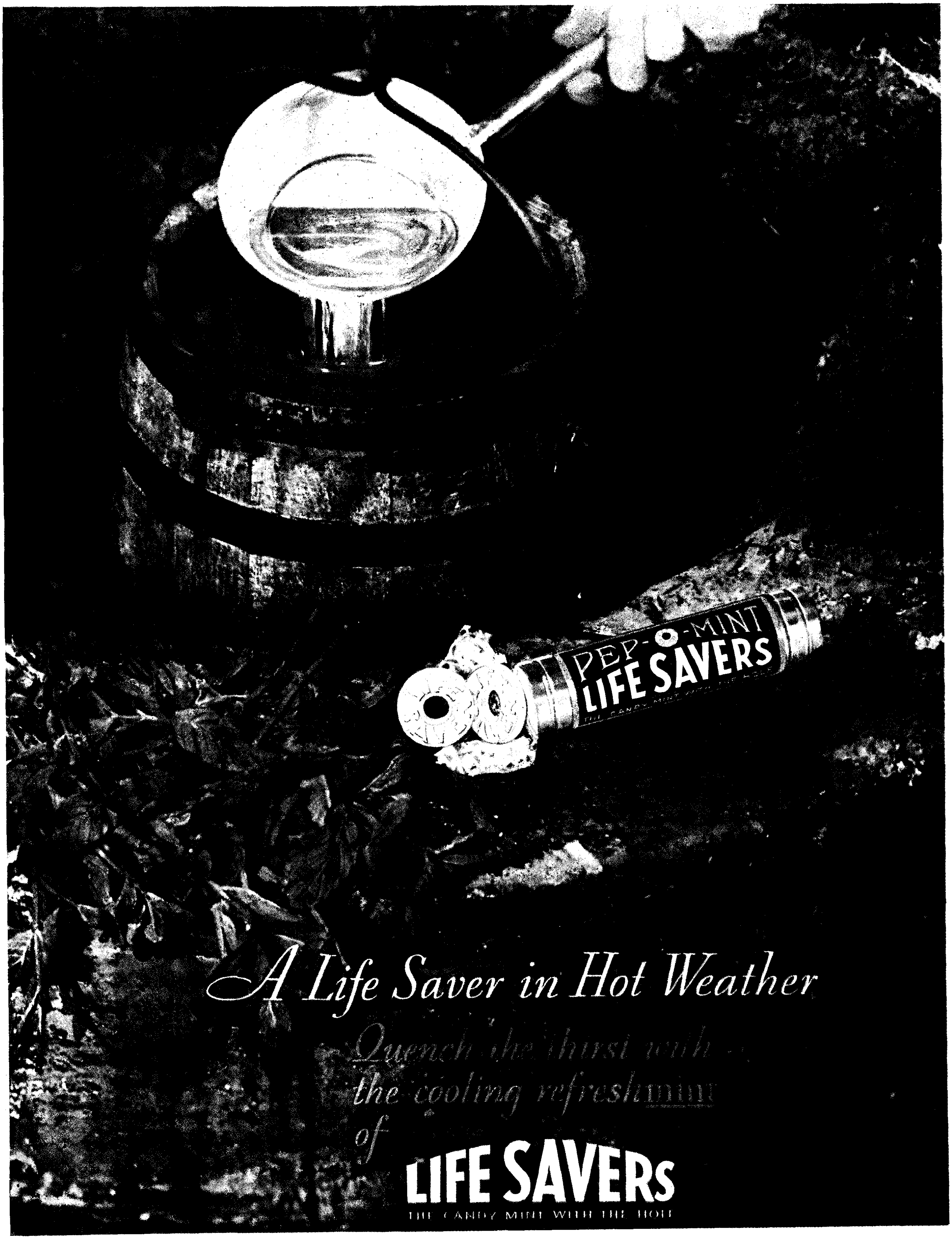
When you buy Eskimo Pie, you are buying the product of a leading ice cream manufacturer in your community. The service he renders to you and your family is an important one. It places pure, delicious, health-giving treats within your easy reach. Eat more ice cream and ice cream products.

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

WHEN day is done, snap out the lights with Eskimo Pie in your memory: crisp, mellow chocolate—pure as honey—blending with delicious, wholesome ice cream . . . two irresistible flavors mingling in close harmony . . . playing taste tunes on your palate . . . each bite melting in your mouth 'til you finished the last delicate morsel. Eskimo Pie . . . m—m—m . . . sweet dreams!

ESKIMO PIE

AT LEADING DRUG STORES AND CONFECTIONERIES EVERYWHERE


PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

A Life Saver in Hot Weather

*Quench the thirst with
the cooling refreshmint
of*

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE